SEPT. 9,
1939

Liberty

5¢

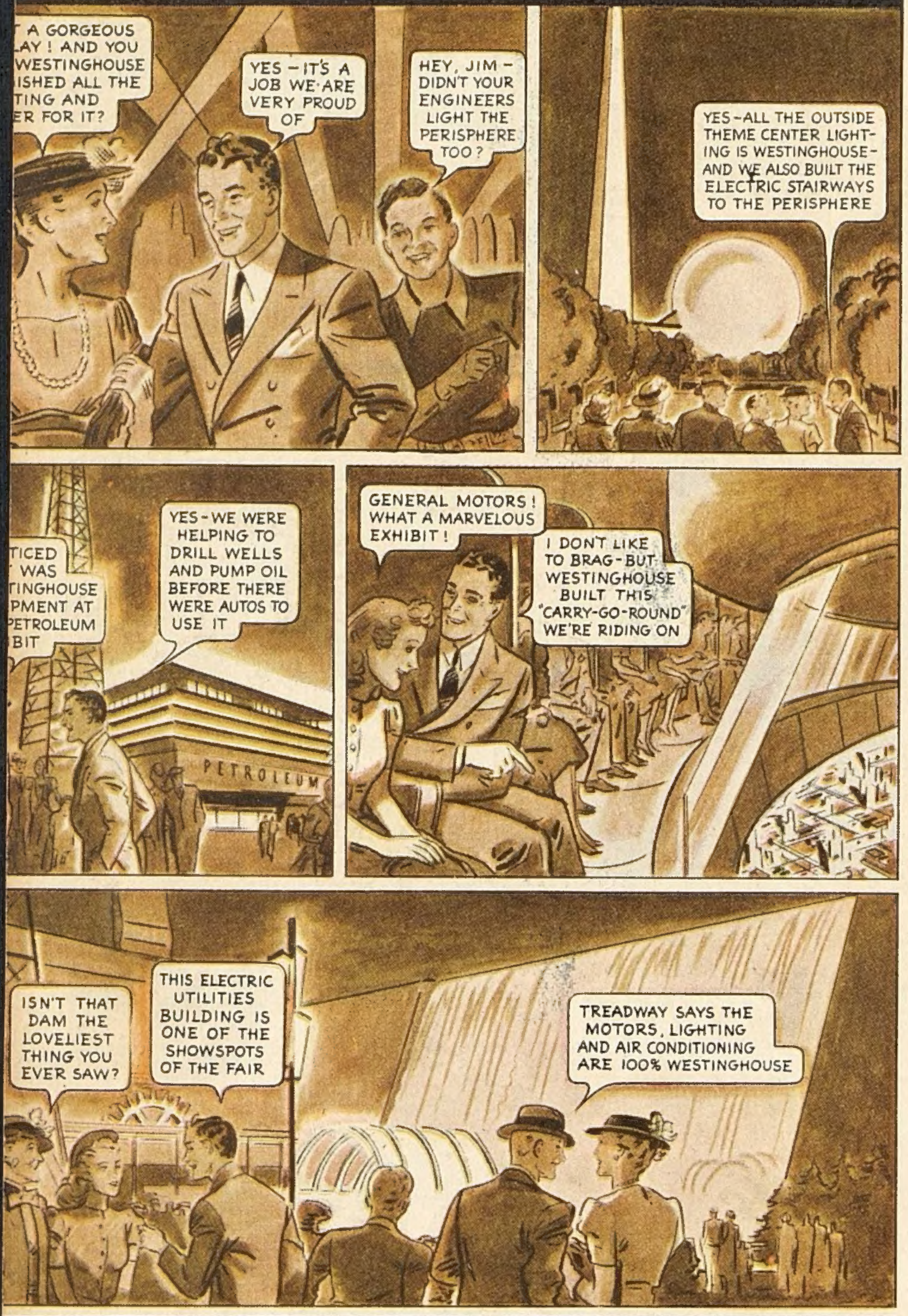
IS GARNER AN EVIL, WHISKY-DRINKING OLD MAN

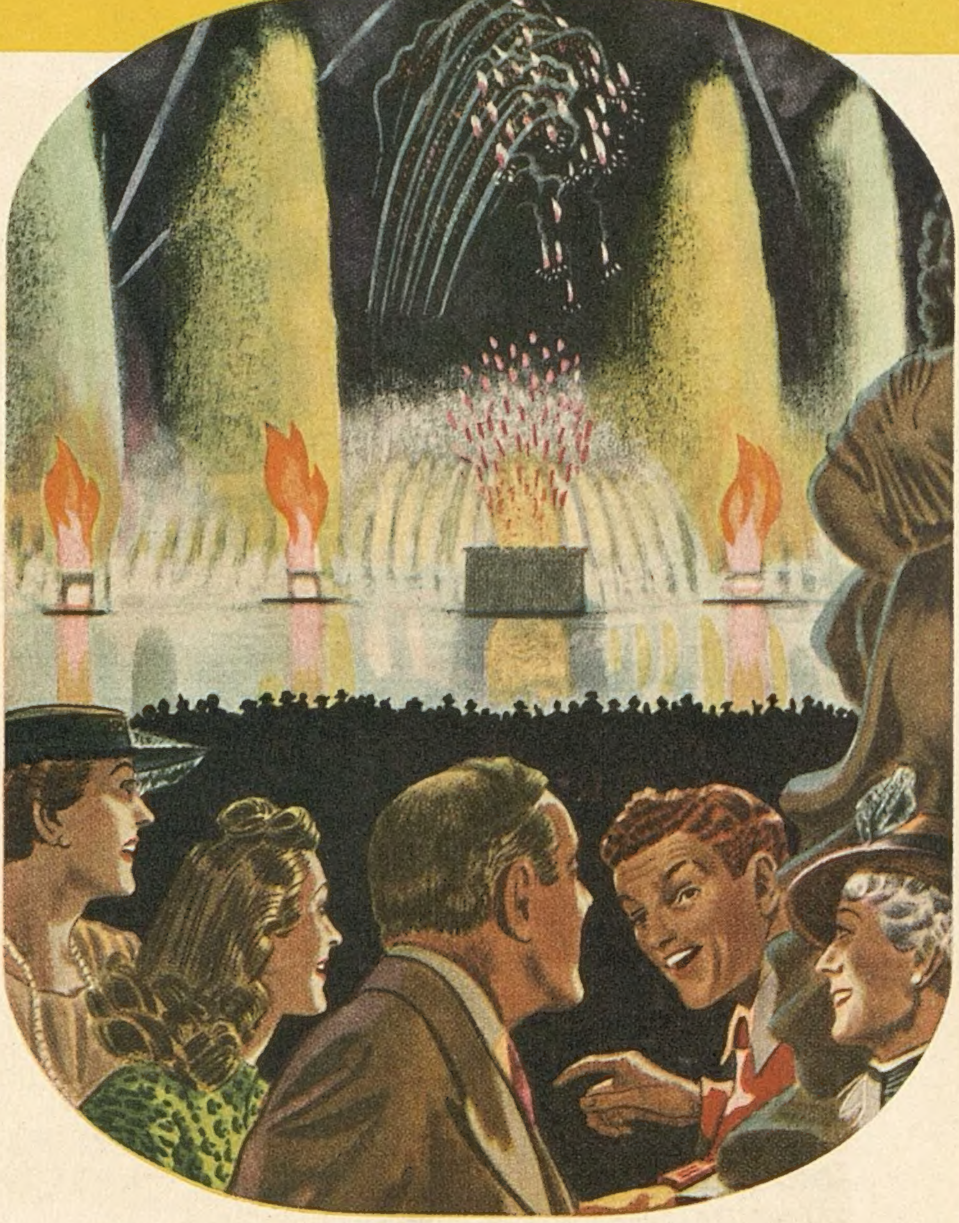
STEALING WORLD SERIES SIGNS and SIGNALS

SCIENCE FIGHTS CANCER WITH DIET *by F.E. Chidester A.M. Ph*

The MIDDLETON Family AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

Around the Grounds with Westinghouse


T A GORGEOUS
LAY! AND YOU
WESTINGHOUSE
ISHED ALL THE
TING AND
ER FOR IT?
YES – IT'S A JOB WE ARE VERY PROUD OF
HEY, JIM – DIDN'T YOUR ENGINEERS LIGHT THE PERISPHERE TOO?
YES – ALL THE OUTSIDE THEME CENTER LIGHTING IS WESTINGHOUSE – AND WE ALSO BUILT THE ELECTRIC STAIRWAYS TO THE PERISPHERE
TICED
WAS
TINGHOUSE
PMENT AT
PETROLEUM
BIT
YES – WE WERE HELPING TO DRILL WELLS AND PUMP OIL BEFORE THERE WERE AUTOS TO USE IT
PETROLEUM
GENERAL MOTORS! WHAT A MARVELOUS EXHIBIT!
I DON'T LIKE TO BRAG – BUT WESTINGHOUSE BUILT THIS "CARRY-GO-ROUND" WE'RE RIDING ON
ISN'T THAT DAM THE LOVELIEST THING YOU EVER SAW?
THIS ELECTRIC UTILITIES BUILDING IS ONE OF THE SHOWSPOTS OF THE FAIR
TREADWAY SAYS THE MOTORS, LIGHTING AND AIR CONDITIONING ARE 100% WESTINGHOUSE
YES, IT IS – LET'S GO INTO THE FLORIDA BUILDING AND GET SOME REAL FLORIDA CLIMATE... FURNISHED BY WESTINGHOUSE
QUITE WARM
LKING AROUND
TONIGHT
MY, IT SEEMS AS IF WESTINGHOUSE DID A LOT TO HELP MAKE THE FAIR A SUCCESS
WELL – WE DIDN'T HAVE A THING TO DO WITH THAT MOON UP THERE!



The Fountain Display at the Lagoon of Nations holds the Middletons spellbound with its beauty. This thrilling spectacle combines music, lighting, fountains and flame in unforgettable patterns. It is one of thousands of attractions included in your ticket of admission to the Fair—one of hundreds to which Westinghouse has made important contributions — climaxed by the wonders in the Westinghouse Building itself. Put this building on your "must" list when you visit the World of Tomorrow.

In San Francisco: Westinghouse engineering has helped provide the Golden Gate Exposition with its exotic charm, and the Westinghouse Exhibit is one of its most fascinating features.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.

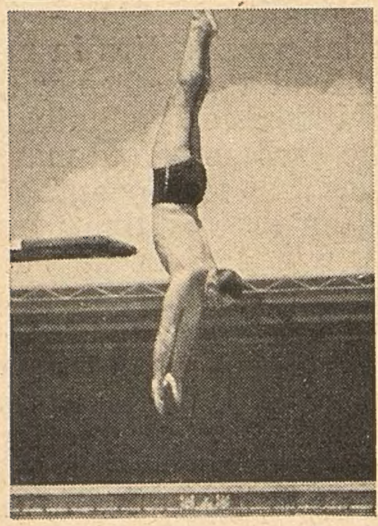
WELL, DEAR, AS A WOMAN OF TOMORROW, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE WORLD YOU ARE GOING TO LIVE IN?
IF IT'S HALF AS WONDERFUL AS THE THINGS WE'VE SEEN HERE, I WISH I COULD LIVE IN IT FOREVER!

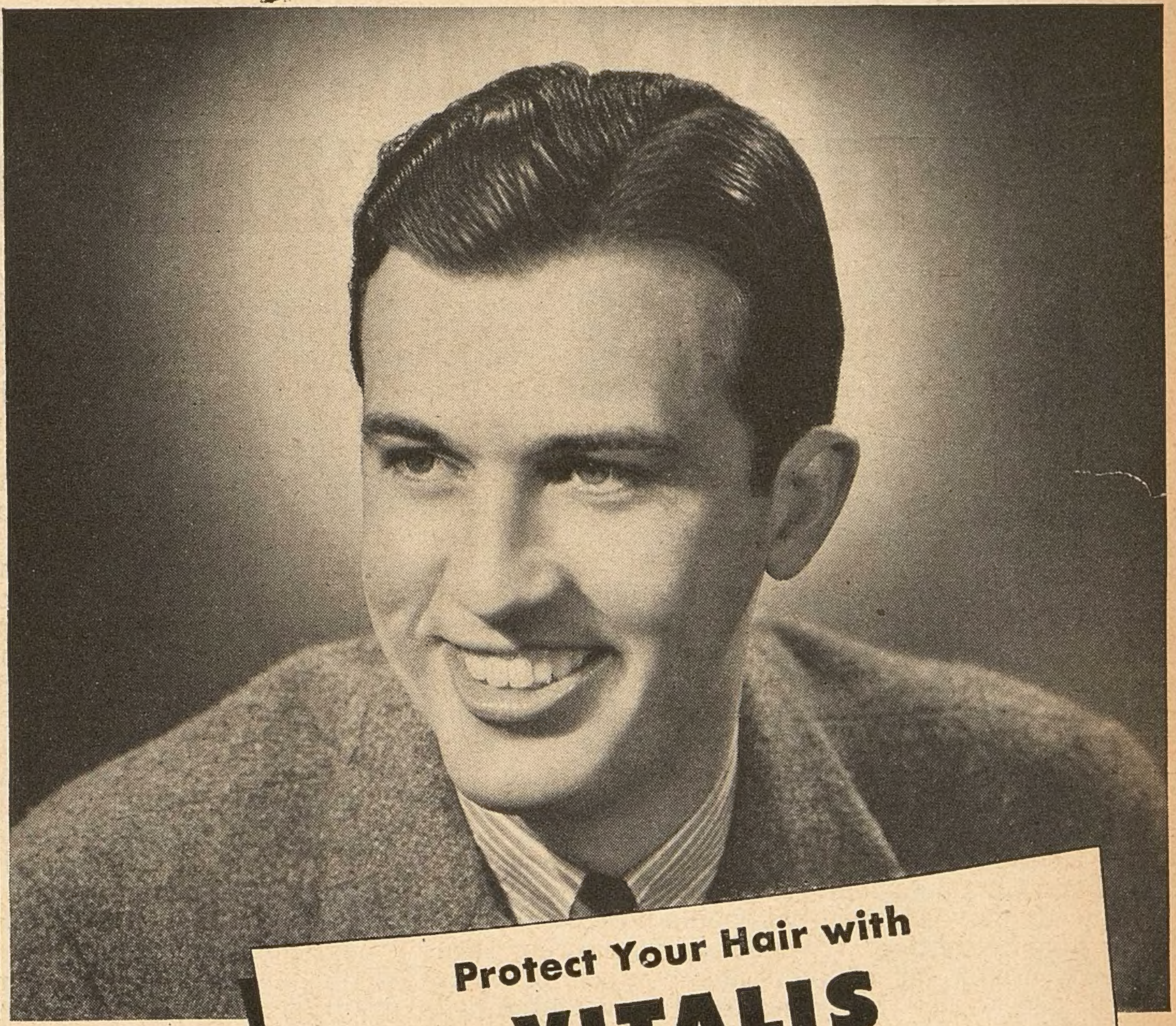
Westinghouse

The name that means EVERYTHING IN ELECTRICITY

Protect your Hair from the gaff of

Broiling Sun and Water





Protect Your Hair with

VITALIS

and the "60-Second Workout"

1 **50 Seconds to Rub**—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2 **10 Seconds to Comb and Brush**—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

A SUN-BRONZED, healthy body attests the splendid exercise you get from summer sports . . . but did you ever stop to think what a terrific beating the broiling sun and soaking showers give your hair? Days outdoors leave you with hair that looks lifeless and limp, that feels dry and brittle—hair that needs Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout".

For Vitalis combats the damaging effects of those two arch-enemies of good-looking hair—sun and water. Just apply Vitalis to your scalp and rub briskly. There's a healthful tingle as circulation increases and the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis come to the rescue of your oil-depleted scalp. Your hair takes on a rich, new lustre—it's easy to comb—every hair stays firmly in place. And there's no objectionable "patent-leather" shine either!

For the sake of the health and good looks of your hair, start today to use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout". Do this *regularly*—and see if the new, neat, well-groomed appearance of your hair doesn't win your approval at first sight! Get a bottle of Vitalis at any drug store today.

VITALIS SEALTUBE

WARNING—For your protection in the barber shop — genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealtubes—sold by barbers who display this seal. Accept no substitutes. *Insist on the individual Vitalis Sealtubes!*

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

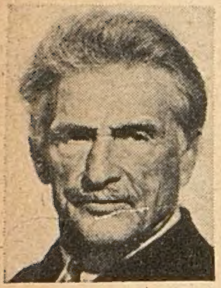
SEPTEMBER 9, 1939 **Liberty** VOL. 16, NO. 36

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

CERTAINLY MR. ROOSEVELT WILL BE A CANDIDATE



BERNARR MACFADDEN

There is an unlimited amount of discussion in the press and among the public throughout the entire country as to whether or not Mr. Roosevelt will be a candidate in the 1940 Presidential election.

There are all kinds of opposing views on this subject, and some political leaders, especially Mr. Farley, may consider my views presumptuous; but it is my belief that we can set all doubts aside. Mr. Roosevelt will undoubtedly be the Democratic candidate, and there are many outstanding reasons for this conclusion.

There is no other Democrat that could possibly be elected on the New Deal platform in the next election, and the reason for this conclusion is so outstanding that a blind man should be able to see it.

The Democratic administration, with its New Deal leadership, has made a ghastly failure of governmental management. To be sure, they have introduced many reforms that should heretofore have been given attention. We can hardly give New Deal officials credit for original ideas; much of their legislation which they considered new had failed miserably in similar experiments clearly presented in historical records.

However, in his first inaugural address the President promised to experiment; but experiments on a vast scale at the behest of dreamers like Wallace, for example, were never suggested at that time.

Revolutionary plans, for example, should have been tried out in one state before they were fastened on the entire nation. But a little knowledge is dangerous . . . it is inclined to inflate one with overweening self-confidence of the me-and-God variety, and disaster of a serious nature is often the result.

We would all be pleased to help the forgotten man, but we would like to see such an accomplishment without bleeding the nation to death. It was not at all necessary to incur indebtedness to the extent of billions to bring about the reforms in which the present administration is interested, and any one who was given hundreds of millions of dollars could undoubtedly accomplish something substantial while spending this vast sum.

The great majority of the people of this country do not like the New Deal. They are caustically critical of the Democratic administration. But they do like Roosevelt. He has a smile and a melodious voice that charms the multitude. When you greet him and he turns his genial countenance toward you, it is almost like an embrace; and when you hear him talk over the radio even his worst enemies have to admit the allure of his hypnotic personality.

There are many Presidential possibilities in the Democratic ranks who would fill that office with great honor, and who would undoubtedly eliminate the Communists, the fantastic dreamers, and many other advocates of various isms that occupy authoritative positions in Washington at this time; but none of them could possibly win against an outstanding Republican candidate in the 1940 election.

But Franklin D. Roosevelt—the popular idol, the friend of the forgotten man, the one who has opened the public treasury and shoveled out billions to the "have-nots"—he will win millions of votes that would never be given to any other candidate, regardless of how outstanding his abilities might be. The fact that another candidate might honorably fulfill the responsibilities of the Chief Executive of the United States would not necessarily influence votes in his favor.

Undoubtedly Roosevelt will be the 1940 candidate, and he may be elected . . . and he will certainly be elected if the Republican Party fails to nominate a real vote-winning candidate. There are many candidates on the Republican side; but solid, substantial, especially efficient officials often lack the dramatic characteristics required for victory in a political campaign.

We want a President whose efficiency cannot be questioned, a tried and true official of long experience; but the first consideration should be the selection of a candidate who has a reputation for winning votes. It is votes and nothing else that will carry the 1940 election.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription for Liberty please allow thirty (30) days from the time you send us the subscription and the time when you can expect the first copy. A request for change of address must also reach us at least thirty (30) days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

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5 Little Secret Agents in every bottle of Qu*ink*

cleanse your pen as you write.—How a new and revolutionary writing ink ends about 65% of the pen troubles

Yes, five little Secret Agents — not fancied, not imaginary — but actual secret ingredients in a revolutionary new writing ink created by The Parker Pen Co. They guard all pens — a Parker or any other pen — from ordinary pen-clogging inks.

For Parker experts discovered that about 65% of the troubles in pens are caused by inks. Some contain sediment that clogs the feed and shuts off the flow. Some cause corrosion. And some gum the point, and people blame the pen.

Hence, to protect our famous Parker pens from being charged with faults due to ordinary inks, we resolved to create an ink that would do what no other ink does.

Our chemists spent 3 years and created 1022 formulas before finally perfecting what we sought — an ink that is not only harmless, but more — *an ink that actually cleanses a pen as it writes.*

This new kind of ink is called Parker Qu*ink*. It never corrodes or clogs a pen. And if your pen is stuffed up with caked deposits due to sediment in ordinary ink, one Secret Agent in Qu*ink* dissolves and digests them so your pen flows like new. We call this agent "Hungry" because he makes a meal of foreign matter.

Another Secret Agent called "Steppy" steps up Qu*ink's* penetrating power. Thus Qu*ink* sinks into paper so fast it dries 31% quicker than average. Many users throw away their blotters.

Yet Qu*ink* does NOT dry in your pen, due to a third Secret Agent called "Misty," who retards evaporation. A fourth Secret Agent called "Flashy" makes Qu*ink* start the moment your pen point touches paper—in a flash! And to regulate the flow is another Secret Agent—"Floaty"—he keeps Qu*ink* flowing smoothly, steadily, freely, at any writing speed.

Qu*ink* is made two ways—(1) PERmanent, for everlasting records — it's as permanent as the paper; (2) WASHable, for home and school—an ink that washes out without trace if spilled on hands, clothes or rugs. Get Qu*ink* at any store selling ink — small bottles 15c and 25c, up to pints, quarts, 5 gal. jugs and 50 gal. kegs.

Don't accept a substitute if you want these results. Let nothing stop you from trying Parker Qu*ink*.

The Parker Pen Co., New York, Chicago,
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Two Kinds:
PERmanent and
WASHable
QUINK
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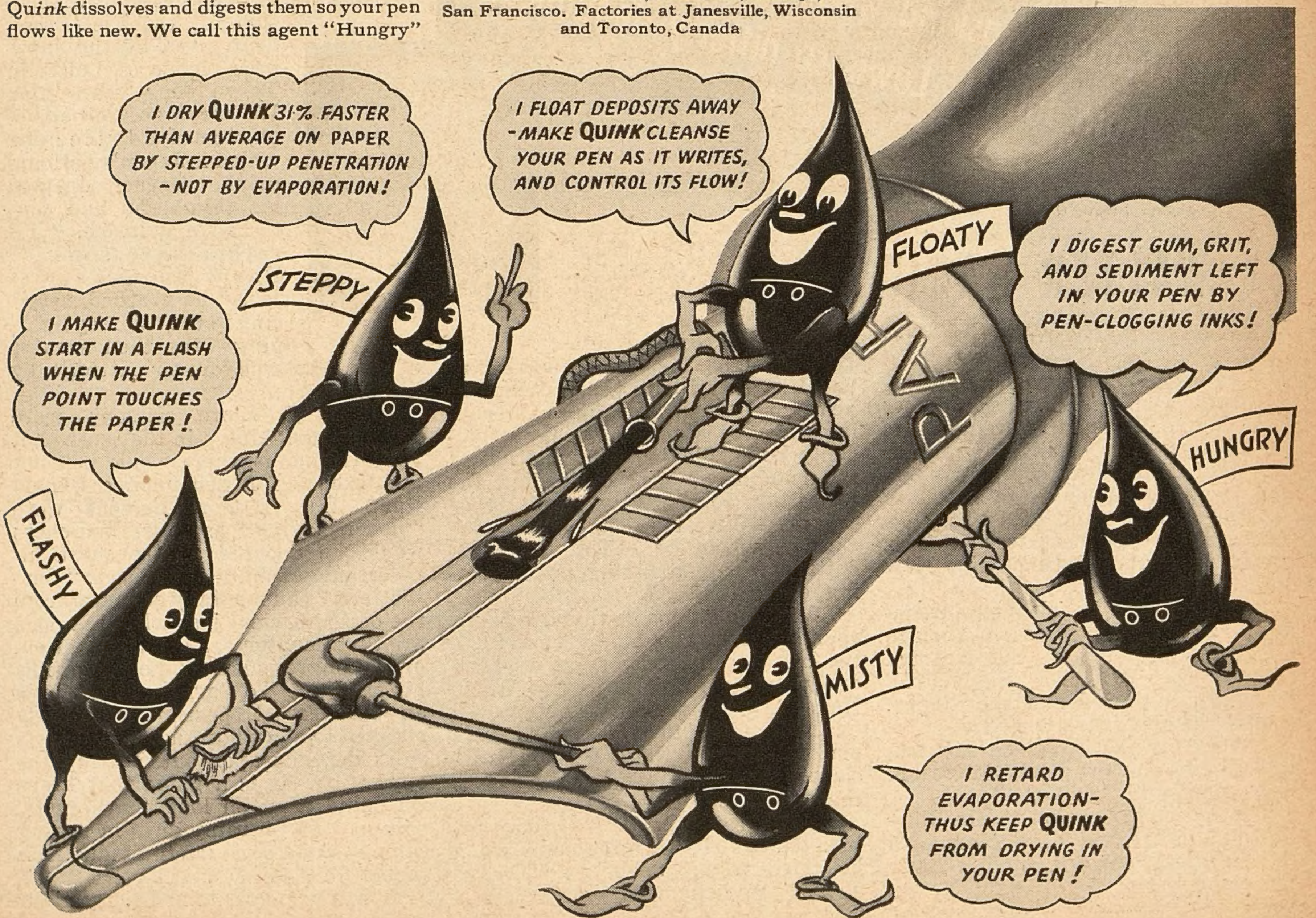
PARKER
Quink
WASHABLE
BLUE

15¢

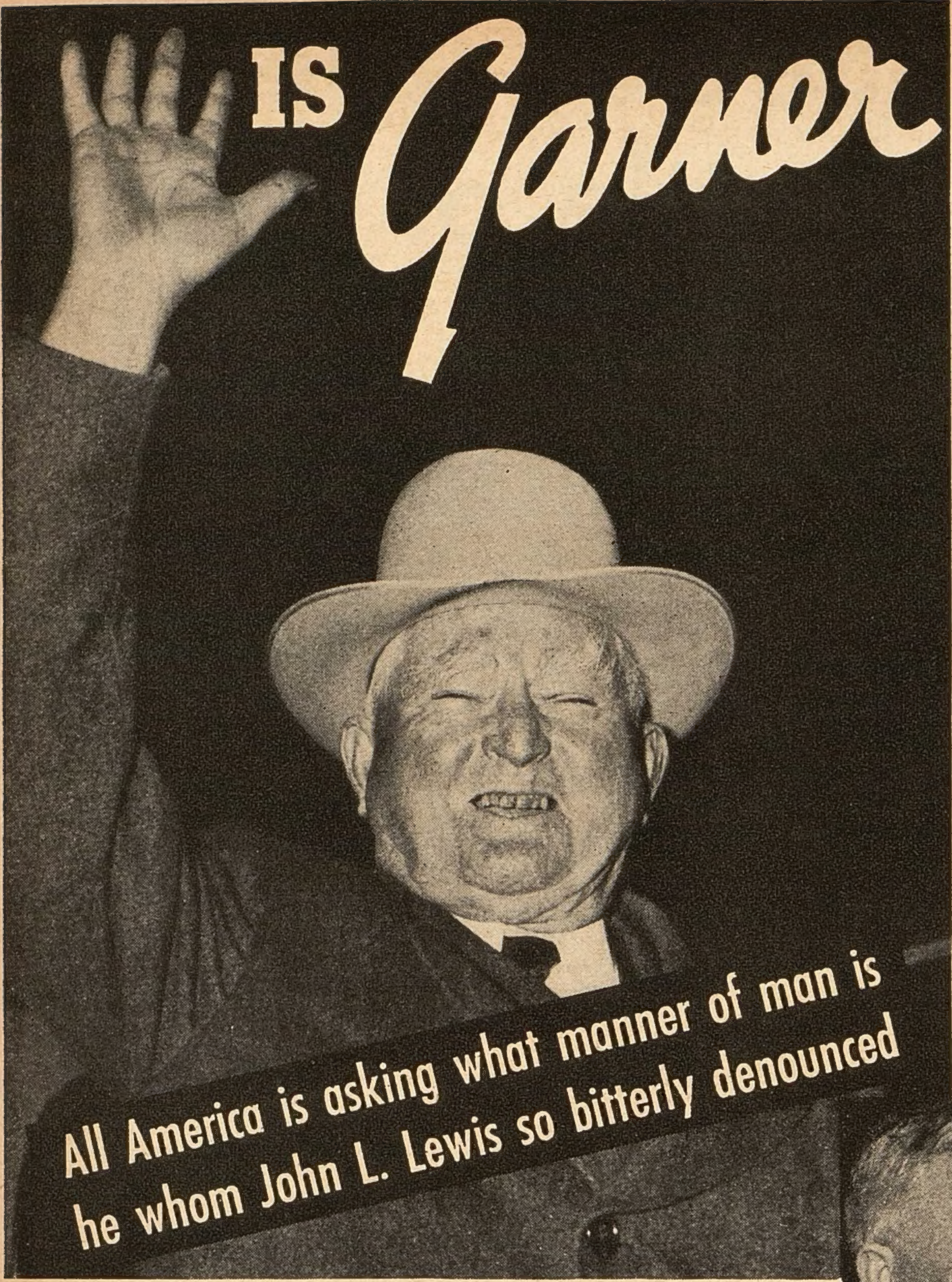
25¢ AND UP

THE PEN-CLEANING INK—

rich, brilliant, never watery and never gummy


I DRY QUINK 31% FASTER THAN AVERAGE ON PAPER BY STEPPED-UP PENETRATION -NOT BY EVAPORATION!
I FLOAT DEPOSITS AWAY -MAKE QUINK CLEANSE YOUR PEN AS IT WRITES, AND CONTROL ITS FLOW!
STEPPY
FLOATY
I DIGEST GUM, GRIT, AND SEDIMENT LEFT IN YOUR PEN BY PEN-CLOGGING INKS!
I MAKE QUINK START IN A FLASH WHEN THE PEN POINT TOUCHES THE PAPER!
PARKER
HUNGRY
FLASHY
MISTY
I RETARD EVAPORATION- THUS KEEP QUINK FROM DRYING IN YOUR PEN!

IS Garner AN EVIL,



All America is asking what manner of man is he whom John L. Lewis so bitterly denounced

BY WALTER KARIG

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

IN 1884 the Presidency of the United States seemed assured for James G. Blaine. For nearly twenty years the dominant personality of the all-powerful Republican Party, Blaine had been a member of Congress, a senator, a Secretary of State. His democratic opponent was Grover Cleveland, little known outside New York State.

A week before the election a mammoth rally was held in New York to honor Blaine. Up to the rostrum stepped the Rev. Dr. Samuel D. Burchard, spellbinder extraordinary, to give the opposition what-for.

A vote for Cleveland, he shouted, was a vote for the party of "rum, Romanism, and rebellion!"

The nation's reaction to Dr. Burchard's bigotry and slander reversed the political current, and Grover Cleveland was elected President.

That was fifty-five years ago. A few weeks ago John L. Lewis, boss of the C. I. O., sat in the House of Representatives Labor Committee's room, looking as usual, exactly like a thundercloud as he rumbled forth objections to amending the Wages and Hours law. Suddenly he spat out a denunciation of the man he accused of leading the opposition to the New Deal's labor program—Vice-President John Nance Garner, whom he called "a labor-baiting, whisky-drinking, poker-playing, evil old man!"

And again it appears that one man's bigoted unrestrained tongue may have set his victim firmly upon a previously uncertain path to the White House. All over the country, as proved by thousands of telegrams and letters pouring into the Capitol, persons declared "anybody John L. Lewis hates that much is the man for me."

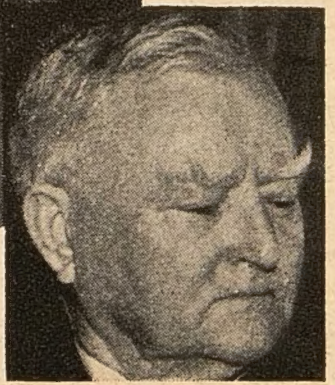
At any rate, the C. I. O. boss attempted one sit-down too many when he tried to sit down on "Cactus Jack." Anybody who ever sat on a cactus knows what the results are.

Amusingly paradoxical is the rage of the inner-temple New Dealers. They want the 1940 nomination to go to a radical. They had been dismayed at Garner's popularity, at his effortless Presidential boom. With the help of a few column-writing Charlie McCarthys, a whispering campaign was being launched to the effect that—ps-s-st!—Garner was a doddering old man, the marionette of the Vested Interests!

And then their pal Lewis blurts out his "labor-baiting, whisky-drinking, poker-playing" diatribe — and the whispering-campaign plot goes bang!

Now if there is a person in all this broad land who does not know that John N. Garner likes his whisky neat—and abhors cocktails—it is not the Vice-President's fault. He has never posed as a prohibitionist. As Democratic leader in the House of Representatives, he fought the Eighteenth Amendment as vigorously as his fellow Texan, Senator Morris Sheppard, espoused it.

Garner likes a snifter before meals, breakfast *not* included; it is a social rite, never a secret one. His toast invariably is: "Let's strike a blow for liberty, boys!"—a slogan, recalling the era of prohibition.



I was one of the guests at a reception for the Vice-President given by the Japanese House of Lords in Tokyo four years ago. We were served *sake*, that insipid rice beer which is Japan's national drink. Garner drained his thimbleful and controlled a grimace. "I'd rather have some of Harry Moore's apple-jack," he growled, referring to the "Jersey lightning" the then senator of that state was forever patriotically praising.

Maybe if more persons were "whisky-drinking" in the sense that John Garner is, there would be a lot less excuse for denouncing Demon Rum. But if more persons were "poker-playing" as he is, then chess would be deposed as the most intellectual game. In stud poker, "Cactus Jack" can mentally compute from the cards in view just what the odds are that Senator X has a third queen, or if Congressman Z's hole card fills his straight. To Garner, the game is an intellectual pastime peculiarly adapted to one whose successful day's work depends upon outsmarting the opposition. It is a game that keeps the mind alert on long journeys by ship or rail, on rainy days in fishing camps—but a *game*, an individualistic game. So is politics.

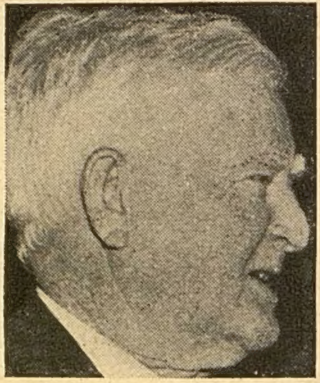
A man who goes to bed every night

WHISKY-DRINKING OLD MAN?

at nine o'clock is not a gambler. I have heard a Western senator say, as he ruefully regarded his last white chip, that it isn't gambling when Jack Garner plays poker anyhow.

"Whisky-drinking"? "Poker-playing"? Guilty—but *not* as charged! There remain the other phrases in the C. I. O. boss's outburst: "Labor-baiting . . . evil old man." As to labor-baiting, Garner could have dared Lewis to try to prove it. "Evil" and "old" are but relative terms. They are not worth arguing about. President Roosevelt is an evil man to many persons, and so is John L. Lewis—or Senator Glass or Mahatma Gandhi or the man across the street. As to age, Garner was born November 22, 1869. Ten members of the Senate admit they are older, and twenty others won't even give their birthdays.

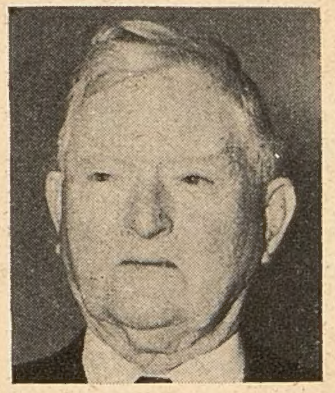
The reason why Lewis attacked Garner can be traced back to 1937, when the Vice-President made plain his abhorrence of sit-down strikes. Garner grants no interviews, authorizes no questions, but he is never mute on national issues. His concrete criticisms of C. I. O. methods have been uttered to that organization's friends, who relayed the word to Lewis, no doubt. On top of that, President William Green of the A. F. of L. is a friend of Garner and trusts him. A few days before the Lewis outburst Green called on Garner and asked for help in restoring the prevailing wage rate to work-relief compensation. Garner told him frankly that the majority in Congress was opposed. The newspapers carried photographs of Green and Garner, both grinning broadly, shaking hands. That picture must have been to C. I. O.'s Lewis as locoweed is to a longhorn.



Until a few months ago most of the ballyhoo for Garner for President came from persons who would not vote for him if he were nominated. His boom was promoted by Republicans — Republican National Committeeman R. B. Creager for example—to push along the split-off from the New Deal of the conservative Democrats.

The funny part is that *now* the Republicans would almost rather see anybody else, even F. D. R. himself, oppose their candidate in 1940. After they promoted his boom, the conservative Democrats took up the idea. Then Texas state pride went to work. But the boom suffered the blights of its original sponsorship. Too many suspected that there was no liberalism in the Garner philosophy. His friends asked him for help to the extent of declaring himself a "liberal," to which the Vice-President replied that he was a *Democrat*—to his mind, a more strongly descriptive word.

Now Lewis' attack has sent the newspaper writers scurrying to reexamine Garner's record in Congress, and the public is being made aware that all his life John N. Garner has been the kind of liberal that Franklin D. Roosevelt said *he* would be in 1932. And in that year it was generally believed the Texan was too radical!



Away back in 1909, in his sixth year as a congressman, Garner bore practically the entire burden of putting the income-tax amendment to the Constitution through the House of Representatives. Four years later he drafted the law that the amendment authorized, and made it a graduated tax, based on the individual's ability to pay. Sixteen years after that Garner fought and whipped Secretary of the Treasury Mellon's program to reduce tax rates for millionaire incomes and to rebate huge sums to the upper-bracket corporations and individuals. Big business and the bankers poured money into his district to defeat him. When he advocated lessening the tax on small businesses and incomes in the depression years of the Hoover administration, he was denounced as a demagogue.

In 1932, with the Democrats in control of the House, Garner, then Speaker, framed the first billion-dollar spend-lend bill. Congress was to appropriate $1,100,000,000 for public works; President Hoover was to be given $100,000,000 to lend as he saw fit; RFC's borrowing-and-lending authority was to be increased by $1,000,000,000, to be made available for businesses, corporations, and individuals on self-liquidating terms. Despite Democratic control, Congress defeated the bill, and the New Deal campaign orators made no mention of it that autumn when promising a 25-per-cent reduction in government expenses.

It is not government spending but the New Deal's peculiar lavishness that annoys Garner today. He is just as bewildered as the average citizen by the host of alphabetical agencies created to siphon borrowed money all over the land. He thinks the plan is *not* a plan; lacks co-ordination and direction.

Garner voted for the federal development of Muscle Shoals, for unemployment insurance and federal estate taxes, before the New Deal was conceived. He fought prohibition from the start to its finish when the current political myth declared that any Southerner who voted wet was doomed. The one blemish the anti-Garnerites have discovered in his career is his opposition to submitting the woman-suffrage and child-labor amendments to the states. Garner was, and is, for women's right to citizenship; he was and is against child labor. As a states' rights Democrat he insisted that these issues should be decided locally and regionally. He still feels that way about all other efforts to cure local ills by a buckshot dose of general legislation.

Therein lies his chief difference with the New Deal. He pities Roosevelt for his stubbornness and refusal to compromise. He is impatient with Roosevelt's name-calling; likes the President's references to "Tories" and "economic royalists" a lot less than Lewis' epithets against himself.

Yet whether Garner would desert Roosevelt if the President were renominated for a third term is as conjectural as the renomination. The Vice-President's intimates cannot conceive of him as bolting. He might go back to Uvalde in silence, as he has done once or twice already.

Since the Lewis episode, however, the opposite question is being asked: "Will Roosevelt bolt the party if Garner is nominated?" Until the C. I. O. leader sounded off, the majority of Garner's own backers did not hope for his nomination. The real hope was that the nominee could not be chosen without his approval.

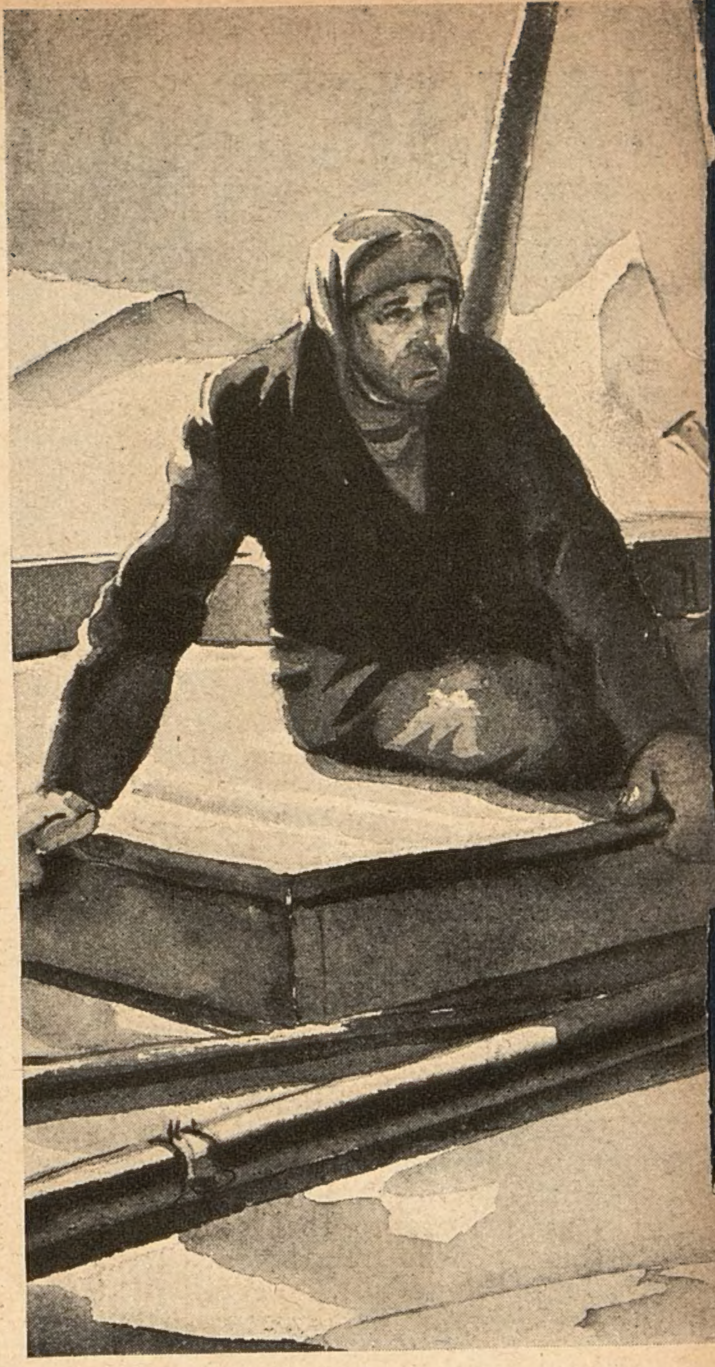
The odds are still against Garner's being nominated, as a matter of fact. Yet today, in the great urban areas where his candidacy had no strength before, chapters in the "Honorable Order of Evil Old Men" are being organized. Most significant of all, the big-headed boys of the New Deal are discussing the nomination of Attorney General Frank Murphy for *Vice-President* if Garner runs away with the convention.

When President Roosevelt called the leaders of Congress in to argue the neutrality bill, Garner put an abrupt stop to the controversy by saying to F. D. R., "Let's be candid, captain. You haven't got the votes, have you?"

It is not impossible that Garner will be asking Roosevelt the same question next June when the Democratic nomination is at stake.

THE END

MUTINY ON THE ICE



READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

ON the approach of night on the 28th of March, 1822, Captain Thompson went below early. The ship was making about six knots with a steady southwesterly breeze, and her canvas was holding stiff from her yards. As the captain disappeared down the companionway, the helmsman took off his mittens to blow on his hands and kicked his feet against a stanchion.

"It's colder by far than 'twas this morning," said the captain as he drew his chair up to the cabin table. The sight of the food steaming before him did not warm him; it merely reminded him of the cold on deck. Captain Thompson was a spare man of medium height. His skin was blue from years of exposure to wind and cold, and his nose showed the white of the bone as the skin stretched taut about it. His eyes were red-rimmed and he was half blinded by the water that ran freely from them.

"Aye," muttered James Murdock, the first mate, "but ye've got to expect the cold more'n ever now." His face had a sneer that was not lost on Captain Thompson. The big mate was a strong, powerful man. He was needed on this ship, with the hands forward a mutinous lot. There would be no point in recognizing his insolence.

"Seems colder than last trip," spoke up the second mate. Harry Jones was young, with a smooth-shaven face and steady blue eyes that had not yet caught the first etching of sun and wind that so soon marked the sailor.

Captain Thompson nodded. "I've been running between London and Iceland carrying ice for ten years now," he said, "and every year it gets colder in this latitude."

"Aye, and every year ye say it's your last," rejoined Murdock; "that ye'll run the fruit trade instead next, going to the Canaries." In any one else the tone would have been good-natured banter. Not so here.

Jones shifted uneasily in his chair. He never liked to feel the antagonism between his superior officers. Always he expected the ship's master suddenly to arise and make some show of the resentment he must feel. This was the second mate's first voyage to Iceland. He had been recently married and his thoughts were often back in his little cottage with his bride.

Captain Thompson said nothing.

"How far north d'ye figger we are, sir?" asked Jones.

"According to my noon sights we're about two hundred miles from Ruderford on the southern coast o' Iceland."

"We'll run well tonight, sir, with this breeze."

"No; we won't carry this sail all night," replied Captain Thompson testily. "Murdock, when you go up, get in the main- and fores'l and spanker."

"'Tis a clear night and a fine breeze," responded Murdock. There was a measure of disgust in his voice which he made no attempt to disguise.

"All well and good, but take the canvas off her," repeated the captain. His voice was mild. "Tops'ls and jibs will give her way enough—and keep those lookouts forward out of the lee of the galley." His watery eyes met the questioning gaze from Jones. "Icebergs," he murmured. "We don't want to hit any o' those cakes."

On deck a few minutes later, Murdock faced Jones near the break of the poop. "Keep the fores'l on her," the mate said. "Never mind the Old Man."

"But it's dangerous in these latitudes," protested Jones.

"Naw," Murdock laughed. "It's just one of his notions. There ain't no icebergs around here, only a few ice cakes that'll do no harm if we bump 'em."

The cold had become deeper, causing the young officer to stamp his feet on the deck. A man had come aft in the gloom to ring six bells, when one of the lookouts, in a frightened voice, called back:

"Iceberg dead ahead!"

"Down with your helm!" cried Jones, racing to help the helmsman.

Old Matt Peters had the wheel. He responded swiftly. But before the ship could swing off there was a cracking noise forward and then the fierce shock of a sudden crash. It was as if she had run into a wall! The foremast snapped at the crosstrees, and her top hamper and jibs collapsed like an old clothesline overladen with fluttering garments. Looming alongside—not very high but wide—reared a great low-hanging iceberg, as if frozen to the wooden hull of the stricken ship.

Captain Thompson was the first of those below to gain the deck. As he raced forward, bruised men began crawling out of the fo'c'sle.

"Her main- and for's'ls are still set."

Captain Thompson was talking like a man asleep. He faced about. "Murdock, you fool—why didn't ye get the canvas off her?"

Folston, the carpenter, came up from the fo'c'sle. "She's all stove in forward, sir!" he cried. "She won't last fifteen minutes!"

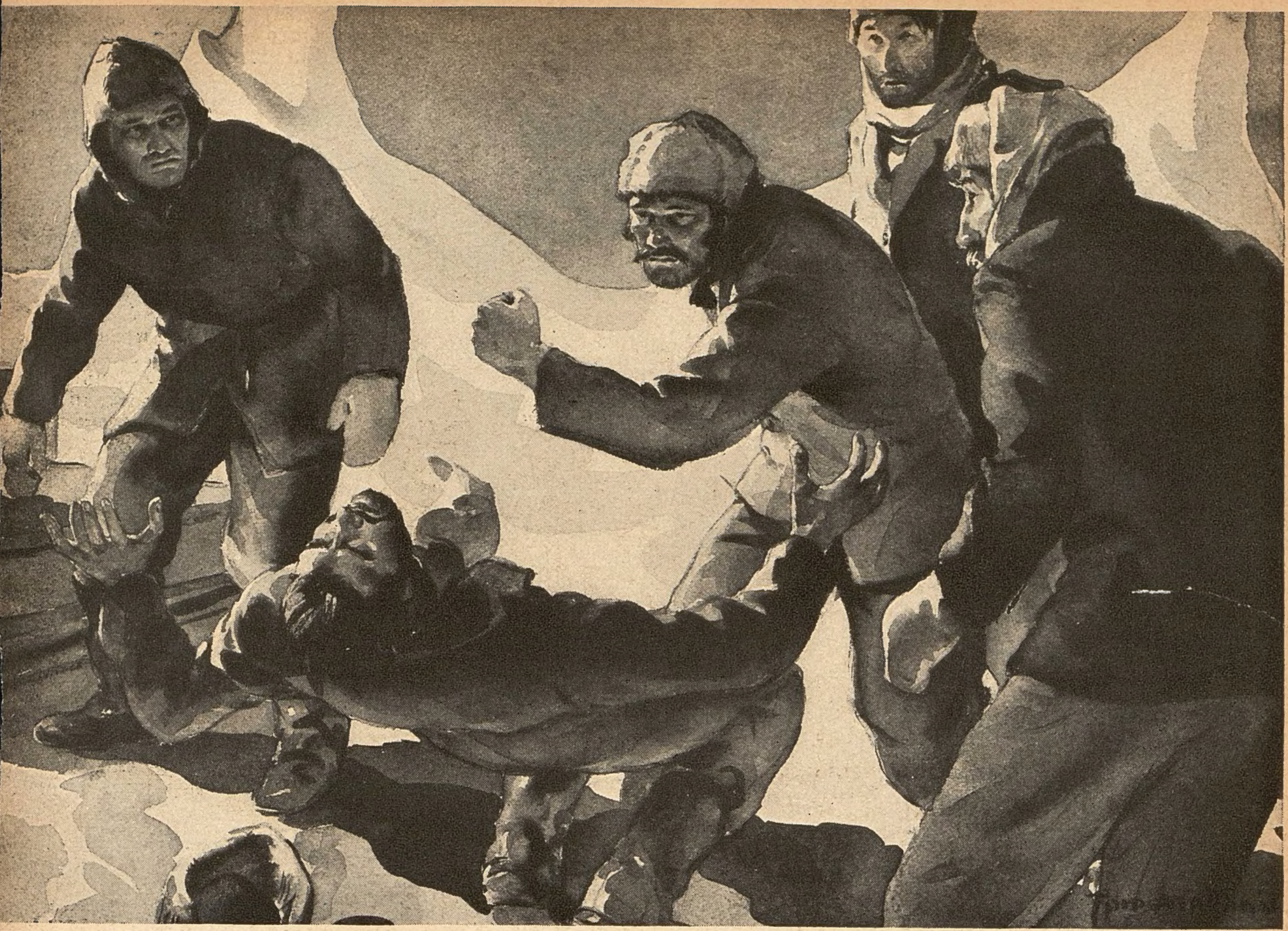
"Provision the boat!" shouted Captain Thompson.

Calling young Jones to him, the master of the ship began a strange task. "Throw everything loose around overboard!" he cried. He seized the slide of the half-deck hatch. "Give me a hand—over it goes!"

Minutes fled, with the men working frenziedly. The carpenter came up again. "Water's risen too high to get anything more, sir," he said.

"Light some flares!" Captain Thompson waved his arms. "Light anything that'll burn!"

The ship lurched, as he spoke, a peculiar movement that sent her deep-



The shipmaster struck Murdock in the face with his clenched fist.

An heroic tale of shipwreck in the North and man's indomitable courage against soul-destroying odds

BY EDOUARD A. STACKPOLE

ILLUSTRATED BY TORE ASPLUND

er into the water. The men ran about the deck with terror at their heels. A flare was lighted, so suddenly that Jones leaped as he turned to look. Other flares belched smoke and fire up into the murky night.

Captain Thompson had gone below into the cabin in a last attempt to rescue some clothes. As he regained the deck, Murdock and five men were in the big quarter boat, lowering away.

"Wait! Wait!" he called, running to the rail. "Not that side—haul up!"

He was too late. The boat swung wildly, dipped and then splashed, gunwales deep into the water. The ship lurched again, settling sidewise, and the quarter boat was caught between the counter and the edge of the ice floe. There was a terrible grinding crack, drowned by the wild screams of pain-stricken men. In another instant only the sea, black as ink, bubbled up where the boat had been. But Murdock, with the despair of a man looking at death, had leaped to catch the ship's rail and was drawn to safety by Jones and the carpenter.

"The hatches!" cried Captain Thompson. "Get them off the coamings—slide them to the rail."

Barely forty minutes had elapsed. Although the ship settled no deeper in the water, she had a dead feeling as the men raced her decks. They knew she was doomed. They were ten men who could not think beyond the shouted commands of their captain.

Two spare studding-sail booms were slid over the rail, extending to the flat edge of the ice field which surrounded the iceberg. One of the hatch covers was quickly lashed into place across them, and a sea chest with provisions secured to it. Just as Captain Thompson passed the last piece of rope around another box, handed him by the carpenter, a loud crackling noise was heard.

The men knew what it was—the iceberg was breaking up. That portion upon which the ship had plunged was tearing away from the main bulk of the berg. The great jagged eminence that loomed above them like the side of a cliff was only one quarter of the whole berg; the larger portion was under water, and upon a part of the submerged shelf, which ran all around it, the ship was lodged—but for how long?

Again the sound came. Through the hull of the ship ran a tremor. The planks quivered, the bulwarks sagged, the drooping foremast went over the starboard rail with a crash. No sooner had the echoes of this fled from the towering ice cliff above than a hollow roaring filled the air, and a great piece of the berg dropped away into the sea, carrying the ship with it.

Of the men on board, only Captain Thompson and Folston the carpenter were able to leap on to the half-completed raft before the sea closed over the ship. For a moment that seemed endless, the two men crouched on the swaying hatch cover, gazing at the heaving sea. Then heads began to bob into sight, followed by bits of wreckage, a splintered yard, the fo'c'sle scuttle.

Four of the men could swim and, though the icy sea numbed their bones, they got to the raft safely.

"We've got to get to the ice cake!" cried Captain Thompson. "Either that, or the raft will capsize." He pointed to a great piece of the iceberg which had broken away. "One of ye must swim it. Here's a rope end."

The four men were still in the water. They looked up. There was Murdock, his great face stamped with horror; Jones, panting, his breath like smoke; Anderson, a foremast hand, whose hands were red with frozen blood; and Tobias Easton, lumbering giant of the fo'c'sle.

It was Jones who pushed himself away and swam to the floe, some twenty yards distant. In his mouth, between rigidly fixed teeth, he held the rope's end. There was a crack or wedge in the floe where Jones caught hold. He braced himself, pushed himself up, to roll on the surface of the floe. When he stood up, the water falling from his garments froze before it struck the ice.

On the top of the floe were pinnacles of ice, some as tall as a man. Around one of these Jones made the rope fast. He stamped his feet and beat his arms around his body as he called to the men on the frail raft to pull.

"Heave!" cried Captain Thompson as he lay back on his end of the rope.

Slowly moved the raft, with the three men in the water still clinging to it. When it reached the floe, Captain Thompson and Folston leaped to the ice, tossed a rope end to the waterlogged men. The three on the ice hauled desperately, and soon their companions stood beside them.

"Six of us left," muttered Folston. "Six out o' fifteen!"

"Get back on the raft," suddenly ordered Captain Thompson. "Get those boxes unlashed."

Scrambling out on the hatch cover, the little carpenter obeyed the order as fast as his numbed hands would let him. The larger box was first on to the ice, with the smaller following. Then the men hauled in the booms.

MEANWHILE the captain was hopping about the ice cake like a daft creature. He had a coil of rope in one hand, with a loop dangling from the other. His restless eyes were scanning the inky surface of the sea.

"Ah," he said suddenly, and stopped. "There's some of it now!"

He picked his way gingerly along the edge of the floe. While his startled comrades watched, he slung the rope's noose over the water, drew it in with a muttered disgust at an evident failure, then repeated the cast. After a number of throws, the noose hooked on to something. He drew the rope taut and called for aid.

With the six men pulling vigorously, a piece of wreckage—the splintered fore topgallant yard—was drawn up to the ice. During the rest of the night, with the light from the midnight sun casting a pale glow all about, the men fished other bits of wreckage out of the sea: pieces of the splintered bulwarks, three of the longboat's oars (one the steering oar), and portions of that splintered craft. The prize find, however, was a spare piece of canvas in a roll.

Not until the sun rose higher in the sky the next morning did Captain Thompson finally call a halt to the ceaseless tramping about the ice floe. The vigil had served its purpose. It had kept the men's blood circulating, and had made possible the salvage of some portions of the wreck which might prove useful.

THEY made a breakfast from the scanty stores of bread and beef which they had placed in the larger chest. While they munched the food, the four men who had been in the water one at a time removed their clothes, two other men rubbing each one vigorously during the process. Five heavy blankets had been snatched from the cabin, and these were wrapped around the shivering men, all crouching together to keep a common warmth. On a line stretched between the ice pinnacles, the wet clothes were hung in an attempt to get them dry.

Captain Thompson and Folston the carpenter took eager inventory of what had been salvaged. In the big chest were three bags of dry bread, a quantity of beef and pork, some spare shirts, a pair of brogans, a tin box containing some candles and a tinderbox. The smaller chest was the carpenter's, containing tools, a sail needle, a quantity of nails, a calking iron, flint and steel for the tinderbox, and some spun yarn. Besides these supplies they had the two studding-sail booms, the three hatch covers, the slide of the half-deck house, the oars, the bale of canvas, and various splintered pieces of wreckage. Captain Thompson had his sheath knife and some pieces of twine in his pockets.

The ax and the saw from the tool chest were soon at work cutting splintered topgallant yard. In the middle of the ice floe Captain Thompson ignited some of the spun yarn and built a fire, around which the men huddled.

"Put on some more wood," growled Murdock. There was a gradual awakening in him, as if his spirit had been fettered by icy bonds which were now giving way.

"No!" called Captain Thompson, whirling around. "Keep the fire low. There's no wood to spare."

With Jones to help, the captain was making a tent from the canvas, using the two hatch covers as flooring and the oars as uprights.

"I'm agoin' to keep warm a little while yet," said Murdock, and he thrust another piece of wood in the fire.

With a swiftness that surprised even Jones, the shipmaster sprang across the intervening space and struck Murdock heavily in the face with his clenched fist. The blow landed with a sharp smack, knocking the big mate from his crouching position to sprawl on the ice.

"Ye've broken orders twice now within the last twenty-four hours!" cried Thompson. "Now, will ye do as I say, or shall I break your head, you thick-necked son of a sea louse?"

Murdock looked up at the threatening figure. Folston, holding the calking iron above the head of the prostrate mate, called: "Say the word, cap'n, and I'll bash in his head."

"All right, Folston; never mind." Captain Thompson surveyed his men between his narrowed red-rimmed eyes. "Take a look around ye," he said, his voice still angry. "See what we're up against. We're floating around on a cake o' ice not eighty yards square, and instead of pulling together we're beginning to fight. D'ye want me to get ye out o' this or not?"

"Aye," growled Anderson and Folston. Easton's lumbering body edged itself upright. "Aye, I'll follow ye."

Murdock got to his feet. "What do ye want us to do?"

"We're going to build a boat," was the quick reply. "This ice cake can't last forever. The tent is for three of us to sleep in at a time while the other three work. There's food to last us two weeks at the most. If we can build a boat and get within sight of the Faeroes we're saved."

"Build a boat?" echoed Murdock incredulously. "Why, there ain't enough stuff around to build a raft!"

"Never mind that," snarled Captain Thompson. "Ye just do as you're told. I'll do the thinkin'."

JONES was amazed by the great change in his commander's attitude. Then, with sudden discernment, he saw the captain hadn't changed at all; that his temperament on board ship had been conciliatory because he did not need to bring Murdock up sharp for discipline's sake, as the officers, living aft, led a private life. But here, with steerage and fo'c'sle represented, the direct handling of a mutinous hand was necessary.

But the young second mate's wonder and admiration of his superior were eclipsed by something even greater—hope. For the first time his numbed heart began to awaken. There was hope; hope of getting home again—home to Mary and the cottage under the Cornish coombs!

"And now we'll get all the stuff together to work on it." Captain Thompson's voice lost its imperiousness.

But there was not much to work on. When the scanty material had been gathered, it resembled a pitiful nucleus from which to build a boat capable of holding six men and sailing these northern seas. Hope, so suddenly emerging from the depths of their bare existing, now turned to a deep fearfulness, which grew as the day wore on.

The searching eyes of all the men sought the horizon every hour of the long day. The sight of a sail would have been the ultimate in joy.

Boiled beef and bread became the best meal they had tasted for a long time. Late in the afternoon Captain Thompson had used the metal candle box as a boiler, converting the top into a caboose. Water melted from ice from the top of a pinnacle was found to be sweet, and in it the beef was boiled over the small and carefully nursed fire.

The unreality of the night began a succession of similar hours. Three men crawled on to the hatch cover inside the tent and huddled together for rest. Jones slept with Murdock and Anderson. After two hours they were hauled from the tent and forced to walk about to counteract the effect of the sleep, which, if allowed to continue, would have soon brought on the freezing of their legs and arms.

While the nights brought fitful rests, the days were sad hours of full awakening. It was necessary for them to keep moving constantly so that the frost from the ice would not nip their feet.

The building of the boat became, to Jones, a mock-heroic attempt on the part of the captain. And yet he joined in because, try as he might to subdue it, the possibility of such a boat was kept alive by his own hope—his own fierce desire to return to his wife and home.

"We cannot lay a keel," Captain Thompson declared, "and so we'll make a skiff of her."

The two studding-sail booms were laid parallel on the ice, about two feet apart. With the carpenter directing, the hatches were skillfully knocked apart and the boarding thus obtained nailed transversely across the booms. For the side timbers the carlings of the hatches were used. An oar was split for the gunwales, and Folston fashioned the stern out of the slide of the half-deck house.

The canvas was used to cover the frame of the boat. After stretching it out, the men held it in position while Folston nailed it. On the seventh day the sheathing was completed. Using the large sail needle as a gimlet, they bored through the gunwales and lashed the canvas into place with the spun yarn. Dusk was settling into the half-light of the night when this task was completed.

ALL the next day they waterproofed the boat with soapy tallow grease, melted from the candles and rubbed into the canvas sides. Then one of the oars was taken from its place as prop under the tent and set into position as the mast, with ropes lashed into place as stays.

It was on that very night that Murdock found a long crack showing clear through the ice, running halfway under their floating frozen raft.

"Ah, that'll be the end o' this," said the captain. "We've not an hour to waste."

And yet, he did not give the word for launching until the next morning. Murdock scanned the horizon for a sail, but saw instead ominous black clouds climbing the eastern sky. The sight made him cringe and he uttered no sound, merely pointing.

"A storm to wind'ard," said the captain laconically. "Put the provisions in the blankets and stow them on the boat. We'll get in her and pull the blankets over to shed as much sleet as we can."

Less than an hour later the six men, huddled in their rude craft, felt the ice cake lift to the oncoming seas. The sleet hit the canvas walls of the boat like bird shot, and now and again they had to shake off the weight of the accumulation on the blankets drawn over them.

The men gasped as the air became stale with their breathing. The storm darkened the sky to that of night, and the seas began to wash the surface of the ice, splashing around the boat's sides as if hungry for the lives of the survivors. It was like being in a tomb alive, waiting for each gust of wind to slam the door and suffocate them.

EDOUARD A. STACKPOLE

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But the ice cake held together. All that day the storm continued, and when the sleet stopped, the seas kept up their pounding during the night. But the floe remained afloat.

They were able to crawl out the next morning. Dwindled to half its former size, the ice cake looked almost too frail to hold them. With Folston in the bow holding a rope's end, the boat was launched from the ice. One by one they crawled in, making their way to places pointed out to them by the captain.

"Murdock and Easton—sit in the stern. Anderson, you and I'll tend the sail. Jones—use the tinderbox to bail with. Folston, keep in the bow and with that piece of wood fend off any ice that may be floating around."

Once in the tossing boat, Jones felt like a new man. The craft obeyed clumsily and shipped some water until they got the sail drawing properly. A cable's length away the ice cake appeared woefully small. Could that frozen mass have been their home for ten days? If such a thing were possible, why not rescue by means of this fragile boat?

The very fact that they were moving gave the men a renewed lease on life. Gazing at the sky, then at the water, they became seamen again—men of the sea—instead of castaways on an ice cake.

Captain Thompson steered to the southeast, in the direction of the Faeroe Islands, north of the Shetlands, beyond Scotland. The wind came in squalls from the east. All that night and the next day they drove on. Rations of beef and bread were chewed and swallowed, moistened with a little water made by melting ice in their mouths.

On the third day at sea, about noon, Captain Thompson sighted a number of icebergs to starboard.

"Look," said Folston, pointing. "What's those black things on that berg? Men?"

After a long look, Captain Thompson got to his feet, holding to the mast. "Seals—seals!" he cried. He handed Jones the calking iron, taking the mallet himself. "Grab something to kill them with!"

Leaving Folston to keep the boat alongside a landing place on the ice field around the berg, the captain led the four excited men on to the ice surface. Anderson, who was the last out, tried to stand up, and fell forward on his face.

"My feet," he said as they hauled him to a sitting position. "I can't move them!"

JONES had forgotten the cold's intensity. The shivering, even inside the blanket, had become like second nature, and he had automatically acquired the habit of rubbing his legs and flexing his toes from watching Captain Thompson. Now, as he saw Anderson's stiffened legs, the truth came into his mind. Captain Thompson said nothing, but, catching Jones' look, shook his head. They put Anderson back in the boat and hurried over the ice.

It took a full five minutes to crawl along to where the seals were sunning themselves. When Captain Thompson finally got to his feet and ran, the others went along with him.

"Hit 'em! Hit 'em!" cried Captain Thompson. His first blow with the carpenter's brass-bound mallet struck a vulnerable place on the head of a seal, and the animal flopped once or twice and lay still.

Jones had to use both arms. The effort took all his power. Murdock and Easton had been able to kill the seals they had attacked. Fortunately, Captain Thompson had cornered another animal, this a large bull. The three men came to his aid, but it was the captain's mallet which finally killed the creature.

"Now back to the boat," ordered Captain Thompson. "We've got to work her around to this place."

Once more in the boat, they worked the craft through the ice field along the edge of the shelf of the berg.

Folston was sobbing when he viewed the three dead seals. "I can't help it," he muttered. "My belly's so thin I'm too happy to think."

Anderson said nothing. He lay back in the boat, his eyes half closed. The realization that his feet were frozen had stunned him into helplessness.

"What'll we burn?" asked Jones, when again they stood about the dead seals.

Captain Thompson held up the remainder of the spun yarn. "This'll start it," he said. "But first we'll skin this old fellow."

Under the skin of the seal was a layer of greasy blubber in which they all smeared their hands and faces. Using the tinderbox, Captain Thompson fired the spun yarn, then cut splinters from the timbers inside the boat. To this collection he added bits of the seal's blubber. Soon a warm fire was blazing beside the seal's carcass. Chunks of meat were plunged into the flame, using the calking iron as a spit.

"We'll stay here until we've eaten 'em all," said Captain Thompson, munching the half-raw meat.

But their plans were soon changed again. Shortly before dusk they were alarmed to hear the ice crackling all around them.

"Into the boat!" ordered the captain. "We'll take as much meat as we can safely carry."

AND so the midnight sun found them once more at sea. This time, however, they steered to the north. The continual easterly breeze had made their course to the Faeroes impossible, and Captain Thompson informed them he would try for Iceland, a hundred miles away.

The weather had become warmer, and this much to their concern, for the ice used for water began to melt and run into the bilge, spoiled for drinking. The half-cooked meat also began to get bad. It was here that Easton disobeyed orders. Instead of heaving the bad meat overboard, he secretly ate some. That night he awoke in terrible agony. Just before dawn, while the captain and Jones held him to keep him quiet, he gave a long groan and died.

With Captain Thompson saying a short prayer, they rolled his body out of the boat and into the sea. Anderson, who had been a silent sufferer, began to sob, great tears rolling down his white face.

"He's the better off," he said after a time. "My feet are gone, and the sickness has crept up in my legs. I'll not walk again—I'll not walk again!"

"Hold on a bit," counseled Folston. "When we get to land, the feeling'll get back to ye."

Anderson did not reply. Jones looked at his feet. The flesh had shrunk so that the shoes were hanging at a grotesque angle.

The days wore on, and the nights after them. They lost all track of time. The water was now being doled out by a measure made from the captain's watchcase.

One night, during a heavy fog, just after Jones had fallen into a strained slumber, he was awakened by a cry from Murdock:

"Ice! Ice!"

"Let go the sheet!" cried Captain Thompson.

But, before the rope was freed so the sail could lose the wind, the boat bumped heavily into a cake of ice looming ahead. Folston, who had arisen at the cry, was pitched headlong into the bow, where he lay so quietly that Jones had to push him aside to see how badly the bow was stove in by the collision.

"She's making water!" he called back, "but I can plug it with a blanket!"

"God!" Murdock was crying. "I didn't see it—it's so low in the water!"

"We've got to get on to the ice," the captain was saying. "This craft'll not hold together after that punch."

It was hard work getting Anderson and Folston out on to the ice. The former was only half conscious and begged piteously for water. Folston was still unconscious. He had struck his head in falling so heavily. With their fast-ebbing strength they moored the boat, using the calking iron, driven into the ice, as a cleat.

When the morning sunlight filtered through the mist, they looked about them. Only then did they realize what a great trick had been played upon them by fate.

The ice cake was the same one upon which they had first stayed—where they had built the boat! There were the pinnacles, lower now, where they had strung the clothesline so long a time before! Murdock viewed the familiar surface and then burst into a screaming of mingled shouts and laughter. Jones looked at Captain Thompson, and saw that he had drawn his sheath knife.

Murdock was now quite mad.

"You're a navigator, Cap'n Thompson!" he cried. His laughter rang out again. "But let me show ye how to do it." He made as if to clamber into the boat.

"Get out o' that!" said the captain, pulling him away.

"How's that?" said Murdock, with a horrible leer. "Ye'll have no more of my holding the deck?" He hung his head, but before he averted his gaze Jones saw his crazed eyes had become suddenly sly.

"Watch out!" he cried as Murdock sprang forward.

BUT Captain Thompson was not unprepared. He let the big mate come to him. The two grappled, fell to the ice. Before Jones could aid, the captain rolled away from his antagonist. Murdock lay still. When they turned him over, his breathing had stopped and blood was on his lips. From his chest the shaft of the sheath knife showed where the blade had plunged into his heart.

The two men passed the morning patching the boat. Anderson and Folston lay in blankets on the ice. The latter had not yet recovered consciousness; there was a depression in his head that revealed a deep fracture. Murdock's body was rolled off the ice by Captain Thompson. Jones did not watch. When he looked again, after the dull splash, the captain had recovered his knife and was wiping it on his trouser leg.

Folston passed away early in the afternoon. With unashamed tears in their eyes, Jones and Captain Thompson let his wasted body drop into the sea, the captain saying a short prayer.

The fog cleared around midforenoon on the following day. Jones, who was helping to chip ice for water, was watching the mist slip away, when he saw a boat bearing down toward them.

He could not form any words. He could only shout and point. Captain Thompson sprang to his feet and began to wave a blanket. On the boat, a man was waving back.

JONES awoke one morning with the smell of peat in his nostrils. "Ha, Jones," said a familiar voice, "so you're awake and sane again."

It was Captain Thompson. He was seated in a low chair before an open fire. His feet, stretched out before him, were wrapped in thick cloths.

"'Twas a fishing sloop from Iceland," went on the captain, without waiting for the question on the other's lips. "They brought us here two days ago. You've been delirious four days now. But you'll be all right now." He saw the other's gaze on his bandaged feet. "Aye, the frost got into 'em. And so it did yours, too, as you'll find when you try to move 'em."

Jones was conscious of his feet burning and smarting, but as he tried to sit up his head whirled and he fell back to his pillow.

"Better keep still," warned the captain. "They found our feet full of ulcers and have spread butter over 'em an inch thick. I've lost three toes on my left foot."

"Have—have I—lost any?"

Jones was a little horror-struck that a man could speak so lightly of losing his toes.

"No," was the short answer. "But ye're younger than me, Harry." There was a note of defense in his voice. "But wait—here's a pipe and tobacco."

Jones took the pipe with an unsteady hand.

"Anderson's gone," went on Captain Thompson. "There wasn't a chance for him."

A step outside the door checked Jones, who was about to ask for a light for the pipe. Two men came in: one a tall man with a smiling face, who crossed the room quickly.

"My name's Charlton, of the brig Surrey from Portsmouth," he said, extending his hand to Captain Thompson. "This man came to Ruderford to tell me of your rescue. I've a couple of berths for you back to England. We sail in a fortnight."

"Good enough," was the other's reply. "Our thanks are all we can pay ye, though, Cap'n Charlton."

"Ho! Don't let that worry ye." He paused to give the seated figure a keen glance. "But what did ye say your ship's name was?"

"I didn't say." Captain Thompson's red-rimmed eyes were watering again. It might have been the peat smoke. "But I'll tell ye now. She was a good ship—the Indomitable of London, sir!"

THE END

SCIENCE FIGHTS CANCER WITH DIET

The latest hopeful discoveries about the disease we once didn't dare to mention

BY F. E. CHIDESTER, A. M., Ph. D.

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

MORE than half a million American people have cancer. One quarter of them will die of it this year.

A majority of those who die of it die needlessly.

All of us have known some one who died of this malignant disease. Many of us (perhaps because parents died of it) fear that we too may fall victims.

Cancer is not necessarily hereditary, though susceptibility to it may be. At any rate, there is little need for fear on the part of those who think they may be headed for cancer, for they can head in some other direction. My purpose in this article is to bring hope to the minds of worried and frightened persons who fear cancer and have no notion of what to do to stave it off.

For five years I have made a study of cancer. Here, for the first time in any lay publication, are my findings, condensed and correlated. My research and association with clinicians have convinced me that the causes of cancer may all be finally linked with disorders of body chemistry due to glandular exhaustion. And *thyroid cancer* is a chemical key.

Glandular exhaustion! In that simple phrase is the ultimate answer to cancer's cause—and the key to its simple prevention and control.

The glands are the policemen of our bodies. It is their job to protect the body against attack by a variety of diseases, including cancer. Normally they are quite able to handle the job. It is only when a disordered metabolism or body chemistry unbalances and weakens them that they fail.

For purposes of illustration, let us compare the body to a great city; the glands to its traffic policemen.

In the body are numerous substances. It is the function of the glands to keep them moving normally, as it is that of the real traffic policemen to keep traffic moving. Though these substances are several, we shall concern ourselves here with only one —cholesterol.

When the glands of internal secretion are exhausted, cholesterol collects in arteriosclerotic blood vessels, as gallstones, as lens cataracts; and it is found in large amounts in the most malignant cancers.

Cholesterol is a fatlike substance that has a tendency to collect in human tissues, much as loiterers in the street tend to stop before any shop window that catches their interest.

Suppose, then, that on New York's normally busy Fifth Avenue a crowd of loiterers gather before something that interests them. Traffic is impeded, becomes sluggish. The nearest traffic policeman comes over.

"Break it up!" he orders.

The loiterers ignore him. Traffic continues to pile up. The policeman goes to the nearest call box and puts through a call for reserves. The police department is normally equipped to furnish them for such an emergency. Fifty reserves arrive. The loiterers are dispersed. Traffic returns to the normal.

That is almost exactly what happens when cholesterol accumulates in body tissues. The endocrine glands note the accumulation of cholesterol and put forth an immediate call for reserves (iodine, calcium, sodium, potassium) which are waiting in tissue reservoirs in the body.

All of these reserves but calcium are solvents—and iodine is the kingpin solvent of them all.

Under normal circumstances they arrive promptly at the scene of the accumulation and efficiently dissolve the fatlike substances—that is, they keep them dispersed and on the move, with no harm done. But what happens when this police department is not functioning properly?

Let us suppose that in uptown New

Surgery and irradiation do much good. But they now seem to have progressed as far as they can.

Photo by Ewing Galloway

York (far above where our traffic policeman is stationed on Fifth Avenue) an emergency has been in progress for three days—a bloody and prolonged riot that has called every policeman in the city to cope with it.

When the rioting began, the policeman up there called out reserves. Eventually the disturbance was put down. But now not only is the entire surviving police force utterly exhausted but the reserves have been depleted.

Our Fifth Avenue traffic policeman, back on post, is himself pretty well worn out. And now he notices the accumulation of loiterers. He knows he can't handle them alone. But this time, when he calls for reserves, he gets not an ample fifty strong men but three weakened men—all that are available. They are unable to help him break up the accumulation of loiterers. It swells and traffic is completely disrupted on the avenue.

The like situation in the body results in cancer. There the riot or emergency may represent some infection—syphilis, for example. Or it may represent lack of certain essentials in the diet. It may be constipation, worry, alcoholism, or a combination of evils. The policing glands call out the reserves (iodine, calcium, sodium, and potassium), and after a terrific battle the riotous condition or infection is conquered.

BUT the glands have been utterly exhausted by the fight and the reserves almost entirely used up.

The glands, in other words, have gone through a period of glandular overactivity.

In the body, during such a period, certain diseases may develop, among them diabetes, anemia, sterility, dermatitis, softening of the bones, rickets, insanity.

Cancer is rare during this first period.

Now comes the second period—glandular exhaustion and underactivity. Cholesterol, the loitering hoodlum, may choose this moment to accumulate. The policing glands, exhausted by overactivity during the emergency in another part of the body, call upon the reserves (particularly the solvent, iodine) to come and dissolve the fatty accumulation. But the reserves have been used up. There is not enough iodine to cope with the cholesterol.

The accumulation grows. A lump forms under the skin. First you can feel it. Later you can see it. It is a tumor. You may have cancer.

Cancer consists of living, malignant cells. All living cells normally split, amoeba-like, to form two cells. Each of these, in turn, splits—and so on. Unlike other cells, however, cancer cells do not stop dividing when the necessity for doing so ceases. Therein lies the horrible feature of cancer—its tendency to spread.

The dangerous quality of the fatty substance, cholesterol, is that its accumulation stimulates the growth of lawless cells with which it is in contact. Unless the glands, behaving normally, bring the reserves of iodine and other elements to dissolve cholesterol accumulations, cancer may begin.

Cholesterol is an "unsaturated" substance. That is, it lacks iodine. Its normal tendency is to absorb iodine as a blotter absorbs ink. This affinity for iodine—if sufficient iodine is in reserve—itself prevents cancer in all of us, since the cholesterol absorbs the iodine, which in turn dissolves it.

But where the glands have gone through a period of overactivity they cannot supply enough iodine. The greedy cholesterol then robs the normal tissue with which it is in contact of that tissue's iodine.

Since this iodine necessarily exists in small amounts, a direful situation arises; for a small amount of iodine not only fails to dissolve the cholesterol but actually *stimulates* cell growth. Thus we have cholesterol robbing normal tissues of iodine which it feeds to lawless cancer cells.

THE answer would seem to be to rush an overdose of iodine to the spot where cholesterol had accumulated. Actually this would be disastrous. Nature, ever orderly, does not do things in excessive fashion; instead, she strives to maintain a delicate balance. When glands are functioning properly, iodine is sent forth to dissolve the trouble-making cholesterol. But with the solvent, iodine, nature carefully sends along calcium, a jellifier, iodine's opposite. The abundant iodine dissolves the accumulations; but the calcium ensures that these accumulations shall dissolve gradually. For if there is too rapid a breakdown, intact cancer cells may be released into the blood stream, where they will travel to another organ. This traveling about of cancer cells is called metastasis.

It is the beautiful and orderly synchronization of iodine and other elements (the solvents) checkreined by calcium (the jellifier) that prevents metastasis.

Unfortunately, this wonderful mechanism of checks and balances is often not on the job; and so metastases remain one of the prime dangers in cancer. The known tendency of cancer of the thyroid to metastasize makes the prompt treatment of goiter especially urgent.

It is probably obvious to every reader by now that if accumulations of cholesterol, etc., could be prevented from forming or could be dispersed, cancer statistics would not be what they are today.

And it follows as clearly that if those accumulations are the direct result of exhausted, malfunctioning glands, the remedy would be to bring those glands back to normal. Away back in 1923, Brown and Pearce of the Rockefeller Institute showed that rats with active glands would not "take" cancer implants. Hope in the cancer situation, then, depends upon bringing back to normal exhausted glands—or keeping normal glands normal.

How can that be done? By proper living. By taking a fair amount of exercise, enjoying a fair amount of sunlight, and eating a fair amount of the right well balanced foods. If you do these things, it is likely, for example, that you are not constipated. And if you are not, you have already curbed one factor that leads to the onset of cancer.

One of the most conclusive and spectacular clinical demonstrations of the relationship between constipation and breast "lumps" was contained in the report a few years ago of a well known specialist that one hundred women treated by him completely recovered from breast lumps when constipation was remedied.

HERE is my thesis (in which this specialist concurs) concerning what happened:

Constipation results in stagnated feces in the lower bowel. These contain unsaturated proteins, and fats which are iodine-hungry. The unsaturated substances seize upon all the iodine they can get, taking most of it from the bile, which is rich in it.

That waste of iodine causes the thyroid gland to work overtime. Glandular exhaustion follows and, often, goiter. Goiter is often a forerunner of thyroid cancer. Never let goiter go unattended. If we prevented cancer of the thyroid alone, we would be doing a great deal to cut down the cancer rate.

By the cure of constipation, however, the specialist restored effective functioning of exhausted glandular mechanism. Extravagant absorption and wastage of iodine was stopped. The iodine-binding fatty acids in the lower bowel had been eliminated. And the breast lumps disappeared!

So simple a treatment, plus an adequate diet, would be the answer, today, to the threat of cancer in the cases of many thousands of women.

This brings us to the most important advice of all:

Watch your diet. Simply assure yourself of a diet built upon the findings of modern nutritional science and therefore rich in essential elements. Such a diet will include a liberal amount of sea food. In these the proteins, fats, and carbohydrates are all guarded by adequate iodine, in which, unfortunately, our soil is weak.

Such a diet will also include adequate amounts of raw as well as cooked fruits and vegetables, especially the dark-colored ones, which supply considerable iron. Fruits and vegetables in general tend to aid in normalizing the glands because they contain essential elements.

The safest fats in a diet are those derived from animal sources—milk, milk products, and meat. Such fats are saturated. Vegetable oils may be too unsaturated for safety. Dr. Rowntree has reported that wheatgerm oil will produce cancer in experimental rats.

Whole-grain cereals are excellent sources of essential vitamins and minerals. All the vitamins function to stabilize the glands and to ensure the proper utilization of minerals in a diet. Vitamin A, incidentally, is one of the best remedies for goiter because it supplies iodine and fatty acids in combination.

Table salt, iodized or uniodized, should be replaced with sea salt, which contains all the elements in the same proportion in which we find them in the blood.

A correct and varied diet, then, is the safest way to ensure that the body shall get all of the nutritional elements it needs and that it shall get them in proper balances, never in excess. It is best to trust to natural foods wherever possible.

So far as cancer is concerned, then, the central problem remains one of maintaining the delicate balance between iodine and unsaturated substances. Its applications (as developed, not discovered, by this writer) are so varied that it is a master key to several vitamin effects, as well as to certain aspects of cancer problems. It is possible to build up an iodine reserve in the body and then to release the stored-up iodine into the circulation by feeding unsaturated fats. But cod-liver oil is safest, in general, because its fats are partly iodized. It *cures* goiter.

The possibility of control becomes apparent.

THE orthodox method of dealing with cancer after it starts consists in a removal of the growth by surgery, if it be operable, and a resort to palliative surgery or irradiation or both if it is inoperable.

In the making of this statement there is no thought of minimizing the importance of surgery and irradiation. Both do much good; they now seem, however, to have progressed as far as they can. Irradiation (bombarding the cancer with gamma rays, obtained from radium or X rays) actually flares the iodine into action in a cancer, if properly used. If irradiation is excessive, injury occurs. There are in the United States many competent radiologists. But there are also some inexperienced or unscrupulous men who, by unwise and excessive irradiation, do definite harm. Always be sure that any treatment by irradiation is administered by a competent radiologist.

Every reader knows that sunshine is a necessity and a blessing. Vitamin D, the "sunlight vitamin," is essential to life. Yet how many readers know that an excess of sunlight or of vitamin D, unguarded by vitamin A, can actually cause cancer?

It is true. Research by Roffo of Buenos Aires has definitely established that experimental rats constantly exposed to sunlight developed skin cancers. Remember that the next time you go to the beach. Excessive exposure of your unprotected body to direct sunlight for long periods can be as harmful as very moderate and sensible exposure can be beneficial.

Do not fall for today's ballyhoo suggesting unlimited consumption of vitamin D. You can get it in pills, in foods, in bottles, and from an ultraviolet lamp in your home. All very good—provided you are moderate. Take too much and you overactivate your glands, particularly the thyroid. There is no doubt about it. Too much vitamin D produces precancerous conditions.

From experimental work with rats, this writer showed first in 1928 that vitamin D effects are offset to some extent by iron and iodine administration. Dr. Eder of California proved in 1930 that iron added to cod-liver oil would benefit children and adults who had been overexposed to the sun. And, as we have shown, cod-liver oil, of the greatest value in vitamin deficiency, contains considerable iodine. So the use of cod-liver oil, plus iron, by such distinguished surgeons as Douglas-Webster of London in *radium sickness* is seen to have true chemical basis.

THESE THINGS BETRAY CANCER

They may or may not indicate the presence of cancer but any one of them should be sufficient to send you to a reputable physician for an immediate diagnosis:

1. A lump, perceptible beneath the skin, suddenly begins to change or grow.

2. A sore appears (particularly on mouth or face) and refuses to heal rapidly.

3. A body opening discloses an unusual discharge or bleeding.

THESE THINGS MAY CURE CANCER

Early treatment by surgery or irradiation or both, accompanied by glandular therapy—a well balanced diet, rich in essential elements needed to restore glandular balance.

THESE MAY BE CANCER-GENERATING THINGS

Long continued and excessively wrong diet.
Chronic and excessive constipation.
Lack of exercise or too much exercise.
Excessive sun bathing.
Untreated goiters.
Too much vitamin D (unguarded).
Unsupervised use of iodized salt.
Unwise use of irradiations.
Unsupervised administration of sex and other hormones.
Unsaturated vegetable oils.
Glandular upsets due to nervous strain and nervous exhaustion.

THESE THINGS HELP TO PREVENT THE ONSET OF CANCER

Proper diet and proper living.
Proper amount of iodine.
Proper exercise.
Appropriate amounts of sea food.
Unprocessed foods.
Good habits of elimination.
Occasional sea salt.
Suitable medication with intelligent supervision.

Supportive treatment of cancer cases with glandular extracts, and by administration of iron, iodine, and calcium, will aid in restoring the elements that are driven off by the defensive activity of the glands. And irradiation itself, if excessive, causes rapid losses of calcium and its bound iron. Mme. Curie, a martyr to radium, died from anemia thus caused.

Another of our dangerous fads is iodized salt used freely in the home without medical direction. For your present table salt, iodized or uniodized, substitute sea salt. Irish dulse, a seaweed, can be purchased at most large markets and used as a condiment. It is inexpensive.

Properly guarded iodine may also be obtained in cod-liver oil containing about 15,000 parts of iodine to one billion of oil. A good cod-liver oil contains vitamin D balanced by vitamin A and is both safe and excellent. Take care, however, that you are not handed an unsaturated oil (from which the iodine has been removed), for it will put a strain on the glands.

Sea food, of course, remains the safest and most natural way in which to get enough properly guarded iodine. Dark-colored marine fish like mackerel are rich in iron and iodine and valuable in the summer heat.

Another cancer-generating fad against which you should be on guard is the use of glandular extracts *without competent medical guidance.* You can buy in any drugstore today high-powered hormones. The sex hormone theelin produces cancer of the breast in mice. Yet women can buy this potent drug readily.

Please understand: Hormones administered by skilled medical hands may be not only necessary but quite beneficial. Amateur self-medication, however, may start you down the road to cancer.

CANCER is preventable in many cases. The principal necessity is to keep the glandular system in normal condition.

Cancer that has started is often controllable and, in some cases, curable by glandular therapy combined with a regimen of right living and used along with surgery, and with cautious and competent irradiation in cases where the tumor is inoperable.

Many a case of operable cancer of the breast is not attacked. Irradiation cannot replace *surgery.* Failure to remove a cancer of the breast by surgery is dangerous. Yet many women defer proper examination of lumps, on account of their fear of the operation. It is by no means proved that irradiation is a substitute for such surgery. And some clinicians believe that irradiation causes cancer spread by metastasis.

The true answer to cancer must be sought in the restoration to ailing bodies of their normal chemistry. This will enable the protective glands to function properly, and to prevent all the other old-age diseases as well.

The fact that authorities in cancer research still refuse to believe authentic reports of human cancers in which glandular therapy and diet have induced cures is merely an indication that they are uninformed of the great developments in modern biological chemistry. And some investigators have published papers in which they have, with three mice, overthrown the work of able clinicians who have cured human cancer. The dictators in cancer research believe the reports on the mice, and refuse to accept any affidavited records of the human cures. But such has been the history of medicine, and of dictators.

THE END

Newspaperman

A famous reporter opens the notebooks of his life to reveal experiences of a natural-born newspaperman

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

PART ONE—IN THE BEGINNING

WHEN the last sun has set for me and the first faint stars of eternity light my way into the night, let no one grieve.

From my earliest days I have glutted myself with the bitter-sweet fare of living. My hunger is not yet sated, nor my thirst slaked. Yet it will be no hardship to rise from the table when I am called, and hurry home. There may be fragrant coffee awaiting me; and there will be loving hands to serve it. There will be joy at my home-coming. And there will be rest. And no long after-dinner speeches.

Action is good, and excitement, and love, and tragedy, and travel, and the thrill of putting down on paper the things one has seen or heard, or felt with his heart. But rest is good also at the end of a full day.

It has been good to be a newspaperman.

It will be good to rest.

I am nearly half a century old. I have been a newspaperman most of my life; will probably be such until I die. For most of my life I have been writing the stories of other people. Now let me write the story of my own life. It's a good yarn. I know it better than anybody else. And, to me, it is a better story than any I have written.

It begins when I was a boy of six or so, a pale, frail child who loved to sit in a corner and draw pictures of sailing ships, or to lie on his tummy, down on the floor, and look at the funny pictures in a newspaper.

My father was a policeman. I had a brother and a baby sister. We lived in a flat in Frankfort Street in Chicago, and my aunt and uncle, who owned the building, lived next door.

My grandmother, my mother's mother, lived with us, and it was to her I went when I saw the white bird. It was the size of a pigeon. It came in through the kitchen window, fluttered a moment over the sickbed, and then flew away.

"The saints be merciful," my grandmother said. "Oh, the poor little darling!"

My sister died while I was still wondering about that bird. I had the idea the bird had brought death to her somehow, maybe in its yellow bill, or under its white wings.

And when I saw the stuffed dove on one of the funeral pieces, I was sure of it.

The dove had killed her. Some one had killed the dove.

"No, no," my grandmother corrected me. "That was an angel, that white bird. Coming for the baby's pure white soul, to take it up to God. A white bird always comes when any girl in the family is about to die. In this family. And in my own. I have seen the bird many times. Sometimes I have seen two or three white birds come to carry some blessed soul away."

I've never seen a white bird since without some feeling of anxiety for those near and dear to me.

In riper years I catalogued the legend of the white bird with all the fairy stories my grandmother used to tell. And these were many and fanciful, and very real as she told them. No one in all my experience has ever told stories so well as she, not even my father, though he was a better storyteller than I shall ever be.

My grandmother made me see the troops of little folks as she saw them, brave in their red coats, tiny rifles over their shoulders, marching to the aid of the poor widow whose cow had gone dry, or hurrying to the relief of the family that had been ousted from its bit of sod.

My grandmother was quite a remarkable woman. She was born in Donegal, Ireland, well over a hundred years ago. She was married when she was sixteen.

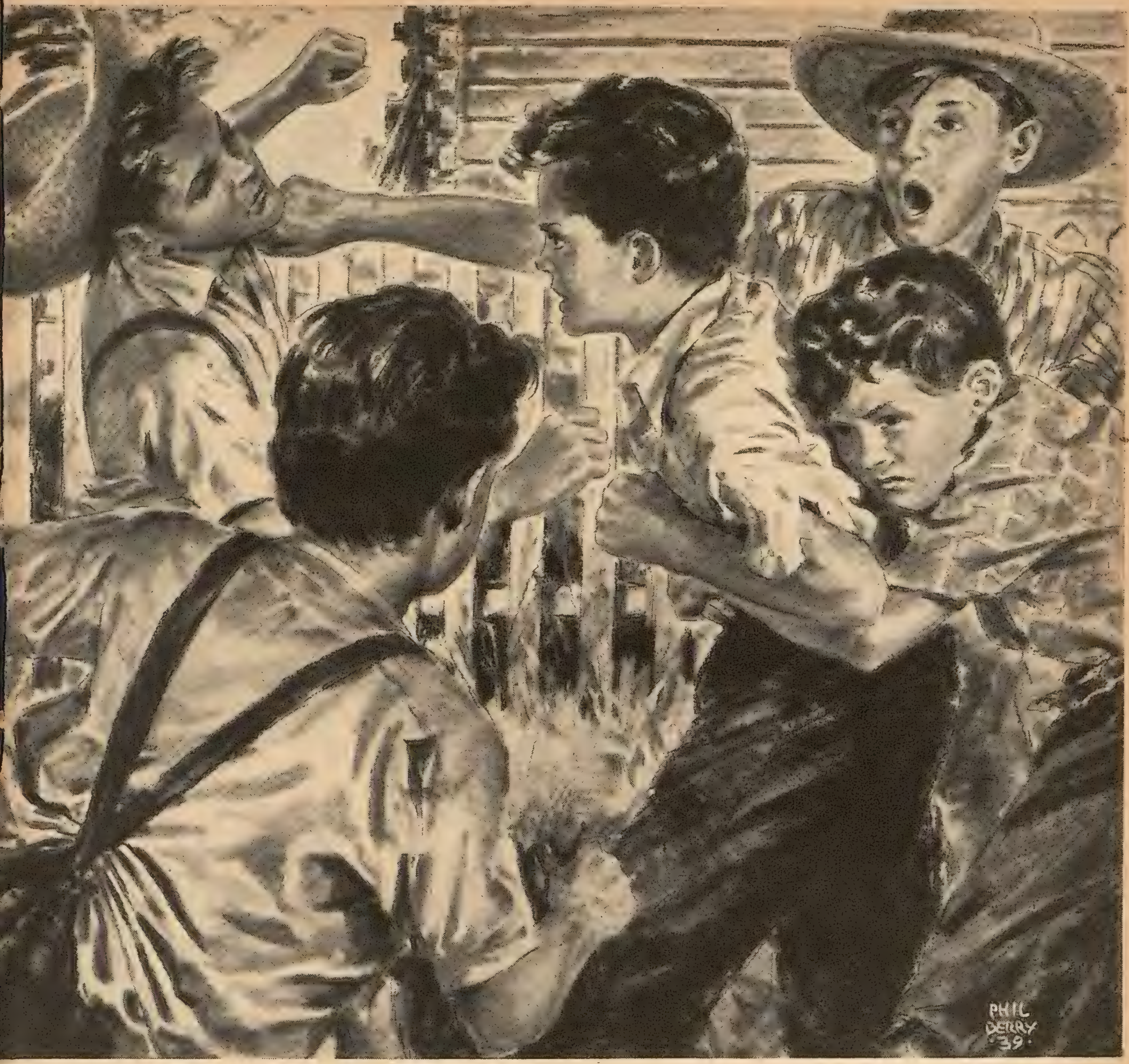
"My father and mother called me in one day when I was playing with my friends," she said, "and introduced me to a tall thin man.

"'Ah, now, Mary,' my father said, 'it's the grand surprise we have for you this day. 'Tis your husband you do be looking at now, child; and him sailing for America soon after the wedding.'"

She was wildly in love with another man. Strangely enough, he had the same name as my father. But she married the one her parents had picked out for her.

"My heart was fair breaking, but nobody minded that. Love had nothing to do with marriage in those days. And no girl thought of disobeying her parents in anything."

She sailed for America when she was eighteen, she and her first child.



And all the little world of fisherfolk wept, knowing they'd never see her again.

The ship encountered storm after storm in its three months' passage over the Atlantic, and many times the frightened passengers gave themselves up for lost.

"Get up, Mary Rodgers," some of them cried to her the first awful night; "get up and go down on your knees and commend your soul to God, as a decent woman should."

"And is the ship going down?"

"It is, it is indeed, and all of us with it, God be merciful."

"Then I'll go down in my bed, and the baby at my breast. It is easier that way. And a woman doesn't have to get down on her knees to pray. Go now and leave me alone before the baby wakes."

It was really easier to lick a number of boys than just one. They got in each other's way.

MY grandparents lived in Pennsylvania for a time. But there was trouble there. The Molly McGuires, a band of desperate Irish miners, were waging bloody war against the mine owners. Men were slugged or murdered every day — men who wouldn't join the murderers.

My grandparents emigrated to Wisconsin and bought a few acres in Crawford County. There my grandfather died, leaving his widow a houseful of children, a horse, an ox, and a few square rods of crops to cultivate.

Many the time my grandmother plowed and sowed those fields, because the children were not yet old enough to help her. Many the time she walked over two hills for water, after the well went dry. She carried the pails hanging from an ox yoke fitted about her neck, and in her arms she carried the two youngest children — my mother and my Uncle Joe. There were Indians about the place, and it would never do to leave the children at home.

She was over sixty when I first knew her. She was over a hundred when she died. No white birds came for her—at least nobody saw them. But perhaps she needed no wings than her own to carry her above.

Shortly after my sister died my father built a house on Central Park Avenue, on the northwest side of Chicago, in the vicinity of Logan Square. It was the first house built on the block. It was set down in the mid-

" My father was a policeman ": Lieutenant James E. " Butch " Doherty.

dle of a vast prairie. From our front window we could see the Logan Square El station, half a mile away. From the back porch we could see as far as the " first tracks."

We used to walk to those tracks, and sometimes to the " second tracks," to flip freight trains, or to look for crab holes along the right of way or in the swamps.

The fresh air of the prairies, and the miles we had to walk to get anywhere, changed me from a pale sit-by-the-fire weakling into a tough and husky kid. Before I was twelve I had licked every boy—except one—in the neighborhood, and had got into the habit of running miles and miles every day.

In Frankfort Street I was afraid of everything and everybody. When boys threatened me at school, I ran. When they caught me and beat me, I wept.

Perhaps that's why my folks moved out to the prairies.

There, much to my amazement, I found that fighting was fun. I didn't hate the kids I fought. They didn't hate me. They liked me, and I liked them. To fight with a boy of your own size and weight and lack of skill, I discovered; to give and take, to fall down and get up again, to give the other boy a chance to get up when he was down—all this was as endearing as kissing a girl.

I became so adept at fighting that I could take on four or five boys my own age and whip them all without much trouble. It was really easier to lick a number of boys than just one. They got in each other's way. They were confused. They smacked one another. It was a riot of fun.

But there were rules I must observe, as Jimmy Lewis pointed out to me one day. Jimmy was panting with his exertion and looking out of a swollen eye.

" It wasn't fair," he said. " You started fighting before we were ready. As soon as you saw us coming you whaled into me and Blanchard. You didn't wait for the other guys to come up. Anybody could lick a crowd like that."

The author at ten or thereabouts, when his job was peddling papers.

I felt quite ashamed. Always after that I waited until the gang was ready.

The boy I couldn't lick was Joe Sterling. He was somewhat older than me, and about a head taller. And he had learned boxing from his father. Joe was the leader of our little gang. It was really his gang. He called us the " dub de nuts." This peculiar name was arrived at in his attempt to say, " I dub thee knight."

We didn't do much fighting with other gangs, principally because the other gangs lived so far away. We fought only when they came into our neighborhood. And no gang ever visited us twice.

I went to the Pennock school, a two-story frame building divided into four large rooms. There was a big play yard. There were clumps of pines near by and a grove of slippery elms. And all about were farms.

Boys and girls played together on the hard-packed mud of the yard before school and during recess. But I never had time to play. School was at least a mile from our back porch. I ran that distance every morning. At the noon recess I ran home for lunch, and then ran back again—sometimes stopping to fight on the way.

After school I peddled papers. I had twenty customers on my route, which netted me about a dollar every week. The newspaper wagon stopped at Kimball and Diversey avenues about four o'clock in the afternoon. If I didn't run all the way from school I couldn't make the wagon in time. My route covered miles, and there was always a lot of grumbling at the last houses.

" The paper comes out at four," my customers said. " And here it is six and after, and you're just getting here. What have you been doing all this time? "

" Mother had her way about sending me to school ": Mrs. Ellen Doherty.

I sold the route for a dollar. Five cents a customer. But I was accused of cheating the purchaser. One of my customers had quit me, it seems, but hadn't told me so. I had to give back a nickel or be branded a swindler. I returned the money but with bad grace. A nickel meant a lot to me then.

We weren't exactly poor. But we weren't rich either. My father received sixty dollars a month from the City of Chicago. And he had many mouths to feed. There were quite a few children by this time, and my grandmother and my Uncle Joe lived with us. My father's clothes were cut down for me. And when I had outworn them they were passed down to my brothers. Mother baked her own bread, made her own dresses, did most of the work—though Gran insisted on helping her—and managed to save enough money to buy us an occasional pair of shoes. We never were hungry. We never went without any of the necessities of life, but we seldom had any of the luxuries.

I remember vividly a day when an uncle gave me two pennies. On the very same day I received a valentine from a girl. That day stands out as one of sheer bliss.

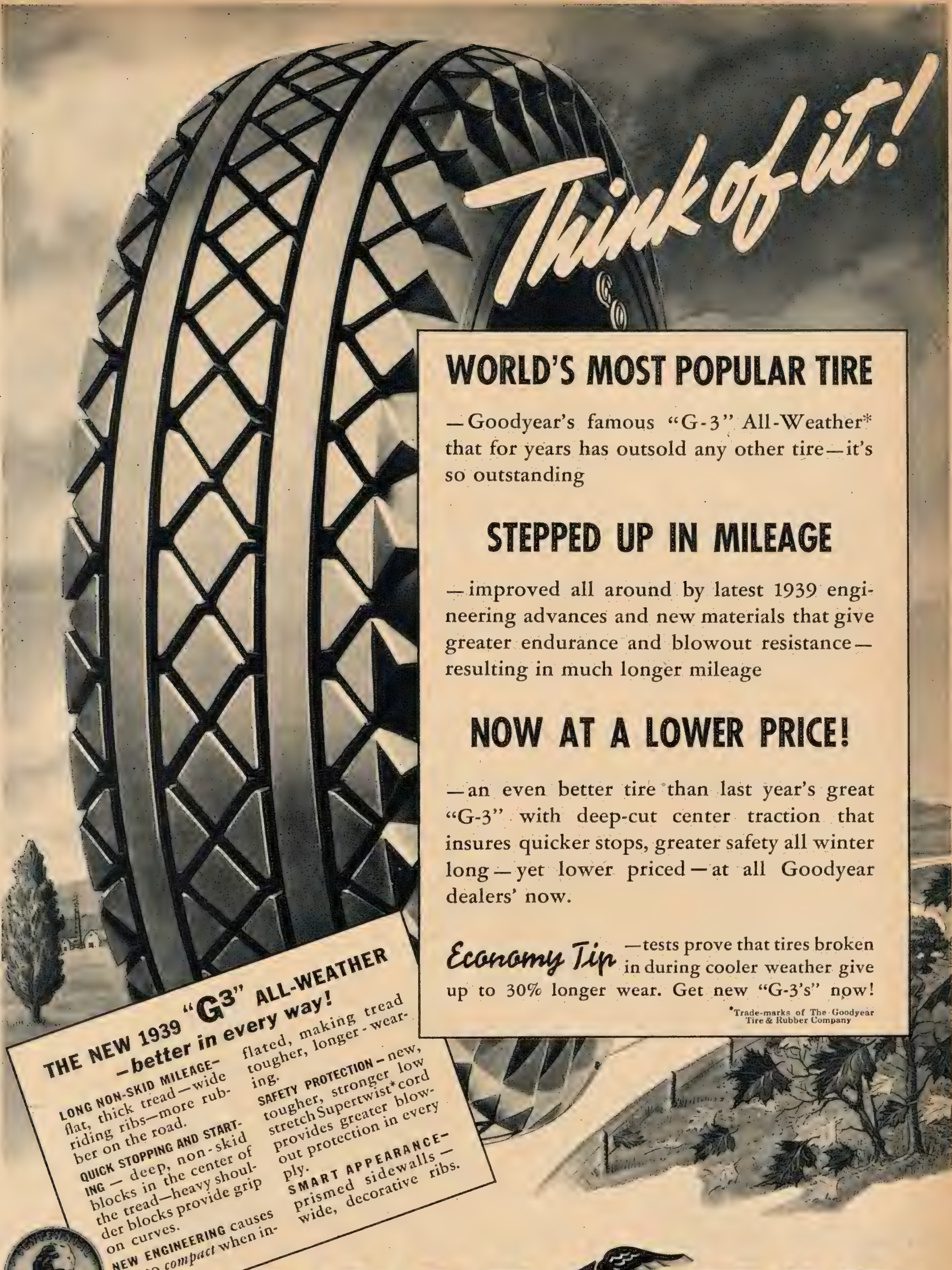
When I was ready for the eighth grade, St. Viator's parish opened its school. Mother sent me there, after a series of arguments with my father.

" I want him to keep on at a public school," my father said. " I want him to mingle with all the other kids—Jews, Italians, Polacks, Dutchies, and Negroes. If he can't hold his own with them, it's too bad, but it'll do him good to find it out. If you send him to a Catholic school he may get the idea he's better than anybody else. Besides, the sisters will coddle him."

But mother had her way, and I was sent, running every morning, to the parochial school nearly a mile farther than the Pennock school. But I didn't have to go home for lunch. I carried it with me.

My father was wrong about the school. The kids were just as tough as the public-school kids and nobody was coddled.

(Continued on page 20)



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A little goes a longer way

(Continued from page 18) I was twelve years old when I was graduated from St. Viator's. My parents wanted to send me to high school, but I had other plans. I had decided to become a priest.

For some time I had juggled three ambitions. Should I become a soldier, a prizefighter, or a monk? The advent of a new boy into the neighborhood decided me. He knew all about the priesthood. His cousin was a novice in the Servite Monastery at Granville, Wisconsin.

We planned to go to this monastery together. The sisters in the school, the priests I served at the altar, my parents, my brothers, all the rowdy kids I palled with tried to dissuade me. But they couldn't.

I LEFT home one frosty January morning in 1904, with a suitcase packed with all my belongings. My mother and father took me to the depot; and there, just before the train pulled out, I saw a rainbow in my mother's eyes. The sun was slanting down through a windowpane on her tears. And I saw both grief and joy in that rainbow.

I was thirteen years old, but I wasn't the youngest in the monastery. I was very earnest, very zealous, very sure of myself. I believed fervently that I had a "vocation," that I belonged there. I was never for a moment homesick. I had no regrets at leaving the world. I had even left Marie and didn't rue it.

Marie I had known ever since I could remember. She had always been my sweetheart. I had always meant to marry her some day. I had asked her mother before I had reached the age of six, and she had given her consent. We used to go looking at houses, Marie and I, when I was six and she was four, and when we found one to our liking—well, that was the one we'd live in some day.

Marie was pretty and slim and radiant and she had a little scar on her cheek that was more like a beauty mark or a dimple. It added to her attractiveness, if anything. I used to wonder why other little girls didn't fall downstairs and scar themselves too.

I had kissed Marie good-by a day or so before I left. And the parting had not moved me. I had always kissed her. She wrote me a letter a few weeks after that kiss, saying how much she missed me. The prior handed me the letter, opened, and smiled at me gravely. I read it and tore it up. And for a moment I felt sorry for myself. But only for a moment.

Life was quite happy, quite beautiful, in Granville. We rose at five o'clock in the morning. Or we usually did. Sometimes I woke with a start to hear the monks chanting matins and lauds in the chapel below me, woke with horror to discover I had slept too long.

There were studies, walks, games. In summer we walked a mile or more to the river and spent some hours swimming. Once in a while mother or father came up to see me. Often they sent me a box—candy, cookies, warm socks, mittens my grandmother had knitted, books, presents of various kinds. These, of course, were shared with my brothers in the order—that is, all but the mittens and socks. Those I was permitted to keep.

I was fifteen before I knew anything of the mystery of women. One of the monks enlightened me, putting the story in such words that I was fired with beauty.

Why, this is poetry! I thought. This is God's most glorious miracle.

I had never been curious about life. I'd been too busy.

Now I had plenty of time to ponder the mystery that had been so beautifully solved for me.

And the more I thought of women, the more I wondered what I was doing there in the monastery.

I kept my doubts to myself for a long time. But when the general of the order came from Rome on a tour of inspection, I asked to see him. He was an elderly man, plump, jovial, benign. It was easy to talk to him.

"So that's what's on your mind," he said when I had done. And his eyes twinkled. "Well, don't worry, my son. Your father is a good man, isn't he?"

"Yes, father."

"And he never was a priest, nor probably ever wished to be one. You can go out in the world and still be a good man, can't you?"

"Yes, father."

"Of course you can. And you'll find there are just as good people in the world as there are in any monastery or convent. Sometimes I wish all monks and nuns were as good as the people to whom they minister. Go, my son, if you've made up your mind. And God go with you."

I knelt at his feet, and could have kissed him, as he made the sign of the cross above me. Then I hurried out on to the ball field to find my best friend, Brother Pat, and draw him away and tell him I was leaving on the morrow.

PAT was more than concerned for me. He was in anguish. "What are you going to do?" he asked.

I didn't know.

"Why don't you become a newspaperman?" he asked. "That's a grand job, Eddie. You'll love it, writing news, interviewing celebrities, seeing things happen, going all over the world. It pays well too, I guess."

The idea was entrancing.

"Besides," Pat added, "it'll keep you off the streets, away from bad companions. You'll be in the company of intelligent men. You'll get an education second to none. And you'll have a lot of fun."

Pat was there the next morning when I got into the buckboard with the lay brother who was to drive me to the depot.

"Good-by and good luck," he said. "And don't get into any trouble. Go with girls. They're much better company than boys. They'll do you more good."

He hugged me against his black tunic and walked hurriedly away.

How small the house seemed when I came home, the house that had always seemed so tremendous! How strange the world was! How strange was life! I walked the streets on tiptoe, as I'd walked the corridors in the monastery. When I saw a girl coming toward me, I looked neither to the right nor the left but down, kept my eyes from her until she had passed. When I could not avoid an encounter with a girl, I blushed.

And how strange it was to meet one of my old crowd, and feel not the least desire to trade punches with him!

My father asked me if I wanted to go to high school and to college. I did, but I knew we had no money to spend on higher education. So I said I'd go to work.

"Good," my father said. "We'll make a lawyer of you."

"No," I answered. "Not that. Please. I want to be a newspaperman."

MY father laughed and scowled at the same time, something nobody but him could do.

"You want to be a tramp and a drunk," he said.

He was a lieutenant then. He knew scores of reporters. He liked them. But most all the reporters he knew were confirmed alcoholics.

"I don't have to drink," I said.

"And you'd better not. I'll tell you what we'll do. I'll send you to a business college for a year. You'll learn shorthand and typewriting and banking and penmanship—things you'll need to know if you get any kind of job. Then you can make up your mind what you want to be. A lot of brainy men have started as stenographers."

So I went to a business college and learned to write in curves and angles. And I learned to type fast if not accurately. At one time I could write two hundred words a minute.

I finished the shorthand course in a few months; but I rebelled at learning about banking. I can't even add up an expense account now and be sure my figures are right.

I got a job as stenographer for a chain-store firm when I left school, but I lost it in a fit of temper. I told the boss to go jump in the lake and walked out of his office. I felt that a load had been lifted from my shoulders. I wanted never to be a stenographer again. I would never more be shut up in an office all day long. I would never again endure the routine of such a life.

But there were no newspaper jobs, and I was forced to take what I could get—the job of stenographer and timekeeper in a boiler shop.

"I've got to get out of this," I told my father. "I've got to be a newspaperman or I'll go crazy."

"You mean 'and go crazy,'" my father said. But he spoke to some of his friends. And in a short time I was a newspaperman.

Up and at ém in 2 hours

...thanks to Sal Hepatica

Jack was going to wow the world—his little suburban world, anyway—with his golf, this morning. But after last night's party and the way he's feeling now, he'll get the consolation prize unless . . .

Yes, here's Mrs. Jack to the rescue with a glass of sparkling Sal Hepatica. You see, Sal Hepatica helps two ways.

First, Sal Hepatica's an especially quick-acting laxative—yet gentle, too. Second, it counteracts excess gastric acidity—chases that sickish feeling *pronto.* Soon after breakfast . . .

Jack is all ready for his golf date—and not a care in the world!

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I was only a copy boy; but I wouldn't have traded that job for any other on earth. I got six dollars a week. I reported early in the morning, and I carried notes to the reporters in the City Hall, the County Building, the Criminal Courts, and the East Chicago Avenue police station. These notes gave the reporters their assignments for the day, and sometimes contained clippings of stories on which they had been scooped, and a printed slip on which they were required to tell why they had missed the story.

I didn't work for a newspaper. I worked for the City Press Association. But the City Press furnished news to all the papers in Chicago—shooting it through pneumatic tubes. And that made me a newspaperman.

Again I walked miles each day; but I loved it. It was always an exciting walk. There would be something to see in the City Hall, something to listen to in the press room. There would be interesting sights and entrancing talk wherever I went. And there was sure to be some new drama every day in the Criminal Courts Building, or the police station.

THERE never was anybody prouder or luckier than I as I ran or walked from one place to the other, or as I sat and looked and listened.

Here, for instance, in the City Hall press room, was a group of reporters all excited about an interview with Mayor Dunne. In the County Building, Bill McCormick was writing the details of a board meeting and telling me the inside yarn. "They've voted two million for this road, and it goes through So-and-So's property—only I can't say so, yet." In the Criminal Courts Building I might hear a woman screaming and run to see her brought out of the bull pen for trial, her wrists cuffed, her clothes torn in her struggles with the matron. Or I might sneak into some courtroom and listen to Ben Short, or Pat O'Donnell, or Charley Erbstein pleading for the life of a man or a woman on trial for murder. At the police station there was always great excitement, and I might even get a ride in the patrol wagon as it hurried to some alarm. That depended on who was driving. If Judy Phillips handled the horses, I'd ride. If anybody else did, I'd be told to get out of the wagon and quit making a nuisance of myself.

Fortunately for me, the City Press man who "did" criminal courts was Ambrose Breece, a tall thin fellow with the blackest hair and the yellowest eyes I have ever seen. He smoked one cigarette after another. A black bang constantly fell across his left eye as he wrote, causing him to throw back his head.

"Well, kid," he greeted me, "I hope you didn't get in this game just to have a good time or to make any money. Had any education?"

"Very little."

"What's your ambition?"

"To be a writer."

Breece beamed at me and immediately became my tutor. "Sit down," he said. "Read this."

He gave me a clipping from a morning newspaper.

"Notice how dry that story is?" he asked after I had read it. "Anybody could have written that. Anybody can write ninety per cent of the stories you see in the newspapers. You don't have to have an education for that. You simply tell the facts.

"But don't you write that way, kid. You be different. You write human-interest stuff and you'll be somebody some day."

I didn't know what he meant. So I made him explain.

"Well, here's a kid, let's say, who's been killed by a streetcar. Now, anybody can write 'Sarah Jones, six years old, 1814 Front Street, was struck and killed by a streetcar last night at Clark and Ohio streets. The motorman, Bogus Ogus, was held by the police.' That tells the story. That's good newspaper stuff. But it isn't enough.

"Find out why the little girl was running across the street. Maybe she had a penny in her hand and was hurrying to the candy store. When they found her, the penny was still clasped tightly in her hand. There's poignancy there. There's human interest. Everybody who reads that story will be sorry for the little girl—because you've made her human.

"Never, never, never forget that, kid. Always find the feature on which to hang your story. There's tragedy, pathos, humor, or belly laughs in most everything that happens. And if you haven't put them in, you haven't told the story. You're just another hack reporter—and there are too many hacks now."

EVERY day, when Breece had a breathing spell, he'd give me a lecture on how to write. Sometimes he made me rewrite a story from some paper. When I did a good job he praised me. When I failed, he told me so.

"Your sentences are too long," he said. "Write them shorter. Short as your temper. And take your time. Think before you write. Think as long as you like. It won't hurt you. Tear up the page if you don't like what you've written. Paper's cheap. Write it until you're satisfied it's the best you can do. Then I'll take a look at it."

"But you," I said, "never rewrite your stuff. And you bang it out as fast as you can."

"I'm catching dead lines all day long," he said. "I have to bat it out. But if I hadn't had years of practice in writing, do you think I'd dare?"

Breece was the only reporter who never tried to alibi himself on the scoop slips I took back to the desk. He never explained how he had missed a story. He just wrote the one word "Missed," and signed his name.

He died before I'd known him long. But I've never forgotten him nor his last injunction to me:

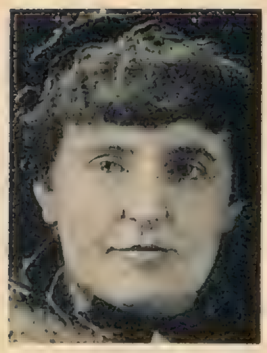
"Short paragraphs. The shorter the better. Short paragraphs, short sentences, and simple words. Bear that in mind and you'll get seventy-five a week before you're thirty."

Seventy-five dollars a week! The idea was preposterous. Why, Breece himself got only eighteen dollars a week, and he was the best reporter in Chicago! Nobody in the city got seventy-five dollars a week. Nobody ever would. Even in New York, where reporters were little gods, nobody got seventy-five dollars a week.

Yet before I was thirty I had made one hundred dollars a week.

Meanwhile, his first job—in the shining field of his heart's desire! Copy boy; then switchboard operator, listening in on reporters and learning from them; then—then—himself a cub reporter "covering police" . . . and sweethearting with Marie, now nearly eighteen and grown up! No need to urge you not to miss Eddie Doherty in Liberty next week!

20 QUESTIONS



1—A generation of small boys suffered long curls, lace collars, and velvet suits because she wrote Little Lord Fauntleroy, but the dramatization of it gave fat parts to many a youthful actor. This is a photograph of what English-American author?

2—Which state of the United States extends farthest north?

3—What did the slogan "Sixteen to One" have reference to?

4—Is a numismatist a specialist in telephone numbers, fishing tackle, or coins?

5—What famous prisoner of the Third Reich was once a submarine commander?

6—Whose retirement at the conclusion of his second term as President established the no-third-term precedent?

7—What country has decreed that it shall be called Thailand in the future?

8—How are pari-mutuel betting odds determined?

9—What baseball official has the same name as a battle of the Civil War?

10—Does a peacock lay eggs?

11—With what industry are these names associated: Andrew Carnegie, Tom Girdler, Sir Henry Bessemer, and Charles M. Schwab?

12—Which is larger, Australia or the United States?

13—In the appointment to what office has a "passion for anonymity" been declared to be a desirable characteristic?

14—Who founded the Boy Scout movement?

15—What secretion of the sperm whale is used in the manufacture of perfume?

16—The name of what American statesman is a synonym for signature?

17—What notable real-estate transaction took place in Manhattan in 1626?

18—Who is said to have beaten Christopher Columbus to America by approximately 500 years?

19—What is the German term for substitute materials?

20—Whose efforts made Tuskegee Institute possible?

(Answers will be found on page 45)

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THE MISTAKES OF Casanova

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

BY JOHN ERSKINE

DURING his stay in Mantua, Casanova, great lover and gambler, has devoted his evenings to playing cards with the postmaster, the police commissioner, and the advocate. But one day a new game looms on the horizon. He sees a beautiful woman walking on the street with a red-haired girl, and romance calls once more.

From his landlord, Riccardo, Casanova learns that the lady is new to Mantua, that her name is Signora Bonini, and that there is some mystery about her. His curiosity is aroused and he speaks to the redhead at the butcher shop. He escorts her home and is invited into the house to meet her aunt, the signora.

Unlike her niece, whose advances have been disconcertingly bold, the signora is reserved and appears to dislike Casanova. But when the niece, Luigia, leaves the room, he receives a shock. The signora literally falls into his arms, and makes an appointment for him to call to see her alone.

PART TWO—INFATUATION

WHEN Casanova came back to his rooms in the Corso Vecchio, Riccardo the landlord was waiting for him as before at the front door.

"Has the signore enjoyed his exercise?"

"The weather is beautiful, Riccardo."

"Is it not!" exclaimed the landlord, stepping back to permit his tenant more comfortable access to the entrance hall. "Was I mistaken, signore, or did I see you walking with a charming lady?"

Casanova paused with a smile. "It wasn't me you looked at."

Riccardo rested a foot on the doorstep and leaned against the wall of the house.

"Signore, I always call a woman charming until I know how the other man feels about her."

"My opinion is obvious," said Casanova. "She has red hair and a complete supply of white teeth. But you knew that already."

If Riccardo, as his wife suspected, entertained a passion for Signorina Luigia, he concealed it handsomely.

"Signore, there is something about her—also about the Signora Bonini—which needs explaining. I hoped you had solved the mystery."

"She lives with her aunt and she does the marketing," said Casanova. "That, I believe, is her entire history."

Casanova started upstairs to his rooms.

"Signore," called the landlord, following him into the house, "did you form an opinion of her character?"

Casanova leaned over the banisters. "I wasn't walking with her character."

Riccardo mumbled as he disappeared toward the kitchen, doubtless to consult his wife Bianca.

Later in the day Bianca knocked at Casanova's door, then pretended surprise to find him in.

"Let me come another time, signore. I wouldn't disturb you for the world!"

"What's the matter?"

"I've lost a dusting cloth."

"Well, come in and look for it."

When her search proved fruitless, she sighed audibly to indicate disappointment. "I must have dropped it somewhere downstairs."

Casanova enjoyed watching what she thought was subtle strategy. "When you go out," he said, "you may leave the door slightly open. The room is warm."

Bianca clung to the doorknob.

"Is there anything on your mind?" said Casanova.

"Nothing, signore, nothing." She started to leave, then, with sudden courage, "Riccardo says you met the signorina."

"Ah, does he?"

She hesitated. "Is she fascinating?"

"I was prepared to find her beautiful. You prepared me. You are jealous. I would advise you to reform. Even if your husband has not yet put his mind on the signorina, you will force him to do so, which would be unpleasant for me, since I might like the lady myself."

Bianca laughed uneasily. "You are facetious, signore."

"The room is now sufficiently ventilated," said he. "As you go out, please close the door."

She came to her final question. "Did you get into the signora's house?"

"*Get* into it? Would an effort be necessary?"

"And what is it like? Riccardo swears my opinion is harsh but—"

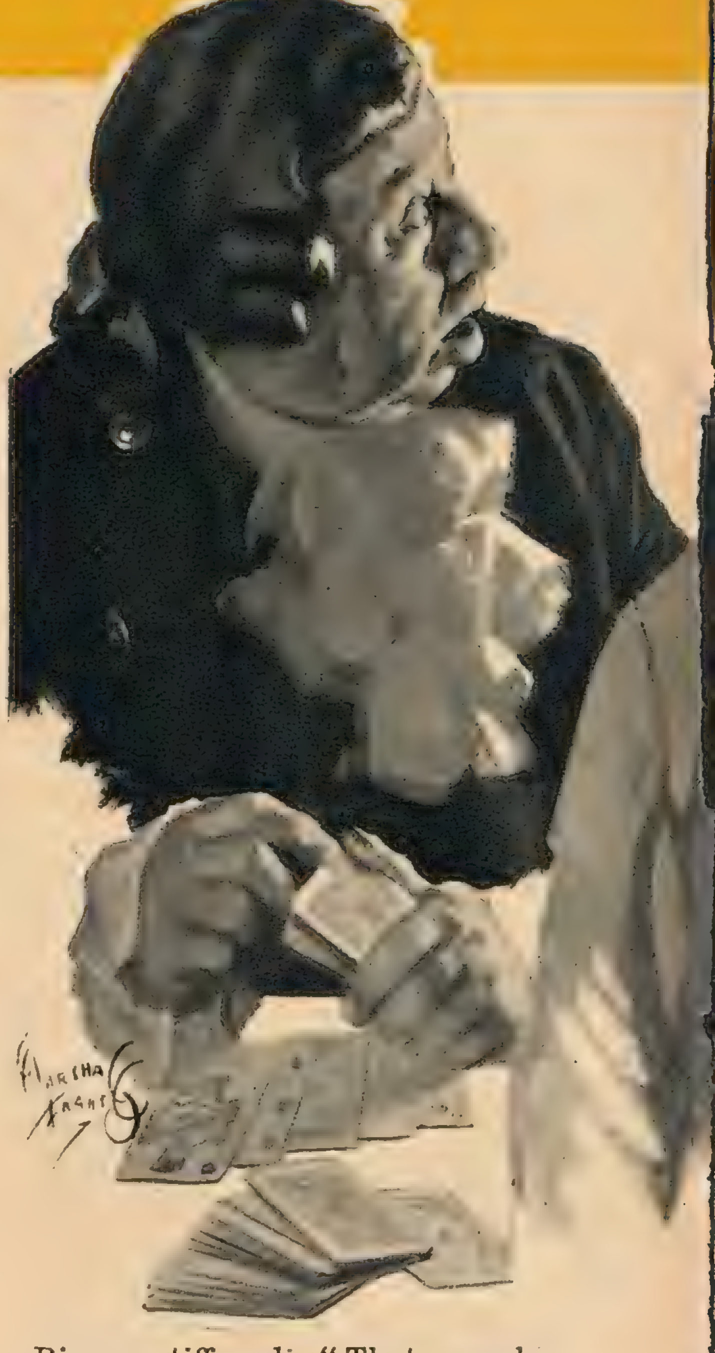
"Have you or your husband seen the signora's home?"

Bianca crossed herself. "You are the first respectable person who has entered it."

"Who says I did?"

"Signore, when I talked with Giacomo the butcher, only an hour ago—"

Casanova sprang to his feet. "The butcher's a fool and your husband has no sense!"



Bianca stiffened. "That may be, signore, but—"

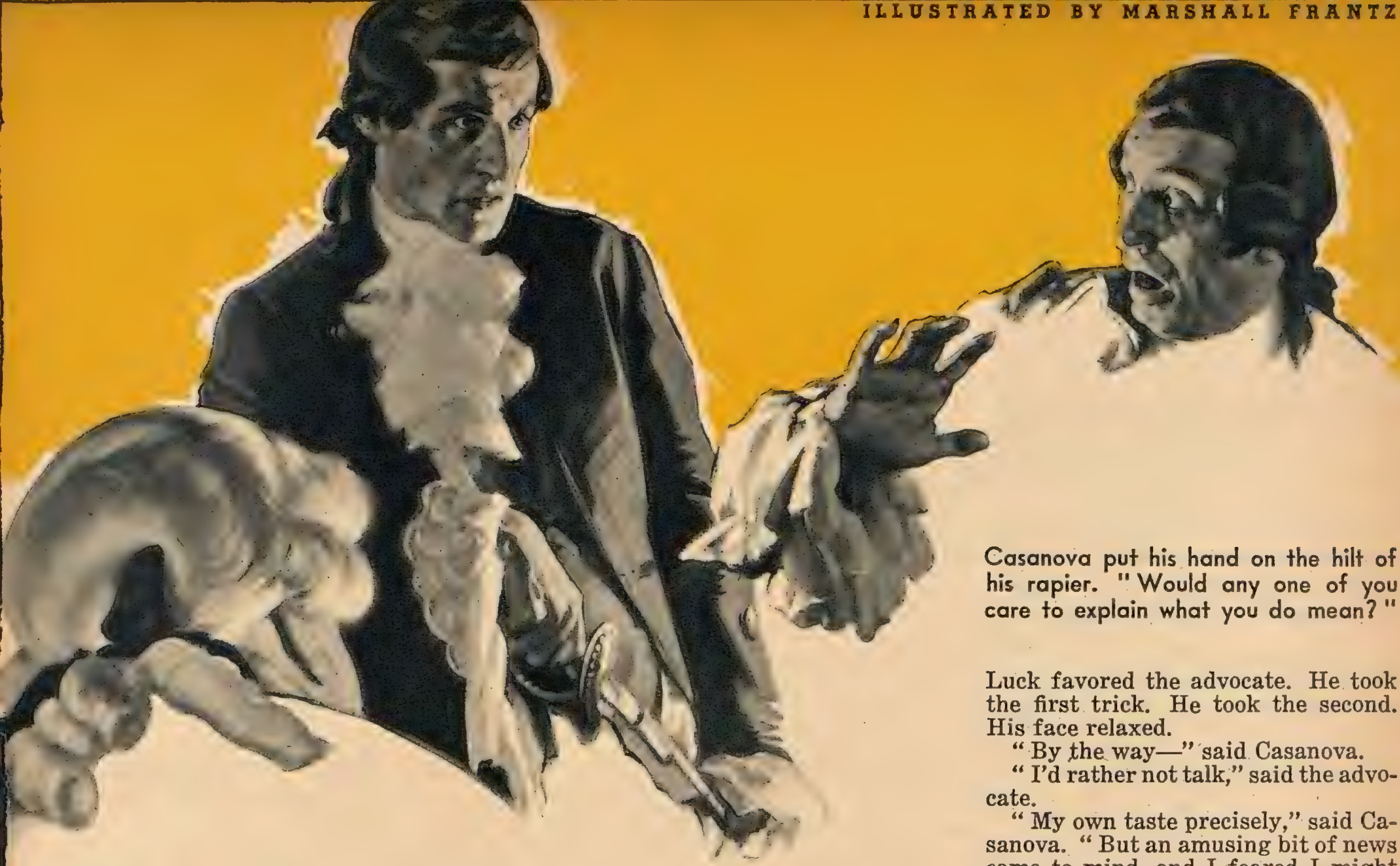
He raised his voice. "Your own intelligence disappoints me!"

"Accept my regrets, signore." She vanished, drawing the door shut after her.

He slumped down on the edge of the bed, badly out of humor.

Why had Signora Bonini disliked him at sight? He wasn't accustomed to scorn, not from beautiful women. Why, after that beginning, had she asked him to come again, the day Luigia would be absent on an errand? Both these women were much too abrupt. Luigia, the redheaded, the one he didn't want, had made him feel ridiculous by offering herself before he had spoken a word to her—offering herself on a platter, as the saying is. The signora had merely postponed the blunder.

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ



Casanova put his hand on the hilt of his rapier. "Would any one of you care to explain what you do mean?"

In which the philanderer meets his match in a lady of mysterious whims

For the twentieth time since leaving her house, he told himself he would never go there again. Let her wait and wait, and be disappointed.

That evening he went around to Signor Torriano's house for their usual card game. When he arrived the advocate was already seated at the table. The postmaster, in his normal bewilderment, occupied his place at the left, and the commissioner of police faced Torriano, leaning forward across the table, the better to hang on his words. They stopped talking as Casanova came in.

"Am I late?"

The advocate cleared his throat. "I was telling our friends my concern over the amount I owe you."

"Don't think twice about it," said Casanova, cheerful in the prospect of funds.

"I," said the police commissioner, "no longer can afford to play with you."

"Well, we don't need to play. We're here only for our pleasure, are we not?"

"That's an interesting question," said the advocate, with a sharp look.

The postmaster, trying to shuffle the cards, had no time for conversation.

"Let us stop now," continued Casanova. "Unless you feel I should give you your revenge."

"Revenge," said the postmaster, "would be welcome, if we were sure of it."

"If!" said the advocate. "What puzzles me is Signor Casanova's uniform success. In cards I like a certain admixture of chance."

"Shall I deal?" asked the postmaster, impatient.

Casanova waved his hand to the advocate, as to a referee.

"If Signor Casanova prefers not to play—" said the advocate.

"I didn't say so."

"Well, if you *had* expressed a wish, I should have asked you to explain it."

"This talk gets us nowhere," said the commissioner. "Finish the evening and see what happens."

"But I haven't another sou," said the advocate, "and I can't keep on signing notes."

"Date them when you like," said Casanova.

"Ah, but you have one note already," said the advocate, "and if you discount it, the city will know that my name is fixed to circulating paper. It won't help my professional reputation."

"Be reassured," said Casanova. "I shan't raise cash on your signature—not for a while, anyway."

"Shall I deal?" said the postmaster.

He distributed the cards with painful precision, they studied their hands, the game was set in motion. Luck favored the advocate. He took the first trick. He took the second. His face relaxed.

"By the way—" said Casanova.

"I'd rather not talk," said the advocate.

"My own taste precisely," said Casanova. "But an amusing bit of news came to mind, and I feared I might forget it."

They played on in silence. The third trick went to the commissioner.

"Do you know," said the advocate, rearranging his cards, "I really believe the luck has turned."

"And I," said Casanova, "could tell you what did it."

"What?"

"Remind me when the game is over. If your attention falters, the luck may turn again."

Now that the advocate's curiosity was aroused, he was sorry to be put off. In his annoyance he laid down the wrong card, and the commissioner glared at him.

Casanova swept in the trick.

"A plague on you!" said the advocate.

Casanova turned to him with a smile. "Were you addressing any one in particular?"

"On the contrary, on the contrary!" said the advocate. "I was commenting on the cards."

But he was disgusted with himself for losing his temper, and Casanova let him cool a minute before warming him up again.

"I attribute my bad luck this evening," said he, "to the fact that this morning—"

"Who says your luck is bad?" The advocate's tone had a snarl in it.

"But it's atrocious! I've taken only one trick."

The commissioner, trying to listen, put down an ace before it was necessary.

"I give up!" said the advocate. "Signor Casanova, will you forgive me if I retire from the game?"

"Why not?" said Casanova. "All of us. We don't seem to be enjoying ourselves."

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"If I don't play," said the postmaster, "I shall never learn."

They began again for the postmaster's sake, and the advocate crept up within hope of a killing, provided he could keep his head steady. Casanova watched him select a card—doubtless the right card.

"When I talked with Signora Bonini yesterday morning—"

Both the advocate and the police commissioner dropped their hands on the table, the advocate's hand face up.

"You have talked with the signora?"

"By mere chance," said Casanova. "What a beautiful woman! I wish you knew her better."

The police commissioner laughed, a short, sarcastic bark. The advocate raised his exposed cards hastily, and in his confusion played the wrong one.

"I can see how a woman with such good looks," continued Casanova, collecting his plunder, "might be misunderstood."

"Did she tell you—" began the commissioner, then stopped as the advocate frowned.

"I don't believe she did," said Casanova, examining his cards again as though the subject had ceased to interest. But his partners, all except the postmaster, were suddenly incapable of mental effort. They played as though they had forgotten what the game was about.

"At this point I retire," said the advocate, pushing back his chair. He attempted the calmness of a man of the world, but not successfully. "I must suggest also, Signor Casanova, that we meet no more for social purposes." The insult in his tone blended with respect for Casanova's sword.

"As you will—though I value our acquaintance."

"You well might," said the commissioner, stepping over to the desk to fetch the ink bottle and the pen. "Where do you keep the paper, Signor Torriano?"

IN silence the advocate fetched three small sheets from the closet, and set an example for the commissioner and the postmaster by making out another note to Casanova. As they watched the tall dark man accept these sacrifices, the advocate's restraint gave way.

"I will say what is on my mind! Your method of card play, Signor Casanova, needs explaining."

Casanova folded the notes inside his coat and stared at the advocate. "Is there a garden attached to this house?"

The three men looked at him.

"If there is no garden," he continued, "we might all walk out to the suburbs, to the nearest field. Or, at this time of night, a quiet street would do."

Signor Torriano, sallow-faced, turned a greenish yellow under the chin. He swallowed hard. "I hope you did not misunderstand me."

"On the contrary, I hope I did. I thought you accused me of cheating."

"Never!" said the advocate.

"Though you didn't say it," continued Casanova, "wasn't it in your mind?"

"Impossible!" said the advocate.

Casanova put his hand on the hilt of his rapier. "Would any one of you gentlemen care to explain what you *do* mean?"

The police commissioner laughed nervously. "I'm sorry to be in your debt, signore, but that's natural, isn't it? I can mention it without giving offense, can't I?"

"I hope you believe that my play was entirely honest?"

"Beyond question, signore!"

Casanova skipped the postmaster and looked at the advocate.

"I'm not a coward," said Signor Torriano.

"Ah?" said Casanova.

"I warn you—purely by way of friendship—if you are now consorting with the Signora Bonini, there are many other houses besides mine in which you will no longer be welcome."

Casanova took his hand off the sword hilt. "When you wished for no more of my society, you were thinking exclusively of the signora?"

"Our minds meet at last," said the advocate, obviously relieved.

"But Signora Bonini is a friend of mine," said Casanova. "Your insinuations are unforgivable. Shall we adjourn to your garden?"

THE advocate managed to get to his feet with something like dignity, though once more he turned pale. "As you will, signore."

The commissioner of police was badly worried. "You can't do that, Torriano!"

Gratefully the advocate looked toward him. "Why can't I?"

"Do you wish your name connected with—"

"With Signora Bonini?" asked Casanova.

"I was about to mention some one else," said the commissioner.

"I am listening," said Casanova.

"Names are unnecessary." The commissioner was conciliatory. "I didn't mean to offend a soul; merely to be discreet. Signor Torriano," he added, "wishes to apologize."

"I apologize," said the advocate feebly. "My real objection was not to the signora, but to losing so much money."

Casanova smiled, glad that his bold talk had succeeded. It's awkward to kill an advocate on his own property, under the eyes of a commissioner of police.

"A pleasant evening to you all—what's left of it," said he, looking for his hat.

"As I remember," said the commissioner, "you don't intend to cash those notes very soon?"

Casanova took up his hat, then faced his worried friends with a still broader smile. "My assurances on that point were made while our relations were amiable, before I was obliged to suggest a resort to arms."

The commissioner looked more troubled. "But your promise still holds, doesn't it?"

"Just what the etiquette is in a case like ours, I'm not sure. After a duel offered and declined, perhaps we should set our affairs in order. I'll let you know."

He swept his hat in salute and left them.

ON the second morning, of course, Casanova started for Signora Bonini's house, telling himself that after the rude speeches of the advocate he could do nothing less than pay this one more visit. Yet he stepped over the pavement with alacrity—you might say with eagerness.

A hundred yards from the door his happy mood was dashed by the sight of Luigia coming out of it. She was starting late on her errand. Now, if only Luigia would turn the other way and not look down the street—

She came straight toward him, and her smile of greeting was unusually cordial.

"She's waiting for you, signore."

He stood motionless. The signora, then, had told Luigia he was expected.

"Are you bound on an errand, signorina?"

"You might call it that, signore. Would you like to know what it is?"

"I would!"

"Well, you will in time! It's a surprise. For *her*. Perhaps for you also."

He bowed. "I barely control my impatience."

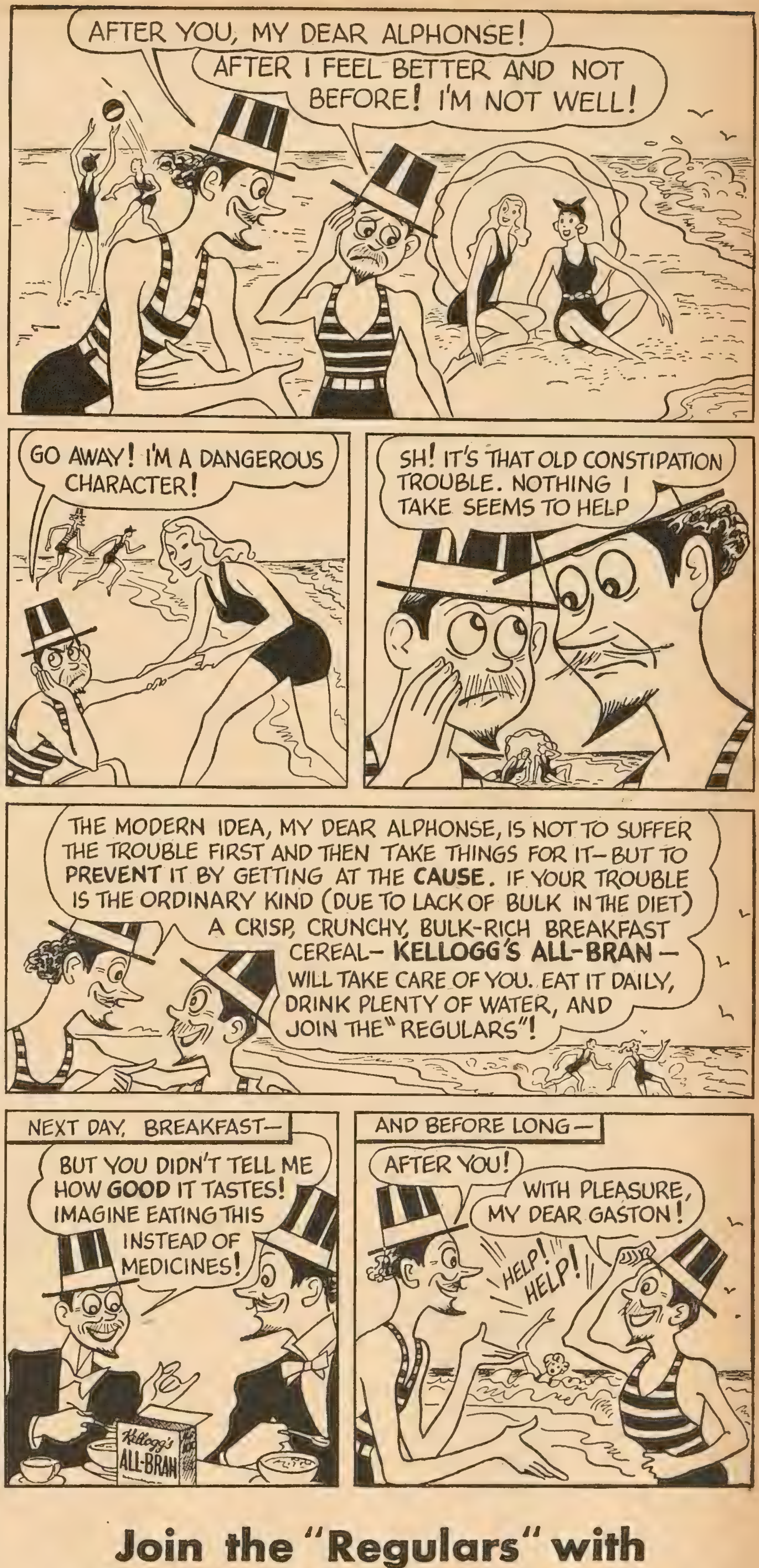
Those last steps to the signora's door were unhappy. Why had she told Luigia he was coming? If their meeting was not to be clandestine, what kind of meeting was it? Even now he had half a mind to turn back. He was knocking at the door, he told himself, only from a sense of duty. When you make an engagement, you should keep it.

That morning in her drawing room the signora was even more beautiful, perhaps because, expecting him this time, she had taken thought. He did not doubt that her fascination was calculated.

Her dress was in the best of taste, and to an innocent eye it would have seemed modest. The upper part was close-fitting, buttoned high at the neck, and the row of buttons from neck to waist undulated pleasantly. Because of the closeness of the fit, the tightness of the long sleeves, the dark green cloth seemed lined, so to speak, with glory. The skirt of the garment billowed; that is, it could billow if it wished to, but nothing prevented it from clinging if it preferred.

Casanova gazed at her, and though his heart fluttered, it also hardened. There could be only the pretense of love between him and this woman. It was not his concern that her reputation seemed to be doubtful, but evidently she was as determined to trap him as he was to capture her. Very well, he would seize what offered, but he would escape the snare. Her profit

ALPHONSE AND GASTON AT THE BEACH


AFTER YOU, MY DEAR ALPHONSE!
AFTER I FEEL BETTER AND NOT BEFORE! I'M NOT WELL!
GO AWAY! I'M A DANGEROUS CHARACTER!
SH! IT'S THAT OLD CONSTIPATION TROUBLE. NOTHING I TAKE SEEMS TO HELP
THE MODERN IDEA, MY DEAR ALPHONSE, IS NOT TO SUFFER THE TROUBLE FIRST AND THEN TAKE THINGS FOR IT—BUT TO PREVENT IT BY GETTING AT THE CAUSE. IF YOUR TROUBLE IS THE ORDINARY KIND (DUE TO LACK OF BULK IN THE DIET) A CRISP, CRUNCHY, BULK-RICH BREAKFAST CEREAL—KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN—WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU. EAT IT DAILY, DRINK PLENTY OF WATER, AND JOIN THE "REGULARS"!
NEXT DAY, BREAKFAST—
BUT YOU DIDN'T TELL ME HOW GOOD IT TASTES! IMAGINE EATING THIS INSTEAD OF MEDICINES!
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
AND BEFORE LONG—
AFTER YOU!
WITH PLEASURE, MY DEAR GASTON!
HELP! HELP!

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from this adventure would be small.

To act his part with conviction, of course, he must for a while lay aside ungracious thoughts.

"How lovely, signora! You are radiant!"

"It is my joy at seeing you."

"We might as well sit down," said he, leading her to the divan.

"Since you were here the other day," said she, "I have thought of nothing else."

"Nor I," said he, reflecting that the remark had a high percentage of truth in it.

When he put his arm around her waist, she permitted him to draw her closer.

"What," said she, "have you been doing—besides thinking of me?"

"Besides thinking of you? Nothing, my darling!"

She laughed. "Not even a little gambling?"

"For that you deserve punishment!" His kisses pressed her head against the back of the divan. She tried to hold him off, or pretended to try, then her lips answered his with a willingness that made him forget caution. She was adorable, he was convinced she loved him, he suspected he loved her. She gasped a little and clutched at his wrist, then relaxed.

"Darling!" he whispered, lifting his head a few inches to gaze down into her swimming eyes. She put her lips together for another kiss, but he continued to gaze down and smile, not that he didn't want the kiss, but he knew the value of suspense.

WHEN he had kept her waiting long enough, he began to incline his head slowly, pressing her closer and closer, as eager for the kiss now as she was. But just before their lips touched, he heard her whisper, "If you *must* gamble, why do you play with the commissioner of police?"

Casanova sat bolt upright. "What about him?"

She sat up too and rearranged her coiffure, completely at ease so far as he could see.

"I merely thought it odd to pick a police commissioner for a gambling partner. And the town's leading advocate. And the postmaster."

Casanova stared at her. "How did you find this out?"

She laughed. "You're very well known, my dear, and everywhere the servants like to gossip." Her frankness was impenetrable. By a single question she had canceled all his progress in love-making. He was much tried with her.

"My darling—" he began softly, then paused, not being able to think of an appropriate remark. His arm went around her waist again.

"Do you make love," said she, "only because you can't answer my questions?"

"I *can* answer them!"

"Then why don't you?"

"It would be a sad loss of time."

When she laughed, he drew his head back as though his feelings were wounded, and after a softer laugh she offered a kiss which at first he refused, then consented to take, and in no time at all he made up the ground he had lost. More than made it up. The signora had to struggle to release her lips for another whisper.

"What I admire in you," said she, "is your attitude toward life."

"Don't let's talk," said he.

"At first," said she, "I was afraid of you."

"And now?"

"Not in the slightest. Of course you are dangerous, but that is what I like—you have such zest. Where there is no adventure, you invent one. May I be quite frank?"

"Please."

"It doesn't sound delicate, does it? But I like you for your interest in women. Perhaps I should never have cared, had I believed you cared only for me."

His free hand caressed her shoulder. Her eyes lifted to his. Tenderly he leaned down for another kiss.

"There are men," she said dreamily, "very good men indeed, who lack your qualities. How odd that the angels permit goodness to be so unattractive!"

IN reply to her philosophy he played quietly with the little curl at the base of her neck.

"My own dear husband," said she, "was good. That was his chief merit."

What a moment to mention your husband!

"The catastrophe which you describe," said he, "is a common one, and words won't help it! No doubt your husband in his day deserved and enjoyed your affection."

"Perfectly true," said she.

"Luigia will return any moment. And even if she doesn't, the time is too short."

She threw her arms around his neck as though she agreed with him, but in the midst of the hug she started talking again.

"If I asked you to do me a favor—"

"Ask, I implore you!"

"You won't think me a scheming woman, will you, bringing the subject up just now?"

His head reeled. "Darling, for you I'd do anything!"

"It's not really for me—it's for my husband."

Casanova didn't sit up, but the arms around her shoulders went limp. The fantastic thought occurred that she wished to move the body from one cemetery to another, or perhaps she planned a more costly monument.

"Where is he buried, my darling?"

"Buried? Why should I bury him?"

Casanova not only sat up, he got to his feet. "Isn't he dead?"

"He's in jail. I thought you might help me get him out."

Casanova looked around for a chair and sank down slowly.

"He's a man of the highest ideals," said the signora, "but of no practical sense. He told the city fathers how to improve the government. He told them once too often. They arrested him for sedition."

"He's in jail—here?"

"I've seen the police commissioner, I've pleaded with your friend the advocate, Luigia has called upon practically everybody, but it's no use; they think he was inciting a revolt, and they fear we are his fellow conspirators. But if *you* would say a word for him—"

His sympathies were not touched.

"Signora, I care little for your husband and, strange though it may sound, at this moment I care still less for you. I supposed you were a widow, that being the reputation you cultivate, and I came here to gain your favor if I could. In fact I announced my intention in advance. You pretended to encourage me in order to enlist my aid. I was to help free your husband, who would then promptly kick me out his front door, and you would feel you had acted the part of a good woman. Isn't that so?"

She stood up and looked him in the eye. "No, it is not so! I have acted no part, and I'm afraid I've forgotten how to be good. He is on my conscience because he is my husband, but you are the one I love. Were I to consult only my wishes—"

"Not another word!" said Casanova. "We'll let him stay in jail."

"I've little goodness in my heart," said she, "and I fear I regret the little I have. If he comes out, you can't be my lover, but if I were able to free him and failed to do so, I couldn't enjoy our love."

Casanova looked long at her. "You truly love me?"

"Truly!"

"The advocate and the commissioner could free him?"

"They could."

"I suppose," said he thoughtfully, "the process might take a day or two. If I can persuade them, he might come home, shall we say, the day after tomorrow?"

SHE turned a little pale, but she leaned forward, her face to his. "I don't care when he comes—if I do what I can for him."

"Tomorrow night," said he, "assuming I bring the news that he is free—"

"I will be waiting," she said.

They heard a sound in the hallway.

"Hope you two have enjoyed yourselves," said Luigia. "I've walked the streets till my feet ache!"

Casanova turned sharply.

"But my plan worked," she added.

"Plan?" said the signora.

"It's a secret. A surprise for both of you!"

Casanova spent a wakeful night. Shortly after sunrise he was knocking at the advocate's door.

Will the advocate intercede for Signor Bonini? And where will Casanova's strange romance end? In next week's chapter, the great lover plays a new role—the savior of a husband—and a bewildered lady receives a swift surprise.

EVIDENCE PILES UP and confirms that Knox Gelatine DOES *lessen fatigue.*

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Aching, jumpy leg muscles of postmen, store clerks, house workers, etc., are much helped by gelatine feeding, say dozens of letters. Investigators have checked cases and report marked increases experienced in leg-work capacity before fatigue point reached. Golfers also confirm this benefit to legs. More evidence that daily feeding of plain Knox Gelatine increases muscular endurance and lessens fatigue.

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THE STARS CALL THEM LEECHES

An independent producer speaks off the record about chiseling movie critics

BY WALTER WANGER

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

The author, who flays " chiselers."

HOLLYWOOD, partly through its own conniving, has won the dubious honor of having the "worst press" of any major news source. If motion-picture stars were as they are often painted, they wouldn't get their work done, and no one would want to go and see them anyway.

Moviegoers and the business alike suffer from disgruntled chiselers and hangers-on who envy and hate the stars and who practice "retaliatory" journalism, dripping malice toward any player or company failing to cater to the chiseler's vanity or pocketbook. Fans suffer because they get misinformation about stars and pictures. The business suffers for the same reason Henry Ford would suffer if a visitor to his plant went out and wrote "Believe you me, the 1940 Ford car, from what I judged today, will really be a rattletrap. Don't even bother to try this car."

But Hollywood has found neither the courage nor the means to differentiate between the chiseler and the decent competent reporter or reviewer. So long as one editor prints the chiseler's copy, that culprit can scream, "Freedom of the press!"

And as for radio!

It all began way back when the motion picture was trying to climb from a peep-show, penny-arcade babyhood to its adult status as the world's principal entertainment medium. The press regarded the screen as the illegitimate sister of the arts. Assignment to the new field of trained responsible newsmen—such men as are found in the Washington newspaper corps, for example—never crossed editorial minds. The picture business itself helped keep the ethics of its press coverage low. Anything to get space—that was the press agents' motto. Less than a decade ago it was a custom among some Hollywood columnists to send the studio publicity men at Christmastime, and at other times, lists of gifts wanted. No matter how arrogant the demands might be, the studios complied. Hollywood craved space at any price. It feared scandal—often with reason.

Today many newspapers and magazines send top-flight men and women to Hollywood. And some press survivors of the illegitimate-little-sister days have grown in standards—as the business itself has improved ethically.

Fear of "big scandal" doesn't operate any more. I don't know a group of cleaner-living people than those who do Hollywood's work today. If we have an occasional Village Lush or Swingding Suzie, why, glance around your own neighborhood! But other fears remain—the fear of increased censorship, or political interference, the old Hollywood self-mumbling "I mustn't make anybody mad." (That's what keeps pictures dull, too. Every one's telling me, at the moment, how much "smarter" I'd be *not* to produce Vincent Sheean's Personal History.) So Hollywood trembles at a word—a million words.

The motion-picture star has a brief day of livelihood. The star is thoroughly dependent on public friendliness. Why should this particular person, who brings relaxation and pleasure to all, receive *less* fairness than any other public figure?

I have some suggestions.

To the press. 1. Hollywood correspondents with professional ethics, training, and sense of responsibility might well form an organization on the West Coast similar to the Gridiron Club in Washington, with membership a signal honor and an unwritten code based on the principles of honorable journalism which the Gridiron Club typifies. 2. Editors might try applying the same standards of editorial fairness to Hollywood, its people and product, that are accorded in other departments of the paper. (A foreign correspondent, for example, is a man trained in the general principles and ethics of reporting before he specializes, and then he must distinguish himself before rating a by-line. But anybody seems to rate a columnist's *editorial* privileges about motion pictures and picture people. Why? Let's try *earned* by-lines in Hollywood reporting!)

To the producers. 1. Increase facilities for service to the legitimate press. The studio publicity department is all too often a neglected and kicked-around stepchild. 2. Estoppage of favors, side jobs, and all studio privileges to chiselers and "retaliatory" columnists and reviewers. 3. Uniform executive backing, no matter what the cost in temporary unpleasantness, for the policy implied.

To moviegoers. Your local editor is the principal reason why the United States is a good place to live in. But he apparently doesn't bother to read what he buys from Hollywood. When you see sly or cruel "cracks" about a picture star, write your own editor and ask him, "Why can't we have news, competently and decently written, about people that interest us?" And cite the offensive item. The editor's own instincts and training will do the rest.

Space and the postal laws about language forbid discussion of the chiseling radio columnist. Just remember this: When some honey-voiced heel comes on the air, calls all the stars by first names, and, with an I'm-sorry-to-have-to-do-this attitude, tears down reputations, he's making a sucker of you. If the stars answer the telephone when he calls, or chatter with him when he forces his company on them, that's the chatter of terror. He threatens *them* with *you.*

Here would be a healthy campaign: If each moviegoer, when provocation comes, would write his or her favorite star, "I heard the inexcusable attempt to injure you, by Cholly Cheapskate, on the Sappiglo Nail Polish hour tonight—I won't use Sappiglo again," the star would forward the letter to Cholly's sponsor. Good-by, Mr. Cheaps!

I employ a great many motion-picture stars. Stars from all the big companies are loaned to my smaller one. (I've just had Ann Sheridan and Richard Carlson for Winter Carnival, Loretta Young and David Niven for Eternally Yours.) Your response to these people on the screen is instinctive and right; you would be delighted to have them in your home. Their personalities, which the camera reveals, making you like them, are as you sense them to be: warm, pleasant, gay, decent.

Why permit dirtmongers to make a living by destroying such people—and our pleasure in them?

Let's take the leeches off the stars!

THE END

WAS THE CHAPERON BETRAYED?

Encouraging words from a man who had thought college kids a wild lot

BY BORDEN CHASE

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

I'VE been swindled. Either the entire student body of a large university has conspired to make me the victim of a gigantic hoax, or a great number of article writers have been kidding me for years.

I'm one of the many writers who never went to college. When I was seventeen a war started and I was off to France. In 1919, with thousands of others who had stepped out of uniform, I went to work.

My first experience with the genus collegian after I returned to New York was in the fall of 1919. I went into a cabaret to make reservations for the following night.

"You don't want to come here then," said the headwaiter. "There's a football game at the Polo Grounds and the place will be a madhouse. College boys. That bunch of lunatics will get blind drunk and start fights. You're likely to be tossed into the street."

College boys toss me into the street? I'd see about that. So I went. And I landed in the street with a broken nose and a full-grown hatred of boys who went to college.

Later this hatred was kept alive by a twist in my personal fortunes. My job was gone and I landed on the front seat of a taxi. Good Lord!—those football week-ends! Broken cab windows and fights with cute little pranksters who wanted to ride on the hood. Arguments and more arguments. And girls who behaved with less decorum than some I had met in Paris at the tables of the Folies-Bergère.

After my fortunes mended to a degree and I had left the cabs and midnight streets of New York, I was invited to one of the large Eastern college games. The lobby of the hotel after the game was a blurred shambles. Drunken men. Drunken girls. Slack-lipped youngsters with liquor stains on their clothing, torn shoulder straps, and straggling white ties.

After that bacchanalian affair I called it quits. Magazine articles assured me my impressions were correct, and I sat back and nursed my prejudice.

Perhaps you know what I told my fourteen-year-old son when he spoke longingly of Yale. And as for my daughter and her dreams of Vassar—

Then came a letter from a nephew in his junior year at an Eastern university. It was a request that my wife and I attend a week-end gathering at his fraternity house in the office of *chaperons*.

"Tell Chick we accept," I said. "We'll be there early Friday afternoon and stay until the last man is unconscious."

We drove to the college town and found the fraternity house. The president of the fraternity was on hand with a few of the boys to greet us and take our luggage.

"We've arranged a room for you and Mrs. Chase on the top floor," said the president.

"Will we be alone up there?" I asked.

"Oh, no. Your room is next to the dormitory where the girls will sleep."

"What about you fellows?"

He smiled. "We're out for the next few days—sleeping in town. In fact, any member of the fraternity who wishes to get something from his room must ask permission from a chaperon before he goes above the first floor."

Supper was at six. By that time I had met each member of the fraternity and his guest. The girls were sweet-looking mannerly youngsters. The boys' behavior was perfect.

Grace was said by the fraternity president. We sat at his table, and throughout the meal he constantly steered the conversation along channels to my liking.

We were given tickets to the senior prom. A short drive took us to the hall, and there I settled down to watch, learn, and make mental note of college men on the warpath.

They came in an unending procession that choked the cloakrooms until three in the morning. I danced and was bumped. The bumper stopped, bowed, and apologized. I waited. The evening was still young.

I looked for flasks. If there was a dark corner in that hall, I found it. If the men dispensing soft drinks could be bribed into supplying me with rye, I meant to bribe. I tried three times and gave up in disgust. Probably each undergraduate had brought his own.

Toward four in the morning I found a chair and watched the dancers. A half hour of observation convinced me there was not a single boy or girl who had been doing any serious drinking. I signaled to my wife.

"When do the kids start to pass out or get boisterous?" I asked.

"They don't," she said. And oh, her laugh was very malicious. "I've danced with a dozen boys and not one of them has been drinking."

The next day we drove to the football field, saw the team thoroughly trounced by a neighboring college, and then went to a typical retreat for undergraduates. Here, at long last, I thought, I was to have my inning.

But I was mistaken. The undergraduates and their girls drank beer—and drank it sparingly. The half dozen men I saw with hard liquor were all alumni.

After dinner we dressed for the fraternity dance. Surely flasks would be in evidence there.

But I saw no liquor. Neither did I see objectionable dancing. And, though I wandered into darkened rooms, I came upon none of the petting parties I had read about.

A chemistry professor and his wife were fellow chaperons. I asked questions: Was this on the level? Had reform come to all colleges, or merely to this one?

He was gracious. He recalled the days I mentioned and the things I had seen. But those were part of yesterday. Due to the war and prohibition, perhaps. He couldn't speak for the other colleges, but what I had seen here was merely routine.

I listened in growing wonder but refused to take his word. Instead, I teamed up with one of the boys on the college paper and went visiting.

In each of the fraternity houses I found sober, courteous, and laughter-loving youngsters. It was beginning to get me down. All of my carefully nurtured ideas were falling apart.

I went to bed. Toward noon of the next day I was awakened by footsteps on the stair.

"Good Lord!" I said to my wife. "Are those kids just going to bed?"

"Don't be an idiot," she answered. "They're coming home from church."

And so the week-end was over. It may be that the entire student body had conspired against me. If this is so, they've done a splendid job. My son and daughter are now welcome to pick their colleges. I'll pay the bills.

THE END

THE INSIDE STORY OF The CHAPERAU Case

The fantastic account of society smugglers caught because a German housemaid did not like to hear Hitler criticized

by JOHN F. DAILEY, JR., and ALAN HYND

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY McARDLE

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Mr. Dailey, now Special Assistant to the Attorney General of the United States, was recently head of the Criminal Division and chief assistant in the office of the United States Attorney, Southern District of New York.

"I LOVE Hitler! I will not work for anybody who talks that way about him!"

That declaration, made by Rosa Weber, a German domestic, to an astonished dinner gathering in the Park Avenue apartment of her employers, State Supreme Court Justice Edgar J. Lauer and his wife, Elma, the night of October 21, 1938, took the lid off one of the most remarkable crimes ever to come under the jurisdiction of the United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York. The conversation at the table on which Rosa had been waiting had, of course, been adverse to Hitler.

The disclosure was to involve, among others, the Supreme Court Justice's wife and George Burns and Jack Benny, the noted radio comedians, and they were in the end to plead guilty to Uncle Sam's charges when they discovered the completeness of the cases that the government had built up against them.

On the morning of October 22, Rosa Weber appeared in the offices of John Roberts, supervising customs agent at New York. Rosa was good and angry at the Lauers. After her outburst the evening before, she had left, bag and baggage. She told Mr. Roberts all about it, and he inquired what all this had to do with her visit to his office.

"Smuggling," said the girl.

"Smuggling? By whom?"

"By Mr. Chaperau. He was to dinner. He brought a lot of clothes in for Mrs. Lauer."

"When?"

"A couple of weeks ago."

"Who is this man Chaperau?"

"A very fancy gentleman. He's a diplomat or something and can bring anything he wants through customs—but he hates der Fuehrer and I hate him."

"How," Mr. Roberts wanted to know, "can you be sure he smuggled goods in for Mrs. Lauer?"

"Because I was there when the stuff came and I pressed the clothes afterward. They were all stuffed into one suitcase. He took the suitcase away."

"What ship did he come in on?"

"I don't know, but it got in about two weeks ago. The Lauers got back from Europe last September. They were gone all summer. I asked madam then if she bought anything over there, and she said yes, but it wasn't ready yet and would come later. Then Chaperau came with Paris dresses and bird-of-paradise feathers."

Mr. Roberts instructed the maid to keep mum while he investigated. He knew he was on delicate ground. He must make certain, if he could, that she wasn't just trying to get her former mistress in trouble because of what had been said about Hitler. Was it possible that Rosa had got an inspiration from the fact that Mrs. Lauer had, a year before, been in difficulty with the government when she had neglected to declare certain finery upon her arrival from Europe, and had had to pay several thousand dollars to adjust the case?

Customs records showed that one Albert N. Chaperau had arrived in New York on the Ile de France on October 7. He had not been subjected to the opening of all his baggage for examination on the pier, because he had displayed credentials that satisfied the inspectors that he was a commercial attaché of the Republic of Nicaragua and was entitled to diplomatic immunity from search.

Well, at least this much of Rosa Weber's story checked. When it came to the attention of our office, Assistant United States Attorney Joseph Leary Delaney was assigned to the case. His first move was to question her minutely. He got her to describe the dresses she said Chaperau had brought in for Mrs. Lauer. She said they had been creations of noted French dressmakers, whom she named—but all the tags had been carefully taken off by Mrs. Lauer.

Joe Delaney knew that some of the gowns had probably been exclusive models, and that United States customs men in Paris could easily learn at the shops in question whether they had been purchased while Mrs. Lauer was abroad. Joe cabled, and then long-distanced the State Department in Washington, where there are on file the names of all accredited representatives of foreign governments in this country, and inquired of Under Secretary Sumner Welles about Albert N. Chaperau. Mr. Welles checked, and replied that the name was unknown to the department.

Customs Agents Gordon H. Pike, John G. Bonner, and John Buchal, a trio of alert investigators, began inquiring around town about Chaperau. He proved to be something of a man of mystery. In his forties, he was a plumpish fashion plate who had an apartment on the thirty-ninth floor of the swank Hotel Pierre. He mingled often and freely with celebrities of the social, theatrical, and sporting worlds at El Morocco and the Stork Club.

Just why a man who called himself a commercial attaché for a Central American republic should make it a point to be on such friendly terms with café society was not precisely clear. Could it be, wondered Delaney, that he was cultivating customers for other goods he was bringing into this country under the cloak of diplomatic immunity?

Jimmy Quinn and Joe Pfeiffer of the customs service, sharp-eyed appraisers, are experts on Parisian gowns. They can tell, the whole length of a night club, whether a creation some deb has on is a Chanel or a Maggy Rouff, and just about what it set somebody back. So they were told to tail Mrs. Lauer, take a glance at what she was wearing, and see if it checked with any of the apparel Rosa Weber said Chaperau had brought.

As luck would have it, Mrs. Lauer and a party of friends attended the theater the very first night that the two were on the job. Next morning they reported that she had worn a two-piece silk knit evening dress trimmed with gold spangles on shoulders and waist. That was one of the gowns that Rosa Weber had told about.

Just about this time, too, the boys in Paris learned that several exclusive models, tallying perfectly with some of the finery the maid had described, had been sold not long before Mrs. Lauer's departure from Europe. Many of these purchases had been made by a professional shopper—a man, but not Chaperau—for an American woman whose description was not available.

Things were beginning to add up pretty well, so Delaney went before a United States commissioner and swore out search warrants for the Lauer apartment and for Chaperau's quarters at the Pierre.

In the small hours of the morning of October 27, Delaney, Customs Agent Pike, and others called at the Chaperau suite just after its occupant had come in from an evening at El Morocco. He was indignant. What did these gentlemen mean by this? He was told that he would have the night to figure out the answer for himself in the Federal House of Detention. He made his claim of diplomatic immunity and produced credentials, giving him the status of commercial attaché, signed by Dr. Noel Ernesto Pallais, consul general for Nicaragua in New York.

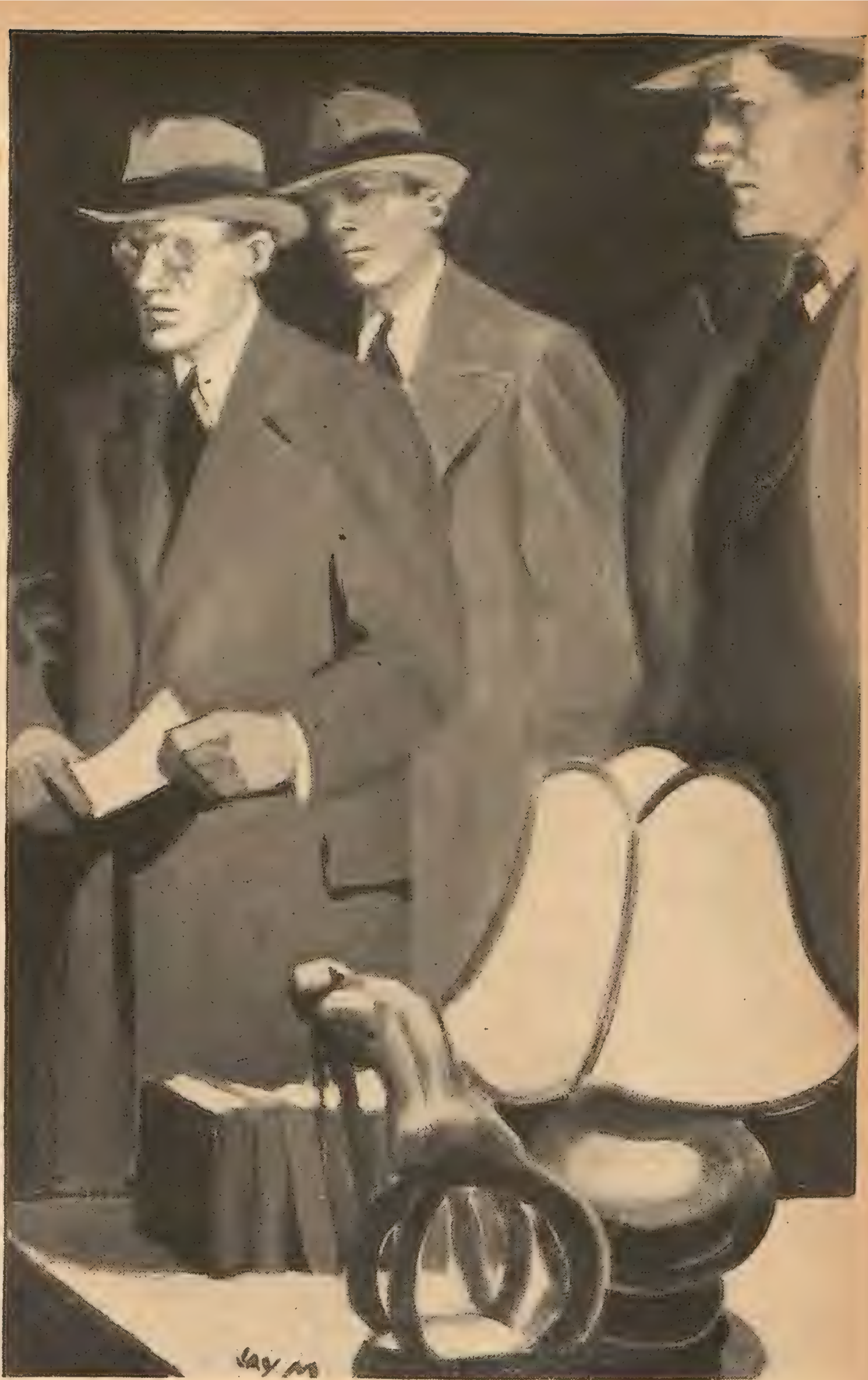
"But," said Delaney, "my understanding is that such credentials must be signed by the Minister in Washington."

Chaperau smiled. "When these papers were signed," he said, "Dr. Pallais was automatically the acting Minister, for the Minister himself was not in this country but in Nicaragua."

"Well, how does it happen that your name is not on file in the State Department at Washington?"

Chaperau shrugged. "If some clerical error has been made, my good man, that is not up to me. All I can tell you is that you are making a serious mistake here."

If he was speaking the truth—and of course there was hardly any proof to the contrary at the moment—this arrest would certainly bring about a ticklish situation. Nevertheless, De-



He was indignant. What did these gentlemen mean by this?

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Photo from European

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laney had faith in the records of the State Department, and so Chaperau was hustled off to the House of Detention.

The boys went through his quarters. One of the first things they came across was a suitcase that answered, to the strap buckles, the description of the one in which Rosa said Chaperau had brought Mrs. Lauer's gowns and bird-of-paradise feathers.

The plan was to call at the Lauer apartment before news of Chaperau's arrest became known. Ten o'clock in the morning was the hour set, and Appraisers Quinn and Pfeiffer went along with Pike and other agents.

A maid—Rosa Weber's successor—answered the door. Madam was not at home; neither was Justice Lauer, who was busy in his chambers, located, singularly enough, directly across Foley Square from the United States Courthouse, where our offices were.

The visitors said they would come in anyway. Agent Pike explained by phone to the greatly surprised Justice Lauer who he was and what he was in the Lauers' apartment for, and suggested that the justice come home at once, so that he could examine the search warrant and be present when the gown hunt began.

While the boys were waiting, Mrs. Lauer returned home unexpectedly, having forgotten something, and you can no doubt imagine her amazement. Just as she was sending for the smelling salts, her husband hastened in. He examined the papers Pike had, pronounced them in order, and told his tearful wife that there was nothing to do but comply with the law and permit the search.

For several hours the investigators went over the apartment, and over storage space that the Lauers had in the basement; and just about everything that Rosa Weber had described turned up. The fact that all labels had been removed from the apparel didn't mean a thing, for Quinn and Pfeiffer examined the gowns and pronounced them imports.

Quite a heterogeneous collection of personal effects had been removed from Chaperau's apartment during the night. Included were hundreds of letters, autographed photographs, and mementos from nationally known personages. What all this meant, Joe Delaney didn't know offhand, but he intended to find out.

Chaperau's fingerprints had been sent to the Bureau of Criminal Identification at New York police headquarters, and it was learned that he had a criminal record under many aliases. He had done time for larceny years before and had done a stretch in France because of a rubber check. Moreover, our own records now disclosed that, under another name, Chaperau had been in mail-fraud trouble more than ten years before.

Needless to say, when news of his arrest broke, with the disclosure that he was an ex-criminal, there were many red faces in café society.

Our office was meanwhile very busy trying to find out what there was to Chaperau's claims to diplomatic immunity. It was definitely established that he had no right to claim to be a commercial attaché. It was true that the consul general in New York had acted as Minister during the Minister's absence from the country; but it was untrue, fortunately for us, that the consul general had been acting Minister when the commercial attaché papers were signed. A check-up in Washington disclosed that fact. Therefore, on the date in question, the consul general had been without authority to appoint Chaperau a commercial attaché.

Albert N. Chaperau, who purported to be a commercial attaché of Nicaragua.

When Joe Delaney went before a grand jury with the evidence thus far uncovered, Chaperau and Mrs. Lauer were indicted on smuggling charges, to which they pleaded not guilty. In the meantime, however, among the personal effects in Chaperau's apartment a book was found in which he had made certain notations which meant that Mrs. Lauer was far from being the only one for whom he had brought in smuggled goods.

George Burns and Jack Benny came under suspicion for two reasons. Their respective wives, Gracie Allen and Mary Livingstone, were known to be very fond of jewelry, and they themselves were apparently quite friendly with Chaperau. There was a big picture of George Burns in Chaperau's apartment, inscribed " From Nate to Nate," that being Burns' real given name. There was a letter to Chaperau from Burns saying, in effect, that " Gracie was crazy about the stuff."

Likewise—and now follows the story the newspapers didn't get—there was a photograph of himself and Jack Benny, taken on a beach somewhere. It looked as if it had been somewhere along the French Riviera. Which was not a bad piece of deduction, and was to play a vital part in the case as a whole.

The next step was to ascertain whether the Misses Allen and Livingstone were flashing any new jewelry. This job was handed over to the customs authorities of the Los Angeles area. It didn't take them long to ascertain that Gracie Allen was sporting a new diamond bracelet and ring, and that Mary Livingstone was wearing a sparkling bracelet with two clips to match. Gifts from their husbands, of course. Both talented ladies had blossomed forth with the new gems about the same time—not long after Chaperau's arrival in this country.

Now, while we figured that Jack Benny was just as deeply involved in any smuggling activities as George Burns, the office had a better case against Burns at the very outset. They had that letter; all they had on Benny was the photograph. So the customs men in Los Angeles put Burns on the carpet, told him what New York had on him, and advised him to go there by the first plane and tell everything he knew.

Twenty-four hours later, George Burns was in Joe Delaney's office in New York. "All right," he told Delaney. "You've got me and I know it. Why I did a stupid thing like buying something I knew was smuggled is beyond me now. Maybe it's because we all like a bargain, no matter how much dough we're knocking down. But I want to make this clear: Gracie, my wife, had nothing whatever to do with this. She knows nothing about the smuggling angle."

"Are you willing to go before a grand jury and tell all you know and take your chances?" Burns was asked. "We don't make deals with any one, you know."

"I'm willing to take my medicine so long as my wife is left out of this," he said; and you have to admire him for his stand.

"Now," said Delaney, "we know that you were in New York when Chaperau arrived back in this country. We know that you took over the apartment that Mr. Benny and Miss Livingstone had occupied before they went to Europe last summer, and that Benny was back in this country several weeks before Chaperau got back but that Benny went straight to Hollywood, where he was when Chaperau arrived. Now, what I want

Mrs. Lauer, whose anger at a German domestic had startling consequences.

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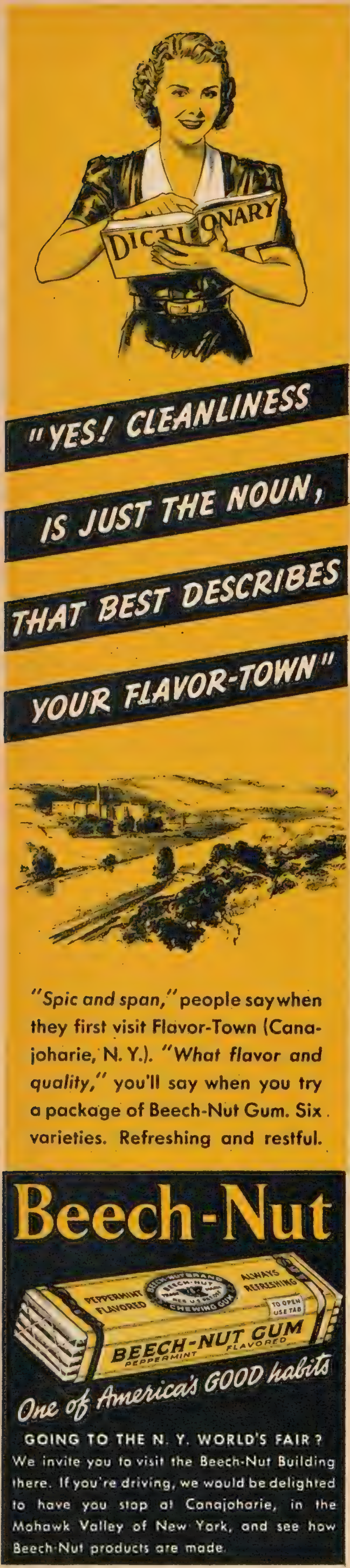
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to know is this: When Chaperau sold you that bracelet and ring in October, when both of you were in New York and when Benny was on the Coast, did Chaperau give you the bracelet and clips to deliver to Miss Livingstone?"

Burns stared at Delaney for a few moments, then said: "Yes; I was the errand boy who took Mary Livingstone's stuff to the Coast after Chaperau brought it in."

"Do you know if Chaperau and Benny saw each other in Europe?"

"I know nothing about that. I was just an errand boy. Jack never discussed the details with me."

"But he knew what you took out to him was smuggled?"

"Jack will have to speak for himself on that score."

Those United States customs men in Paris knew Benny had been there during a vacation, and investigation showed that he had stopped at the Ritz twice in August. They wondered where a man in his circumstances, stopping there, would be most likely to purchase jewelry. They didn't have to look beyond the Ritz lobby, where one of the largest jewelry firms in France had a branch outlet.

The gem firm's records disclosed that in early August, during the comedian's first stay at the hotel, some one had purchased, for cash amounting to about $1,400, a diamond bracelet and two clips which tallied to the last sparkle with the gems Mary Livingstone had been seen wearing in California. Who the purchaser had been couldn't be ascertained at once, because the girl who had made the sale had since left the firm's employ. But she was located within two weeks, and she identified photographs of Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone as the two Ritz guests who had selected the bracelet and clips, with Benny doing the actual buying.

Meanwhile the Paris hotels had been combed for some register that would reveal the name of Chaperau or any of his aliases, but to no avail. So now the sleuths concentrated on where Benny had been between his first and his second stops at the Ritz.

From a financial standpoint, the sensational Chaperau case was small potatoes compared to Uncle Sam's recent clean-up of the ring that had smuggled in two million dollars' worth of diamonds within a few years! Look for that gripping inside story in Liberty next week.

Records at the porter's desk in the hotel revealed that the comedian and his wife had dropped down to Cannes, on the Riviera.

At Cannes the probers found that the beach there was similar to the background in the Benny-Chaperau photograph. They learned, too, that the noted movie-and-radio team had stopped at the leading hotel. And that Chaperau had been registered at another hotel near by at the time!

Thus Uncle Sam had built up a strong case against Benny. He had not declared the jewelry upon returning to New York. He had met Chaperau in Cannes. That was confirmed by attachés of the two hotels. Chaperau, by George Burns' admission, had brought jewelry in for Benny, and Burns had delivered it. There wasn't a single weak link in the chain.

Meanwhile George Burns, Mrs. Lauer, and Chaperau had pleaded guilty. And then, on April 4, 1939, Jack Benny, after flying from Los Angeles to New York, changed a previous plea of not guilty to guilty.

George Burns was fined $8,000, placed on probation for a year, and given a prison sentence of a year and a day, which was suspended. Benny was fined $10,000, placed on probation, and given a similar sentence. In addition, civil penalties were exacted from the two comedians, the penalty in each instance being the entire domestic value of the smuggled gems.

Besides that, both men bought the jewelry back from the government, being required to pay the full domestic price all over again. So in each instance, counting everything, jewelry originally worth less than $2,000 cost in the end about $15,000. Certainly not much of a saving!

On April 11 Mrs. Lauer was sentenced to serve three months in the Women's House of Detention in New York, in addition to being fined $2,500 and placed on probation for one year.

Chaperau, the man whose evil activities had resulted in the comedians getting into so much trouble with the law, was given five years and three days in prison, fined $5,000, and placed on technical probation to cover a period of twenty-eight years from the time his sentence expires.

This case has shown the public at large that no one is immune to federal prosecution. Then, too, customs receipts have taken a jump since Chaperau's arrest. You can draw your own conclusions from that.

And now back to dinnertime in the Lauer apartment that night last October:

When Rosa Weber was leaving, she asked Mrs. Lauer for a recommendation, for she felt that her services had been satisfactory until the unpleasantness, and a recommendation is a very important thing to a domestic in New York.

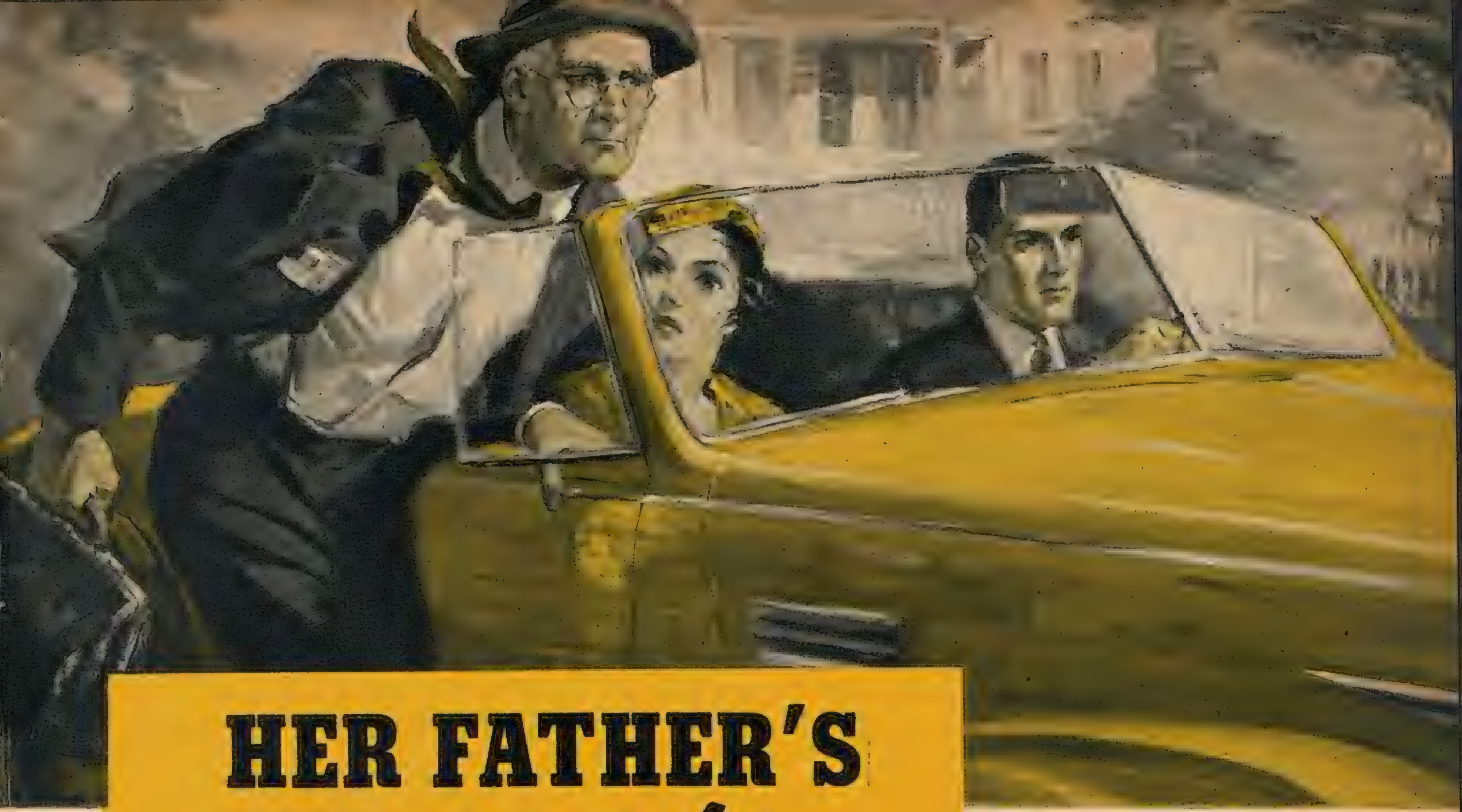
"I should say not—emphatically *not!*" said Mrs. Lauer.

A sister of Rosa was a maid for the Grand Duchess Marie, then in Manhattan. Mrs. Lauer went on:

"Not only will I not give you a recommendation, but I shall see to it that the Grand Duchess learns the kind of blood that runs in her maid's family."

That decided the Teutonic Rosa. Those were the words that cooked Chaperau's goose and got Mrs. Lauer, George Burns, and Jack Benny into more trouble than they'd ever been in in their lives.

THE END



Preston, on the running board, held out the black bag of his profession

HER FATHER'S Daughter

BY SEWELL PEASLEE WRIGHT

"Meet my father," said the girl in this story, a little ashamed because father was tired and shabby, but—

ILLUSTRATED BY STOCKTON MULFORD

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

DOC PRESTON'S sheepskin had been wrinkling in its old-fashioned frame for more than thirty years, and a man who had practiced medicine for that many years should have known that hearts don't break.

But perhaps the professors, and the men who wrote the books, never had reared a daughter like Barbara; been father and mother and companion to her; watched her life and her mind and her body shape themselves until she had become a woman—and then known this hopeless pain.

Babs was ashamed of him. Ashamed of his wrinkled clothes and his black battered old pipe that he had mended with adhesive tape. Ashamed of the threadbare rug on the floor of his littered office, and of the roll-top desk stuffed full of papers and piled high with the journals and magazines he always hoped he might, some day or night, find time to read. Ashamed of the fact that he was an old man who had been content to remain an illy paid country doctor who drove a mud-spattered thumping old car with grimy windows—one of them broken and patched with the omnipresent adhesive—and who talked like the farmers and the mill hands he served.

"Dad," she had said, in the flushed, breathless manner which had made him wonder the very first moment, "may I present Dave Cantrall? Dave, this is my father."

Doc Preston's first impression of Dave Cantrall was that he was a likely youngster: tall, lean, brown, with a good strong mouth and clear intelligent eyes. The kind of young fellow he'd always hoped Babs would meet and fall in love with. Babs had written from college about him—written a lot about him. Her letters had been mostly about Dave, as a matter of fact. Only son of some chap who owned a chemical-manufacturing plant.

"Glad to know you, son," Doc Preston had said heartily. "I hope I don't need to tell you any friend of Babs is mighty welcome here."

"Thank you, sir. It's a pleasure I've been looking forward to for a long time." And then he started wandering around the room, peering into cases with their chipped white enamel, at the instruments laid out in rows on clean towels, at the sterilizer, its brightness long since dimmed, at the curling strips of tape hanging from the edge of the work table, and the towel cabinet in the examination room beyond, and at the rows of jars and bottles, some with labels so old they were almost obliterated, on the shelves above the table. And worst of all, at the sink . . .

"Didn't I tell you, Dave," Babs had called out to him in that strained high voice, "that dad was just a dear funny old country doctor?"

"Sure," Dave had said. "I remember: pills at all hours . . . O. B. work on a rural fee-delivery basis . . . farm fractures a specialty . . ."

And now she was telling him, while Dave was in town getting off an air-mail letter to his folks, that Dave had asked her to marry him, and she had said yes, and they were to be married right after they were graduated.

"I'm so happy, dad," she whispered. "I don't know how I'll ever manage to stand it . . . waiting two whole years."

"Two years isn't a long time. A year goes like *that.*" He snapped his fingers, making a harsh brittle sound.

"Not when you're in love. The way I'm in love with Dave. Isn't he grand? I mean . . ."

She couldn't tell him what she meant. No girl could tell all she meant and thought and felt about the man she loved. In his lifetime a good many girls had talked to old Doc Preston about the boys they loved, and none of them had been very articulate about the matter.

The thing which hurt wasn't that Babs was going to be married in a couple of years. He had conditioned himself to the thought that some day she would marry and lead her own life away from him—just as he tried to condition the minds of folks who were going to lose some one near and dear to them by gently warning them weeks and sometimes months before.

Losing her like that wouldn't have been so bad. He could even have taken a certain pleasure in her happiness.

But her nervous apologies for him . . . her uncomfortable shame . . .

BARBARA leaned over him swiftly and kissed him. For an instant she held him tight, and he could feel her young strong arms quivering with the intensity of her emotion.

"Dave's grand," she said. "But there's only one you in the world. You're tops." And before he could speak she was gone.

Too old, now, to let any one see her emotion. Grown up . . . into another world.

The telephone rang: a long and a short.

"Doc? This is Fred; Fred Winkler, at the filling station." He was breathless; fairly gulping his words. "There's been another accident on that bad turn. Three cars all smashed to hell, and—"

"Keep the mob away, and don't move them," snapped Doc Preston. "Call a couple of ambulances from town. I'll be there as quick as I can." He slammed up the receiver and called to Barbara: "Babs! There's been an accident. Want to come and help?"

"Of course! Is it bad?"

"Sounds like it." If the wreck was as bad as young Winkler thought, Babs would be a big help. She knew a lot about the practical side of nursing; had assisted him around the office a thousand times. . . .

Dave's car swung into the drive as they opened the garage.

"What's up, people?" he called gaily. "Going places?"

"Accident!" Babs fairly snapped the word. "No telling when we'll be back, Dave. Make yourself comfortable."

"Accident? Let me drive you, then. Please! I'll get you there in a hurry, Dr. Preston!"

Doc Preston took the bags from his car and threw them into Dave's big sport job.

"There's no speed limit for doctors in an emergency," he said grimly. "Step on it!"

THE cars were thick alongside the road, and humanity hung like a huge clot around the tumbled wreckage. Dave kept the horn button down, and Doc Preston stood on the running board and held out the black bag of his profession. The crowd parted to let them through—through to the very heart of the disaster, where seven battered human beings waited . . . crying . . . cursing . . . moaning . . .

"Get this mob back, Dave. Way back. Babs, see if you can get that redhead quieted down. He's all right; a broken clavicle, maybe . . ."

He went over the group swiftly. Concussion . . . no roadside surgery indicated *there.* . . . Some one had saved a life with a tourniquet, but had twisted it far too tight. No use asking for gangrene. . . . Internal injuries here; nothing he could do but give a hypo for the pain. A pair of cracked ribs . . . "Easy, old-timer! Just relax, if you can." . . .

A tall man with the sleeve torn completely out of his tweed coat, his eyes fixed in a dazed stare, wandered up.

"You're . . . doctor?" he asked in a mechanical voice. His hands were clasped together loosely, and as he talked he rubbed the palms together incessantly.

Doc Preston nodded.

"You sit down here," he ordered. "I'll look you over in just a minute."

"I'm . . . the driver," said the mechanical voice. "Three people . . . in my car. All . . . going to die . . ."

"Nobody's going to die," Doc Preston said sharply. "Sit down and behave yourself!"

The man started sobbing and stumbled away. From a distance came the eager keening of ambulance sirens.

"Get back, all of you!" snapped Doc Preston.

The ambulances came, paused briefly, and went wailing back to the city. The cars which had choked the highway filled up and moved on. Only a few curious ones remained to inspect the twisted wreckage and to trace the paths of the ill-fated vehicles.

Methodically Doc Preston repacked his emergency kit, while Babs and Dave stood watching him in silence.

"All set," said Doc Preston, snapping shut the worn old bag. "Where's your car, Dave?"

"Back there." They walked slowly to the car. Babs' face was strained and white and her lips were quivering. Getting soft, Doc Preston mused. Two years away from blood and dirt and suffering . . .

"*Dad!*" The word was a fierce little cry of anguish. Her arms swept around her father, and in an instant she was sobbing — great tearing sobs that racked her body —on his breast. "Dad . . . oh, dad . . ."

"Why, Babs darling!" he whispered. "What's the matter, chick?" *Chick!* It had been years since he had called her by that baby name.

She threw back her head suddenly. She looked, not at her father, but at Dave.

"I want you to know—both of you —that I don't think you're a funny old country doctor," she said. "I'm proud of you! I love you just as you are—just as every one does for miles and miles around. Hundreds of people . . ."

Dave spoke in amazement:

"But, Babs dear! I thought—"

She turned on him with sudden fierceness.

"I don't care what you thought! I hate you! You and your big home, and servants, and . . . and your father's chemical factory."

Doc Preston saw the youngster pale beneath the sun-bronzed skin.

"I can't help those things, Babs," he said in a queer tight voice. "And I don't know why you shouldn't be proud of your father. Why, he's . . . he's the sort of man . . . doing the things . . . I mean, ever since I was a kid I've wanted to be a doctor, and—"

Babs' arms unwrapped themselves slowly.

"But you've always laughed at my old country doctor father!" she accused.

"Because you called him that, and told me how silly he was about asking any one to pay what they owed him, and how he believed in some of the old-fashioned remedies, and babies and the phases of the moon, and how he mended everything with adhesive tape, and—"

"Dave!" cried Babs, scarlet and wide-eyed. "I . . . I was so afraid . . . when you came here . . . you might expect too much. . . . And it would have hurt me so if . . . if you hadn't loved him too."

OLD Doc Preston smiled. He couldn't see very well at the moment, and there was a constriction in his throat, but he managed to say what was on his mind.

"If I get the straight of all this, you're a precious pair of young idiots," he commented. "And if you want to be a doctor, Dave, don't let anything in the world hold you back. You may never make much money, but you'll live a full life, every minute of it."

"But dad wants me to take over the business," Dave said slowly. "Run the plant . . ."

"It's your life," Doc Preston said soberly.

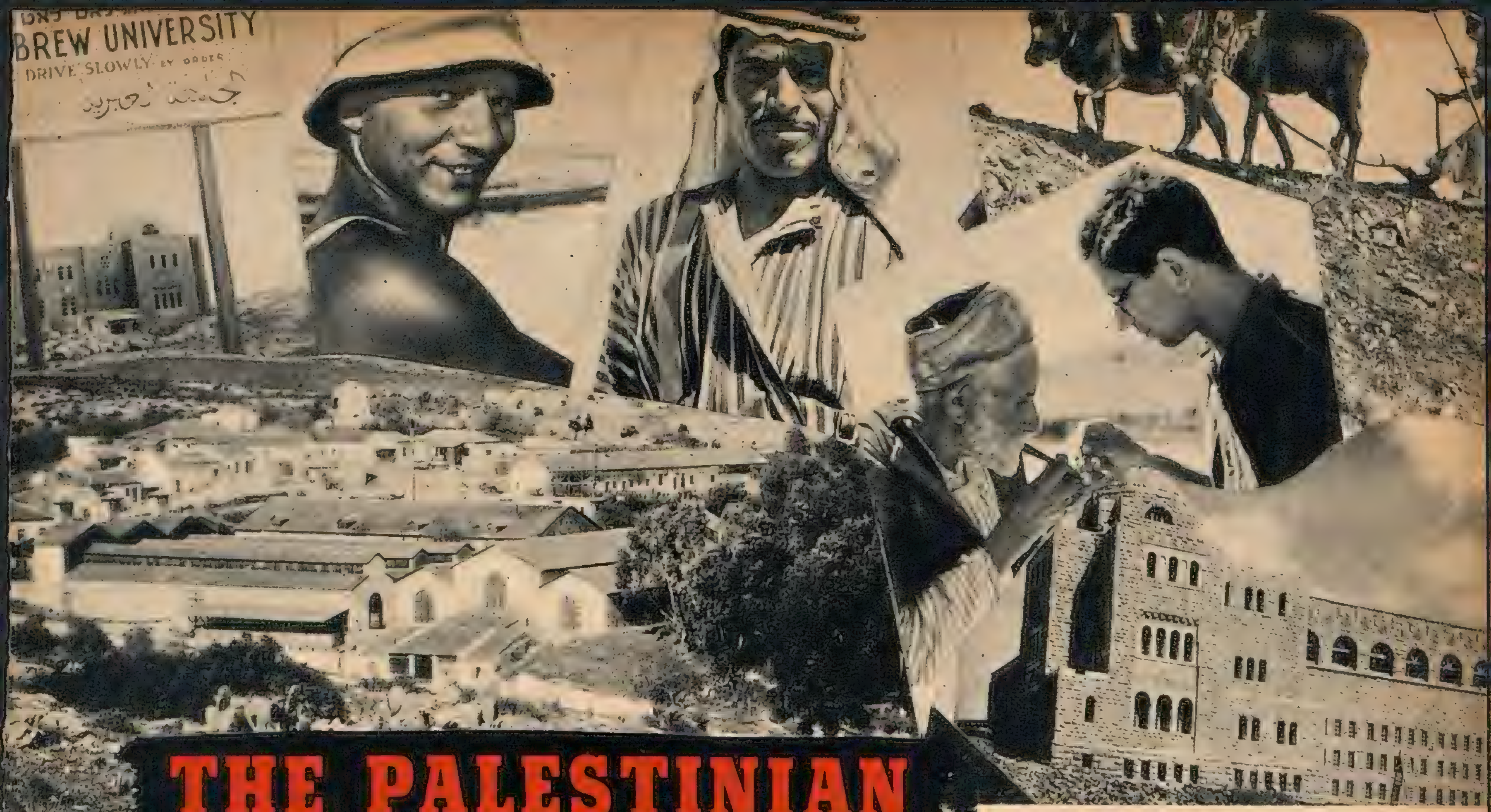
"And . . . I'll wait for you, Dave," Babs whispered.

Something dawned in Dave's face. It was as though the light of a lifted torch were reflected there.

"Thanks," he said huskily. "Thank you both. I . . . I can see where I'm going now."

But he couldn't, for there were tears brimming his eyes and he stumbled as he moved toward the car.

THE END



THE PALESTINIAN MUDDLE

A muddle because England gave away something that didn't belong to her

BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE whole trouble arose through Balfour giving Palestine to Dr. Weizmann, when it wasn't his to give. He might as well have handed him Madagascar.

The thing was that Dr. Weizmann had just supplied the British government with a cheap way of making cordite. Naturally, the government was very grateful, and Balfour said: "How much do you want?"

"I don't want money," said Weizmann.

"Quite so," said Balfour. "Then what shall it be? Baronetcy, earldom, or what?"

"I don't want a title," said Weizmann. "I don't want anything for myself."

"You, a Jew, don't want anything for yourself!" said Balfour. "But you must want something. What is it?"

Weizmann answered: "I want Jerusalem."

And, since Jerusalem didn't belong to Balfour, he was quite ready to balance the account by handing it over.

On the other hand, it is quite true we made, through Lawrence, certain pledges to the Arabs.

For a long time Lawrence was very sore about it, feeling the British government had let him down. But from conversations that I had with him, I feel sure *that in the end Lawrence came to the conclusion that the Arabs had got about as much as they could manage.*

Anyhow, he fell out with the Arabs. The fact is that Lawrence was a grown-up boy without any idea of politics.

What can we do now? Well, we are bound to break some of our promises. And there is certainly no royal road out of our difficulties.

I know that it has been proposed that Palestine should be ruled by the King of Egypt as an autonomous province, and that in this case the British would have as much control over the country as is good for them and for it.

It is also suggested that the inhabitants would feel more at home with an Eastern ruler; but I am not so sure of that. I am not sure that the Arabs would welcome the change; I am fairly certain the Jews would not.

You must remember that though race runs through the whole problem, so does economics. The Arab proletariat approves of the Jew, for the Arab workman of the towns finds employment with the Jews at a good price. He doesn't want them to go.

On the other hand, the rural Arab (that is, the Palestinian—it is not quite accurate to call him an Arab) wants land, and when he tries to buy, he finds himself hopelessly outbid by Jews, who are ready to pay quite fancy prices, backed as they are with money from abroad.

It is in the country districts that you find the feeling between the two races quite bitter. I know that when I was out there an Arab chauffeur refused point-blank to drive me to a Jewish land settlement.

I hesitate to call this a conflict between a primitive race and an industrialized race, for when a race is in difficulties it may always be described as primitive.

But it is a conflict between two races, both of whom rely on our promises, and it is a conflict in the rural districts between small landowners or would-be landowners without capital resources and actual or prospective landowners with very large capital resources.

The British government can do little. They must leave the people of the country, Palestinian and Jew, to come to terms.

If the inhabitants realize that it is up to them to do so, they will find a way out. For there is plenty of room for all of them.

THE END

Death
LOOKS FOR CINDERELLA

by Margaret E. Sangster

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 41 SECONDS

LEARNING that she won't live more than six months, Mildred Carey quits her job, throws over her beau, Harry Todd, and decides to spend her savings on a grand good time. She buys a used car, a wardrobe, and heads for the Golden West. Rumors of a tall handsome bandit reach her ears in Arizona, but she scoffs. A few hours later a big fellow signals her on the road that he is stalled. Panic-stricken, she jams her foot on the gas and runs over him!

Her impulse is to flee. However, she returns to see what she has done, finds the man alive but unconscious, and drives him to the nearest town and doctor. Examination shows that his right arm is out of commission. Also it is discovered that her highwayman is no less a person than Wally Blake, the adored screen star. Contrite, Mildred offers to drive him to Hollywood. Whimsically he accepts.

On the way to the Coast Wally tries in vain to make love to this strange girl, and when they arrive at his studio she is equally cold to a proposed screen test. But she changes her mind after contact with Karen Cathcart, a poisonous woman journalist, and jealous Nadine Blythe, who is Wally's leading lady.

The great director, Boris Kahan, tests Mildred and she passes muster. To her astonishment, she is cast in Prisoners' Rest with Wally and Nadine! It also amazes Hollywood, and Karen Cathcart promptly begins a newspaper campaign of scandalmongering. But Wally strives to comfort the innocent victim and swears his undying love.

During a take of Prisoners' Rest, where Nadine is to slap Mildred's face in a quarrel scene, the leading lady does so with a vengeance, whispering, "I want to kill you!"

Terrified, Mildred faints at this onslaught of hate.

PART FIVE—THE DEVIL WHISPERS

WALLY'S arms were strong and comforting. They were tight about her and his voice was husky in her ears. "Mildred!" he was saying. "Mildred, my darling!"

Mildred came drifting back from a great distance. It was Wally's voice, calling from a mountain peak, that drew her back.

"Oh," she said, "so *you're* here."

"Where else would I be?" asked Wally.

Mildred shook her head from side to side and some of the cobwebs vanished. She was in a room and she was lying on a couch. There were chairs and mirrors and Venetian blinds—familiar, earthly things.

"Then," she said, "it hasn't happened—yet."

"You fainted," said Boris Kahan.

"It was that sock Nadine gave you," Wally chimed in. "She laid you out—practically."

Laid out? Mildred shivered, and then some strange sense of fairness made her hurry to Nadine's defense.

"No," she said, "it wasn't that slap in the face."

"Then why should you keel over?" asked Wally.

Mildred evaded the issue. Her eyes were getting clearer now and so was her mind. "Where am I, Wally?" she asked.

"In my dressing room," Wally told her.

After a moment she asked, "Did Nadine go away?"

Wally said, "Uh-huh," briefly.

"But she vill be back tomorrow," mourned the director.

"I'm such a fool," Mildred murmured, "but I thought I was way ahead—of schedule."

"*I* think you're delirious," said Wally. "Boris, we really should call the doctor. I said so first off."

Mildred in sheer desperation managed to sit up.

"I won't have a doctor," she said, almost hysterical. "I'm all right now. I hate doctors! If you'll just leave me be for a minute, and then later a cup of tea, perhaps—"

"You and your tea," laughed Wallace, relief in his tone. "Now I know you're better, Millie. . . . The color's coming back into her cheeks—isn't it, Boris?"

"But not enough," said Boris.

Mildred told the director, "I'll use a little extra rouge." She shuddered slightly. "Will we have to do that quarrel scene again—in the morning?"

Boris said shortly, "No. The scene vill be cut."

"Then," said Mildred, "I'm through. That quarrel was my last bit."

Boris nodded and Wallace made the explanation. "Nadine will have her tantrum alone," he said. "Boris made up his mind about that. She can throw things around and smash a mirror and it'll be almost as effective as socking you. . . . I wouldn't take the risk of—" He cleared his throat violently. "You were out for nearly five minutes," he said.

Mildred sighed. "Five minutes? That's—" she broke off. "Well, the picture's done—I mean my part of it—so I guess I'll kiss Hollywood good-by."

"Not good-by," said Boris; "*au revoir.* Lots of sunshine—that sort of thing. To the seashore you must go. Vhen you come back two or three months from now, you vill play opposite Vally. That vas my idea from the beginning—"

Mildred lifted one slim hand and held it between herself and the light. "I wonder," she murmured. "Two or three months from now, you say?"

Wally was patting her back. It was a reassuring pat. "Don't pester Mildred now," he told Boris. "Let her get over Prisoners' Rest before we worry her about the next one. You beat it, and I'll take my gal home as soon as she's stronger."

Boris raised his eyebrows and shrugged and started toward the door. "The tea?" he questioned, pausing.

"You can send it in," said Wally.

The door closed behind Boris, and suddenly Wally was on his knees beside the couch and his head was on Mildred's lap.

"Oh, Millie," he said, and his voice was like a little boy's—muffled and close to tears—"you gave me an awful scare. I thought you were dead."

"I wasn't dead," said Mildred, "not yet—" It sounded flat and funny when she said it.

"If you died," said Wally, and his voice was still muffled, "I couldn't stand it."

"You'd have to," said Millie. She was staring down at the bent head with its crisp-looking hair. The head began to wobble back and forth, and she realized that she was seeing it through a mist of tears.

"Oh, Wally," she gulped, "don't!"

"I love you," said Wally.

Mildred told him, "Please, Wally,

The romance of a girl who found her own true love, but what did it matter? Her days were numbered

ILLUSTRATED BY
A N. SIMPKIN

it's just—just because I'm new. I found you on the road and I wouldn't let you stay in my room and so you're—you're intrigued. If I let you stay—well, you'd soon be fed up."

Wally interrupted. His head wasn't against her lap now. He was sitting back on his heels—tailor fashion—staring up into her face.

"That's a lie," he said. "I want to marry you, Mildred."

The world had been going round and round ever since Mildred fainted. It stopped whirling so suddenly that she was dizzier than ever.

"Careful," she said. "I might take you up."

Wally was beside her now, on the couch. "I think," he said, "that I've wanted to marry you from the very first. Millie, if you don't take me up, I'll—well, I'll explode or something. I never felt this way before. . . . I'm nuts, I guess, but I want to travel on and on forever across the years—" his voice broke. "I mean *forever.*" His arms were around her, holding her close.

A BLIND space—a blank spot—when her mind didn't work. When Wally's voice was enough—telling her that he cared dreadfully; that he'd go on loving her until the world ended. He was very gentle, very sweet, and there was none of the actor about him in this scene. Millie, hearing him talk about their life together, was under the spell of an anesthetic. She just let him kiss her and returned his every kiss and realized that even when he was a Rolls Robber, standing in the road, she had loved him. It was strange, love coming this way to a girl who had been content with the crust at the end of her half loaf. It was strange and beautiful.

"Yes, Wally, I do love you," she whispered. "Yes, it's wonderful. . . . No, I never have cared for anybody else — never. . . . Yes, I'm glad it happened this way." It might have gone on indefinitely if a knock hadn't sounded on the door.

It was only a boy with a tray. He eyed Mildred curiously as he deposited the tray on a small table.

"Mr. Kahan," he said, "*he* sent it." And then he was gone and Wally and Mildred were sitting sedately on opposite sides of the table, staring at each other above a rack of cinnamon toast and a steaming teapot.

"I never thought," Wally said, as Mildred's unsteady hand filled a cup with the amber liquid, "that I'd look forward to sitting across the breakfast table from the same woman morning after morning."

Mildred passed over the cup and poured her own tea until a second cup was brimming over. Like life, at the moment—brimming over. She didn't meet Wally's eyes when she spoke. She couldn't.

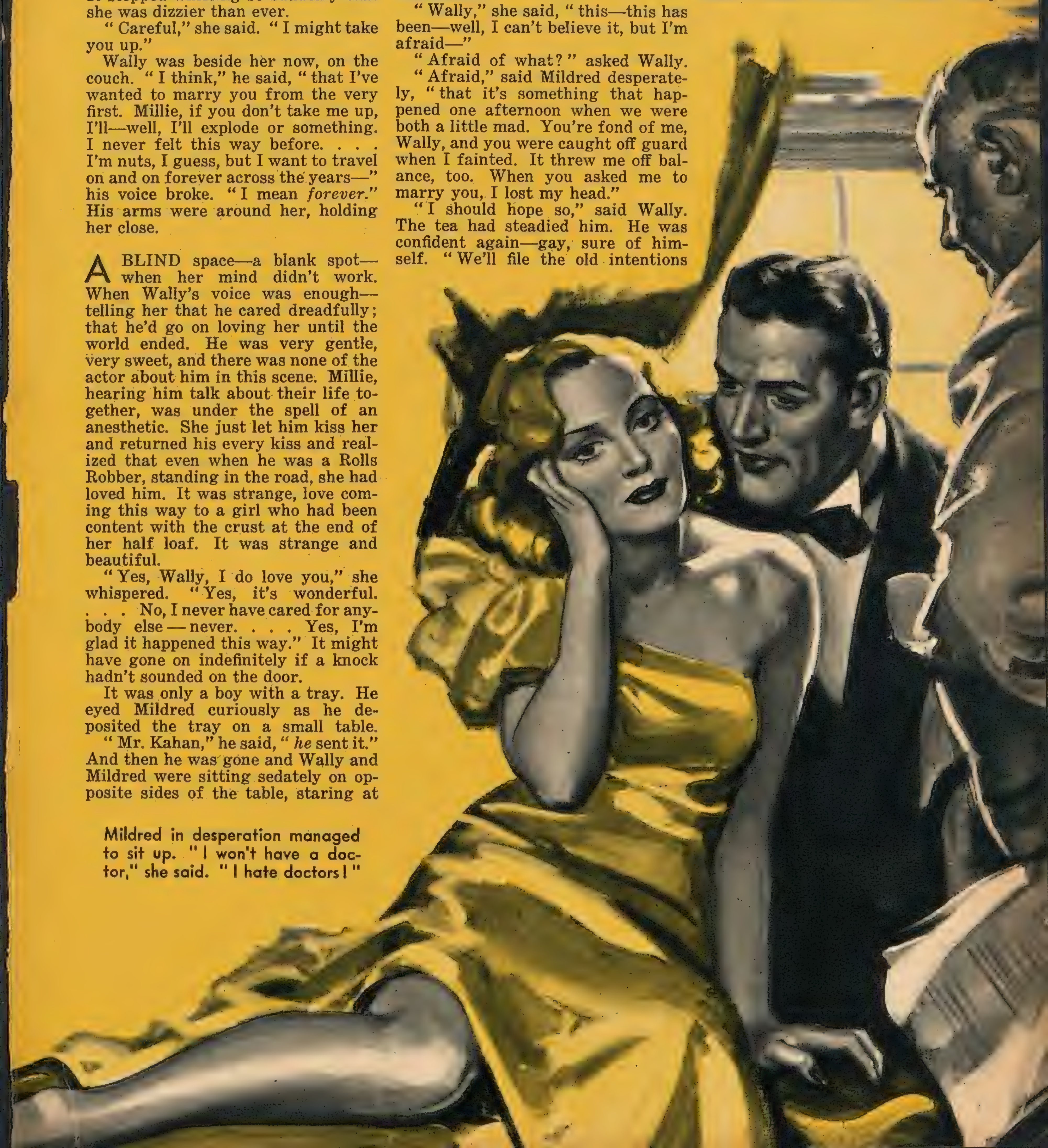
"Wally," she said, "this—this has been—well, I can't believe it, but I'm afraid—"

"Afraid of what?" asked Wally.

"Afraid," said Mildred desperately, "that it's something that happened one afternoon when we were both a little mad. You're fond of me, Wally, and you were caught off guard when I fainted. It threw me off balance, too. When you asked me to marry you, I lost my head."

"I should hope so," said Wally. The tea had steadied him. He was confident again—gay, sure of himself. "We'll file the old intentions tomorrow," he said. "We'll have a license before you can say Jack Robinson. We won't fly up to Nevada or down to Yuma — we'll be married right here, where Karen Cathcart can come to the wedding." He laughed. "It'll be *news!*"

Mildred sipped her tea thoughtfully. Three months gone already—three months more to go, *at best.* Yes, if she married Wally right here in Hollywood, it would be news. Karen would come to the wedding—*and it would be news.* She and Wally



Mildred in desperation managed to sit up. "I won't have a doctor," she said. "I hate doctors!"

would be under the public eye every minute for a while. And then at the end of one month, two months—three, at best—Wally would come into her room one morning, or they'd be sitting on the terrace, and— Pictures rose, unbidden, and she gritted her teeth. There would be an inquiry, of course. Colossal news now, and Wally would have to face it alone. What was the story that had cropped up last year when a honeymooner was found dead in Hollywood? Suspected suicide—suspected murder? It had ruined a screen career—the scandal.

"Wally," said Mildred abruptly, "I can't go through with it. You deserve something better, Wally—something permanent."

Wally told her seriously, "I said—forever. What's more permanent than forever?"

"There's no such thing as forever, Wally, and I can't do anything to hurt you. After all, I came into your life out of nowhere. You don't know anything about me."

Wally came around to Millie's side, and Millie steeled herself against the spell of his nearness.

"So what?" asked Wally. "I love you."

"Even so," Mildred was trying desperately to be sane, "there are certain facts that—"

"Now," said Wally, "don't start telling me that you've a guilty past. Phooey for you, Miss Carey."

MILDRED wanted to tell him, "It's not a guilty past—it's a guilty future." She said, "There's a good reason why I can't marry you." And Wally asked quickly, "Have you a husband back East?" When Mildred shook her head in denial, he chuckled.

"You may have a criminal record or you may be an international spy as far as I'm concerned," he said, "but as long as there's no husband to stand in the way—well, nothing can separate us."

Nothing can separate us! Mildred's hands clenched tight until the fingernails were biting into the palms.

"Wally," she said, and inspiration swept over her, "I love you, but don't let's get married." She wouldn't cheat Wally—she'd only cheat herself a little. "Tell you what," she whispered, "I'll go with you for a week-end somewhere—a week, even. Then I'll be out of your system, dear. After the week's over you can go back to Hollywood and I'll go back to where I belong."

"Are you propositioning me?" asked Wally. All at once his tone was desperately serious. "No, Mildred, that's out. I don't want to go away for a week-end or a week with you—not now. Everything's changed since I saw you lying there on the studio floor—so little and so dear and so fragile. I don't want the sort of thing that's tied up with tissue paper and tinsel ribbon, sort of a party prize. I want the real thing for once—sterling, fourteen-carat. . . . Mildred, what's the matter?"

For Mildred was on her feet, and even she didn't know how stark her face was. "Wally," she said, "I've got to leave you. I'm going back to my hotel. I—I must pull myself together."

Wally was eying her strangely. "Mildred," he said at last, "I don't get you. Why can't you just accept what's what? Dear, it's all you have to do—*just accept*. Don't make barriers out of thin air. . . . Mildred, for heaven's sake!"

For Mildred was crying so uncontrollably that she could scarcely speak. "No," she said. "No! Wait until tomorrow. Tomorrow I'll try and make you understand."

All at once she was running through the door and out of the studio building and across the lot.

BACK in her hotel room, Mildred was able to stop crying; but she began all over again when the orchids came from Wally. They weren't ordinary orchids, lush and purple. They were wee white butterflies set close together on a slim softly curved branch. An hour later, when it was almost twilight, a messenger brought the star sapphire that she had returned not so very long ago.

"You'll keep it now," said Wally's note, "and like it!"

Later there were roses and a bracelet that was as bright as a lost dream, and—along about eight o'clock—there was a box of lingerie. "For your hope chest," read Wally's note. "*Lucky girl!*"

Mildred, alone in the hotel room, drew her lips into a straight line and squared her shoulders. After the arrival of the lingerie she began to pace the floor, but the devil walked just a step behind, leaning forward every now and again to whisper in her ear.

"It would be so easy," breathed the devil, "to marry Wally. Take what you can—while you can!"

It *would* be easy. That very night—tomorrow morning—they could be off. Despite Wally's verdict about a Hollywood wedding, they could fly to Yuma or to Reno. They could take a car and make for the horizon line. They could stay at hotels and the connecting door between their rooms would be always open. And then in three months—when the shadows closed in—she would say to Wally:

"It's over. But it was beautiful while it lasted." And Wally would whisper, "Thanks for the memory."

Yes, it would be so easy. Even Wally wouldn't be able to blame her. She had tried to tell him that forever was only a pulse beat, but he had stopped her lips—stopped them with kisses. He'd said, "Just accept—that's all you've got to do."

All she had to do—just accept. Just accept orchids and red roses warm with promise, and star-sapphire rings and diamond bracelets. Just accept lingerie and love and days of glory and nights of splendor. Accept life—while there was vivid life to be had for the asking.

"Maybe in three months," murmured the devil, "you can give him more than another woman would give him in ten times *three years!*"

Oh, the devil was right. There would be desperation in her love and ardor—and no peace!

Eight o'clock, nine o'clock, ten o'clock. Wally phoned. "How're you doing, Millie?" he asked.

Mildred, gulping down a sob, told him, "Very nicely, Mr. Blake."

"Nicely, without *me?*" questioned Wally. "I believe I'll come around and teach you a thing or two."

"No," Millie fibbed, "don't come. I'm in bed."

"I've seen you in bed before," said Wally, and laughed.

Millie didn't join in his laughter. One hand was clutching the receiver, the other was pressed hard against the telephone table.

"Wally," she said, "you *must* give me until tomorrow."

"O. K.," said Wally, "until tomorrow. But the rest of the tomorrows are mine!" He hesitated. "Millie, what am I going to do until tomorrow? Shall I phone a lot of people and tell them about us?"

Mildred cried, "Oh, don't!" But Wally hung up the receiver on her protest. He called back almost immediately to say, "Kato and the dogs and the kittens and I are splitting a bottle of champagne. This may be our bachelor dinner, Millie. Here's to you, darling."

Mildred, as she hung up the receiver, closed her eyes and saw a fantastic vision of the Great Danes and the Siamese cats and the little Oriental and Wally grouped around their gala bottle. And then swiftly she knew that she must never see them in any other way. As a vision against tight-closed lids she could bear the sight of Wally Blake—*but not in any other way!*

SHE must leave Hollywood at once. That was the only thought that stood out clearly in Mildred's mind as she went to her bureau and jerked open the drawer and took out her purse. Her traveler's checks were a minus quantity—she had cashed the last of them that very day when she paid her weekly hotel bill. She opened her purse and drew out a sheaf of greenbacks — riffled through them. She had five hundred dollars left—just exactly five hundred—and three months more to go! Of course she had a nice collection of clothes, but what would clothes mean now?

Mildred smiled wryly. There was money, too, at the studio—the accumulation of salary that she had brashly left until the end of Prisoners' Rest. Well, it would have to stay there and draw interest until the millennium; if she left Hollywood at once there'd be no chance to collect a red cent. And even if there were a chance, she couldn't risk going to the studio for fear of seeing Wally. If she saw Wally again her resolutions would crumble.

Leave Hollywood she must. But where would she go? That was a matter of immediate importance. Perhaps she should just climb into her car and ride—destination unknown. But no, that wouldn't work out. Wally knew the car too well, with its garish cream body and red leather upholstery. If he wanted to find her—and he would want to find her, at first—a description of that car broadcast to millions of listeners would bring her back in less time than it takes to whistle a tune.

The car, thought Mildred, must stay in Hollywood and I must go *home*. But even as she mentally said the word, she realized that home was not the drab Eastern city from which she had started on her brave adventure. Home, until that moment when her eyes closed against the everlasting light, would be with Wally.

Wearily Mildred went to the closet and took out a dressing case and began to pack it with her more personal belongings. The star-sapphire ring and the diamond bracelet she wrapped gently in cotton and placed in an envelope. Before she sealed the envelope she wrote a note.

"Dearest," she wrote, standing—and realized that it was a word she had never written before and would never write again—"try not to be cross with me. I've thought it all out, and this is the best solution for both of us." She drew a line through the "for both of us" and wrote, "for you. . . . You'll forget me, Wally—and the sooner the better. . . . I'm sending back the lingerie because I haven't any hope chest and I'm not a lucky girl." (What, she wondered, would Wally do with such a huge box of lingerie?) "I'm sending back the ring and the bracelet because they never belonged to me—really. I'm not sending back your love, Wally, because I don't think I'll have it—after you get this letter." She signed the note "Mildred"—just that—and slipped it into the envelope with the jewelry. The lingerie box was wrapped separately and inscribed with Wally's name. She had just finished printing his address when the phone rang.

Listening to that insistent demanding sound, Mildred knew in her heart that it was Wally again. What would he want now? To come over? To drink another toast? To chat about their future? Perhaps it would be better if she didn't answer the phone—why pile torture on torture? And yet if she didn't answer it, Wally would think something was strange—and would come over anyway. She stiffened her shoulders and took the receiver from the hook.

"Oh—" she said, and then again, "Oh—" for it was not Wally's voice that spoke her name. It was Nadine Blythe, and Nadine was furiously angry.

"Wally just called me," said Nadine. "What's the big idea?"

Mildred tried to think fast—to summon her forces. She answered, "Why, I don't know. Is a phone call from Wally so—unusual?"

"He told me that he's going to be married," Nadine screamed. "You dirty little double-crossing—"

Mildred said, "Hush!" She knew that the operator downstairs was listening avidly, but Nadine went right ahead.

"I knew you were having an affair with him," said Nadine, "I knew that. But I didn't think it would last."

"No?" said Mildred. She didn't mean to make it sound like a question.

Nadine went on. "I could sue you," she said, "for alienation of affections."

"I don't think so," replied Mildred, "not really." Sue a girl with five hundred dollars and three months to her name?

"I can start plenty of talk about you," said Nadine. "You'll be finished—in pictures."

"Oh, Nadine," said Mildred, "what do I care? I never wanted to be—in pictures."

Mildred could feel Nadine's hard pallor as it came in waves over the cringing wire.

"You don't care!" shrilled Nadine. "Listen here, Mildred Carey. I said this afternoon that I'd take a good deal of pleasure in killing you, and I wasn't kidding. . . . I'll be over at your place in ten minutes."

The receiver crashed into place and the wire tingled, and Mildred—with a tired flick of the wrist—hung up. And then suddenly, for the first time since Wally had asked her to marry him, she was laughing. Laughing so hard that her whole body shook. It

TIME FOR A SHOWDOWN!
(AND MARY TOLD HIM THE TRUTH!)
LOOK HERE, MARY! I DON'T HAVE TO WAIT AROUND FOR YOU LIKE THIS! WHAT'S MORE, ONE OF THESE DAYS, I'M NOT GOING TO!
JUST AS YOU LIKE, PHIL!
AND WHILE WE'RE BEING SO FRANK, I HAVE A SUGGESTION FOR YOU! SUPPOSE BEFORE WE GO OUT AGAIN YOU TALK TO YOUR DENTIST ABOUT--ABOUT BAD BREATH!
PHIL SEES HIS DENTIST...
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER...THANKS TO COLGATE'S
I'M NOT LATE, AM I, MARY?
NO. BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO MISS A SINGLE MINUTE OF OUR EVENING, PHIL--SO I GOT READY EARLY!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
MAKE SURE THAT YOUR BREATH IS OKAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
Good Housekeeping Bureau

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

would be such a joke if Nadine did come over to the hotel and kill her—such an amazing, extraordinary, ridiculous joke! Why, Nadine would go to prison for killing her—the telephone operator would make a dandy witness to the threat. And the whole thing would be absurd, for, given time —so little time—she'd be dead anyway. Why, if Nadine killed her, Wally—

All at once Mildred had stopped laughing. If Nadine killed Mildred Carey, everybody would know that it was over Wallace Blake. Even if the killing dwindled down to an ugly scene, a swell story would get into the papers, and Wally would be hurt—in more ways than one.

"I'm going anyway," said Mildred aloud in the quietness of her room, "so I might as well go before she gets here!"

Frantically she began to dress. A print frock—gray-and-blue. It went over her head and the belt was fastened. The blue coat she had bought at the very beginning of the adventure was hanging in the closet—she hadn't worn it since she reached Hollywood, but now, with a sense of meeting an old friend, she slipped it on over the print dress. The matching periwinkle hat was in a corner of the shelf—a mad little hat with a tilted brim.

She was dressed now, ready to leave. She wouldn't have time to pack a suitcase with her clothes. All the pretty trappings of an amazing interlude must stay behind, but what difference did it make? The envelope and the box addressed to Wally she lifted from their place on the bureau. She'd leave them somewhere, to be delivered in the morning. She opened the door, closed it carefully, and made her way down the softly carpeted corridor, toward the elevator.

The last lap, almost. The elevator door slid open and she strolled calmly through the lobby—just as calmly as if she weren't toiling up a steep hill with a black cross at the top of it.

Some instinct made her walk three blocks before she hailed a cab. "What," she asked the driver as she climbed into the cab, "is the quickest way to get out of town?"

The driver raised his brows and the eyes beneath them were speculative. "Why," he said at last, "you'd better hop a plane if you're in a hurry to make a getaway. . . . There'll be a plane leaving in about thirty minutes."

"O. K.," said Mildred. "Take me to the airport, but stop first at some messenger service. . . . I want to leave a parcel."

As the earth slipped away from the plane, Mildred knew that the last thread was broken, and that she was no longer tied to anything. She was as free as she had been when the doctor first delivered his six-month sentence. It wasn't only earth that was dropping back into the distance; Wally and love and her own dreams were falling far behind.

The plane shot forward like an arrow and her thoughts went with it, racing ahead of the taut silver wings.

Would dying be like this? she wondered. Would dying mean release and a lack of tangible support and an absurd disregard for the sky line?

She had reached the airport with little enough time to spare. The ticket cost less than she had thought possible, and though she was inwardly flabbergasted when they asked her name, she had uttered "Mary Clark" blandly and had written it with unswerving fingers. Wally—if he made inquiries at the airport — would scarcely connect Mary Clark with Mildred Carey.

Wally. The thought of him made Mildred wonder what was happening back in Hollywood. What was Wally doing—and thinking? Had he called her again? Had Nadine called him? What—she thought, with a convulsive shiver—would Wally think and do tomorrow when her note came, with a rejected box of lingerie and a bracelet and a ring set with a star sapphire?

Mildred felt her eyes fill with swift tears. She fumbled in her purse for a handkerchief and was aware, as she patted her eyes, that a young stewardess was bending over her.

"Anything I can do for you?" said a clear girlish voice, and Mildred looked up into a pair of bright gentle eyes.

"Why, no," she said, "no."

"A cup of tea perhaps?" persisted the stewardess.

Not tea. . . . She and Wally seated on opposite sides of a table in his dressing room, with hot tea and cinnamon toast between them, and Wally's voice saying, "I never thought I'd look forward to sitting across the breakfast table with the same woman every morning."

"No," said Mildred. "I'm just resting. Thanks a lot."

The stewardess gave a little relieved laugh. "You were so white," she said.

Watching four men who were obviously traveling together and comparing order blanks, Mildred remembered her ex-boss, Mr. Spiegel, for the first time since she had sent him a ham from Virginia. Had Spiegel, she wondered, found another secretary who would put up with his pettishness and make his stolid, unimaginative letters into visual works of art?

Remembering Spiegel made her remember Harry Todd. Did Harry miss her sharply—as she already missed Wallace Blake? Was he taking some one in her stead to Italian table d'hôtes? Was he perhaps in love—or even married? In three months anything might have happened: But no, nothing had happened to Harry, who was slow motion personified. He'd still be at the same desk, puzzling over the postal card she'd sent him during the early weeks of her absence.

Mildred closed her eyes and tried to sleep and felt that sleep was farther from her than it had ever been before. She had a feeling that the plane was going over mountains, but it was too dark to be sure. She had a feeling that her soul was climbing steeper mountains, but it was too dark, inside her soul, to be certain.

And then suddenly she did sleep, the deep, dreamless sleep of complete exhaustion.

Whether she slept for five minutes or five hours, Mildred didn't know. She only knew that suddenly she awakened with a start, and with a shrill eerie sound in her ears. It was the space of a heartbeat before she realized that the sound was a scream. After a second heartbeat she knew that one of the women passengers was standing in the aisle, and that the screams were issuing at regular intervals from her rouged mouth.

Mildred asked, with no sense of dread, "What's the matter?" Her calm voice echoed through the plane.

It was the young stewardess with the gentle eyes who answered. Her cheeks were blanched but her eyes were still gentle.

"Don't lose your head," said the stewardess. "Something's gone wrong, but the pilots will be able to make a landing. I'm sure of it."

The four men were talking at once. One of them shouted, "A motor fell. I saw it—it was on fire."

There was a red glare slanting through the window of the plane. It came from the right side, and Mildred, turning her head ever so slightly, saw that a wing was also on fire. The color from it was so vivid that it might have been the echo of a sunrise—or a sunset.

The stewardess was speaking again. "Sit down," she was saying, "and be still. Please—all of you! Keep your knees bent. Everything will be all right."

Everything will be all right . . . everything will be all right. . . . The words fluttered like white butterflies—or was it white orchids?—in Mildred's brain. The plane reared drunkenly and through the glass compartment in front Mildred saw that the two pilots were working like galley slaves.

"We'll make a landing," said the stewardess, trying to smile. "I'm sure of it."

A landing? Mildred knew about these forced landings. She'd read of them in the papers and she'd seen one wreck in a newsreel. A forced landing might not kill the others, but—again her mind was reverting to a doctor in a shabby little office—this would be the end for her. "Six months, if you're careful," the doctor had said, *"and have no sudden shocks."*

She smiled softly and thought, I'm ahead of the game and full of luck. Even if they landed on a feather bed, the shock would be sudden. Furthermore, she'd still have three hundred and fifty dollars or thereabouts in her purse. She'd die rich, after all.

The girl who had screamed was

speaking to her. "Why don't you say something?" the girl said savagely.

Mildred told her, "There's nothing to say except—" She didn't finish her sentence.

The whole right wing was in flames now—greedy flames that were working their way toward the cabin of the plane. But the plane was responding beautifully—it circled with precision, though jerkily; it was nosing its way through the dark, searching for a safe landing place. It dropped lower and lower and Mildred was conscious, all at once, of a blur that might be trees. She put her hand experimentally over her heart, but it wasn't doing anything unusual—it was beating along evenly with a neat little flutter. Well, maybe that was the way hearts acted just before a forced landing.

Things were tense there in the cabin of the plane. Nobody was saying a word. Some one sneezed and it sounded like an explosion. A man cleared his throat. The plane circled lower and lower, and then suddenly, with a wounded grace, it straightened and glided. Mildred felt the brush of trees against the window at her side and braced herself, holding tightly to the arms of her chair.

"Thank you, God," she said under her breath. "Thank you, Wally."

And then there was a grinding crash and a bump that threw her head sidewise against something that was made of either iron or wood. And that was that.

Can Millie come through this airplane crash unscathed? And if she does, what will her next course be? A job? Marriage? Has Wally let her fly out of his life without protest or action? There is a grand finale in next week's Liberty that will make you feel like cheering!

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 23

1—Frances Hodgson Burnett.

2—Minnesota, of which a tip extends beyond the 49th parallel.

3—William J. Bryan's proposal in 1896 to make silver and gold legal tender at that ratio.

4—Coins.

5—The Rev. Martin Niemoeller.

6—George Washington's.

7—Siam.

8—By a machine registering and indicating the number and nature of bets made, the winner sharing the total, less a percentage to the management.

9—Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis.

10—No, but the peahen does.

11—Steel.

12—The United States.

13—The office of assistant to President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

14—Lt.-Gen. Sir Robert Baden-Powell.

15—Ambergris.

16—John Hancock.

17—The purchase of the island by the Dutch for approximately twenty-four dollars.

18—Leif Ericson.

19—Ersatz.

20—

Booker T. Washington

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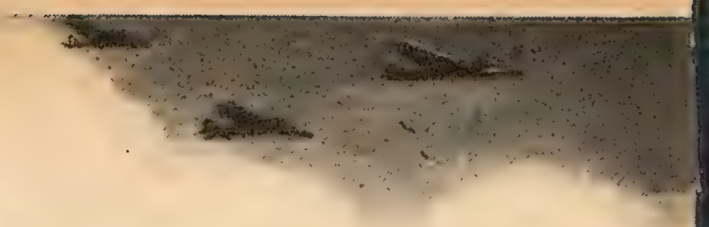


HELL IN THE HEAVENLY KINGDOM

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

SOLELY because I was delayed in Rangoon—a delay at which I fumed and fretted—I escaped the terrible bombardment of Chungking from the air. If I had arrived according to schedule, I would have been here and would have had to run for a dugout, for the district in which arrangements had been made for me to stay was almost completely destroyed. I saw it yesterday, and what might have been my temporary home was nothing but a pile of burnt timbers and neatly piled bricks. The destruction was complete. I had been a daily visitor to this section when in Chungking five years ago but now found no familiar landmark.

There was a series of raids by Japanese planes which dropped an assorted lot of bombs on the most crowded section of the city. Explosive bombs wrecked the buildings, incendiary bombs set them on fire, and the people were trapped in the tangled bricks and timbers.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs solved my lodging problem by inviting me to stay in the big comfortable guesthouse which the Chinese maintain for visiting foreign diplomats. It is reassuring to know that just outside, one of the best dugouts in Chungking is nearing completion. To say that it is one of the best is high praise indeed, for this city has without doubt more dugouts and better dugouts than any other city in the world—and, at the moment, more urgent need for them.

All day long and all night long I hear the muffled sound of blasts of gunpowder and smell its pungent fumes. Numerous as the dugouts are, even more of them are being constructed and those in existence are being enlarged. Hundreds of tunnels are being chiseled and blasted into the sides of the Gibraltar-like hill of red sandstone on which the city is built. In a single block just below me there are six of these tunnel entrances, an average of one every twenty feet.

These are the public refuges. Every home has its own private dugout, and there are many contractors who will build one for you according to your own design or supply one from the standard specifications. The American Embassy dugout is said to be about as good as the one connected with my quarters.

I have not yet visited the Y. M. C. A. dugout, which is a very large one and distinguished by the fact that it is the only one in Chungking at which admission tickets are sold. They say that this arrangement was not eminently successful, for when the bombs began dropping, a great many people crashed the gate. For fear that I may be equally rude under similar provocation, I intend to buy a ticket at the earliest opportunity.

Death from the air, death from which you cannot escape by flight, from which you can only find protection by crawling like a mole into a hole in the ground, is so terrible that when one first sees the bombers flying overhead and hears the deafening explosions of bombs, the sensation is that of paralyzing terror.

Some—a very few—never get over it. Others soon get used to the threats of death, and, though fear is never absent, there is no terror. Of the many Americans I met here and on the way here, all have been in not one but many air raids, and they discuss them as calmly as two people in America would discuss a cold and ways to prevent or cure it.

In a country which has suffered so many air raids as this, the mechanism of protection has been perfected. The planes rarely come without warning. The moment a squadron of bombers is spotted flying toward what is known as " free China," the news is flashed by telegraph and radioed to all points which may be threatened. Fast pursuit planes take off at intervals all day long and fly toward enemy territory, ready to flash back radio signals of danger.

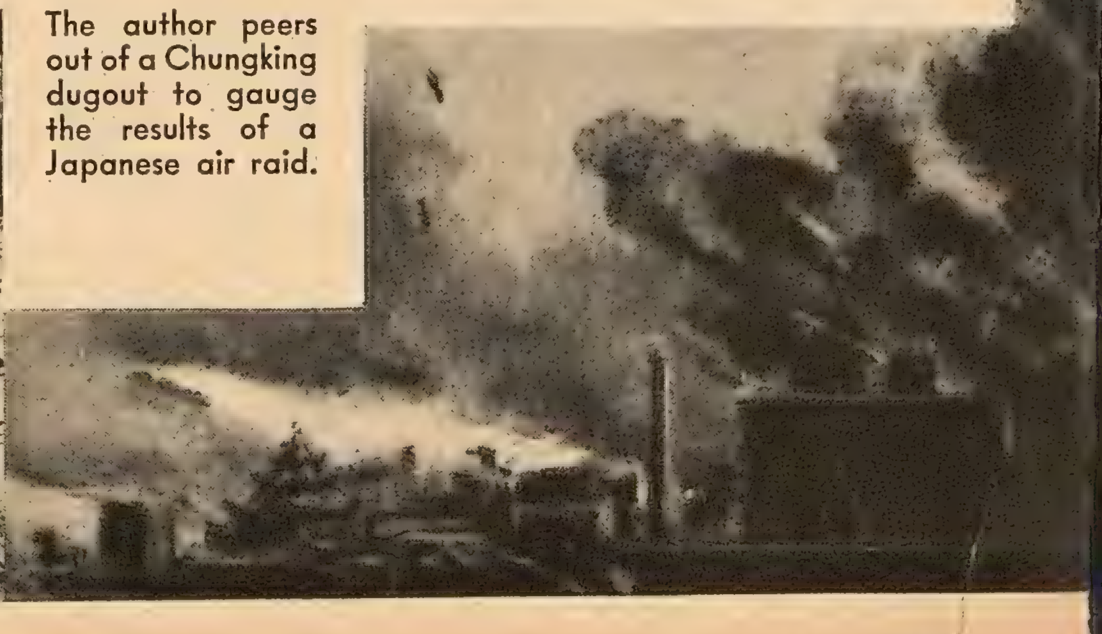
Every one becomes an expert in the procedure to be followed in order to escape death by air, and we watch the weather even more carefully than the farmer looks for prospects of rain during a long dry spell. We are anxious for rain and darkened skies. Bombers wish for a clear day with low overhanging clouds into which they can dodge in case of pursuit.

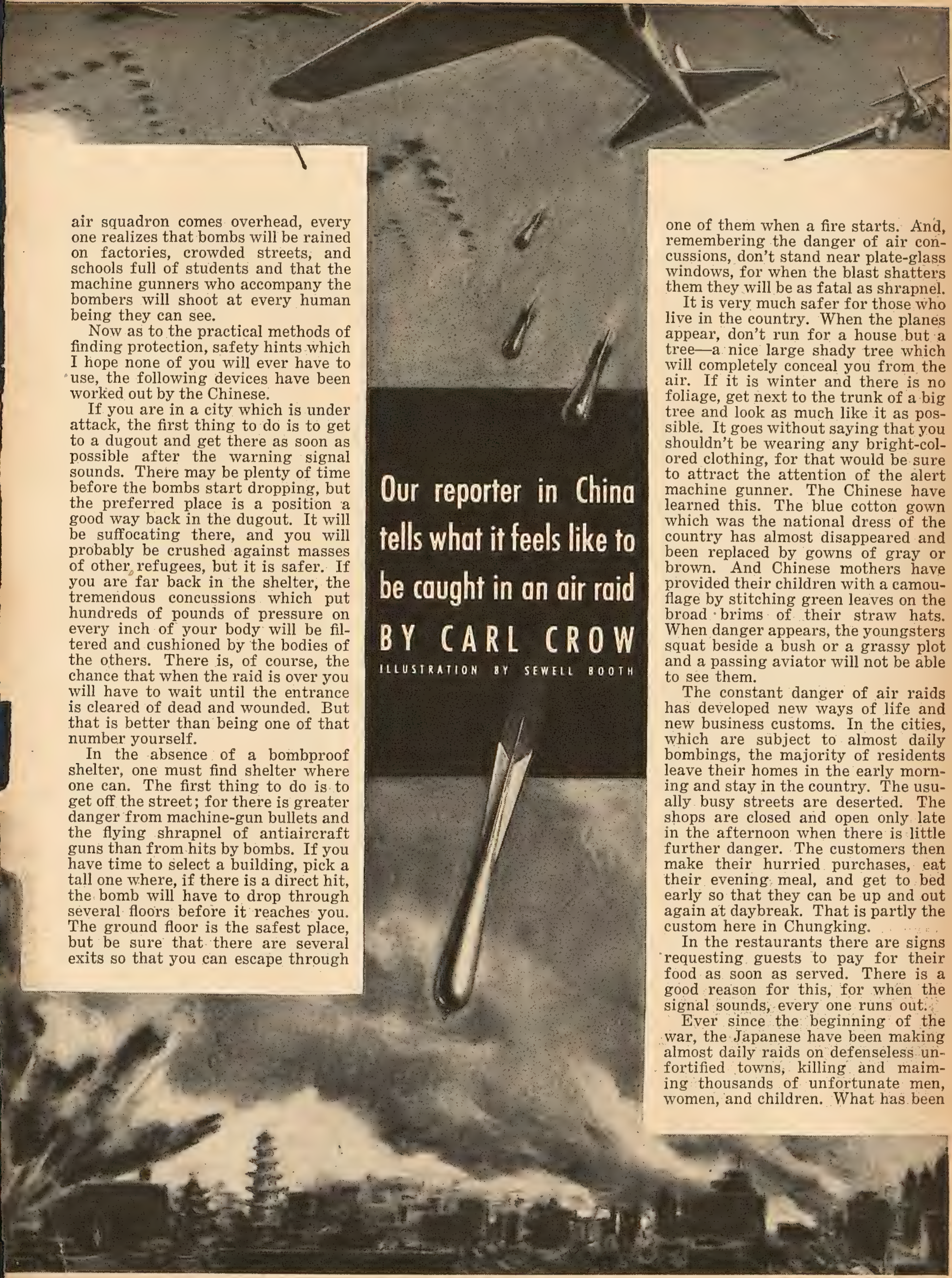
Chinese have now experienced two full years of air bombardments. Some of them were bombed out of Shanghai at the beginning of the war and had witnessed air attacks in many cities before they reached Chungking. Just as professional aviators measure the hours that they have been in the air, there are thousands of Chinese—and quite a few American residents of China—who might boast of quite a respectable number of hours spent either with or without shelter while fighting planes roared overhead and bombs rained all about them.

Of course if this were a civilized war, the problem of the civilian would be a very simple one. All he would have to do would be to avoid visiting the areas where the troops were concentrated, keep away from forts and field batteries and other places of military importance which it is the legitimate object of warfare to attack and destroy. But there is no longer any pretense that this is a civilized war. The Japanese policy is to kill as many civilians as possible in the belief that by terrorizing a nation, they can compel it to sue for peace.

The result is that when a Japanese

The author peers out of a Chungking dugout to gauge the results of a Japanese air raid.





Our reporter in China tells what it feels like to be caught in an air raid

BY CARL CROW

ILLUSTRATION BY SEWELL BOOTH

air squadron comes overhead, every one realizes that bombs will be rained on factories, crowded streets, and schools full of students and that the machine gunners who accompany the bombers will shoot at every human being they can see.

Now as to the practical methods of finding protection, safety hints which I hope none of you will ever have to use, the following devices have been worked out by the Chinese.

If you are in a city which is under attack, the first thing to do is to get to a dugout and get there as soon as possible after the warning signal sounds. There may be plenty of time before the bombs start dropping, but the preferred place is a position a good way back in the dugout. It will be suffocating there, and you will probably be crushed against masses of other refugees, but it is safer. If you are far back in the shelter, the tremendous concussions which put hundreds of pounds of pressure on every inch of your body will be filtered and cushioned by the bodies of the others. There is, of course, the chance that when the raid is over you will have to wait until the entrance is cleared of dead and wounded. But that is better than being one of that number yourself.

In the absence of a bombproof shelter, one must find shelter where one can. The first thing to do is to get off the street; for there is greater danger from machine-gun bullets and the flying shrapnel of antiaircraft guns than from hits by bombs. If you have time to select a building, pick a tall one where, if there is a direct hit, the bomb will have to drop through several floors before it reaches you. The ground floor is the safest place, but be sure that there are several exits so that you can escape through one of them when a fire starts. And, remembering the danger of air concussions, don't stand near plate-glass windows, for when the blast shatters them they will be as fatal as shrapnel.

It is very much safer for those who live in the country. When the planes appear, don't run for a house but a tree—a nice large shady tree which will completely conceal you from the air. If it is winter and there is no foliage, get next to the trunk of a big tree and look as much like it as possible. It goes without saying that you shouldn't be wearing any bright-colored clothing, for that would be sure to attract the attention of the alert machine gunner. The Chinese have learned this. The blue cotton gown which was the national dress of the country has almost disappeared and been replaced by gowns of gray or brown. And Chinese mothers have provided their children with a camouflage by stitching green leaves on the broad brims of their straw hats. When danger appears, the youngsters squat beside a bush or a grassy plot and a passing aviator will not be able to see them.

The constant danger of air raids has developed new ways of life and new business customs. In the cities, which are subject to almost daily bombings, the majority of residents leave their homes in the early morning and stay in the country. The usually busy streets are deserted. The shops are closed and open only late in the afternoon when there is little further danger. The customers then make their hurried purchases, eat their evening meal, and get to bed early so that they can be up and out again at daybreak. That is partly the custom here in Chungking. . . .

In the restaurants there are signs requesting guests to pay for their food as soon as served. There is a good reason for this, for when the signal sounds, every one runs out.

Ever since the beginning of the war, the Japanese have been making almost daily raids on defenseless unfortified towns, killing and maiming thousands of unfortunate men, women, and children. What has been the net result of all of this loss of life—what have the Japanese accomplished in a military way toward their objective of winning the war, of "beating China to her knees," as the Japanese Premier in a sincere but unguarded moment once expressed it?

These are questions I wanted to answer in my own mind, for I had seen the beginnings of the bombings in Shanghai and was anxious to see how the Chinese had stood up under it. Aside from my personal curiosity, I was anxious to be able to make a report to Liberty readers, for if world events continue on their present course, it is not improbable that American cities may, at some time in the future, be subjected to similar murderous raids.

The answer is that the Japanese have accomplished exactly nothing. They would be much better off if they had respected the rules of civilized warfare, heeded the warnings and advice of President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Hull, and had not engaged in the ruthless slaughter of harmless civilians and the destruction of schools and factories. That is not only my own personal opinion but that of every one I have talked to. The list includes dozens of men of many nationalities, ranging in rank from a German motorcar repairman to a British ambassador.

Japanese bombings have utterly failed to terrorize the Chinese and cause them to long for peace at any price, which is what the Japanese war lords had counted on. Chinese parents buried their dead children with bitterness in their hearts but with no terror or despair. They acquired a new courage, like that of a wounded animal. Their hatred of the Japanese has become the insane fanatical hatred of the mother whose child has been willfully murdered.

But the Chinese are essentially a very practical people. They spend no time shaking fists or hurling curses at the sky. After each air raid, there is no time lost in cleaning up. The wounded are removed and cared for, the dead buried. The raid on Chungking made a shambles of the principal business district, yet the British Ambassador, who was here through the whole affair, told me that within thirty-six hours after it ended the thousands of dead and wounded had been removed and the streets cleaned.

Since Japan has aroused the horror of what remains of the civilized world by this ruthless slaughter of civilians, and since they have quite obviously accomplished nothing toward breaking the spirit of China, why do they continue this policy?

There appear to be two possible explanations. One is that orders were issued by the General Staff to slaughter as many Chinese as possible and these orders have never been countermanded because the army has a complex which will not admit the possibility of having made a mistake. The other theory is that the Japanese, infuriated at the success of the Chinese resistance, have completely lost their heads and are striking anywhere and everywhere, wildly and blindly.

Probably both theories are right. Certainly the Chinese military authorities look on these murders as stupid strategy on the part of the Japanese—as an additional bit of evidence that the war will eventually end in a Chinese victory.

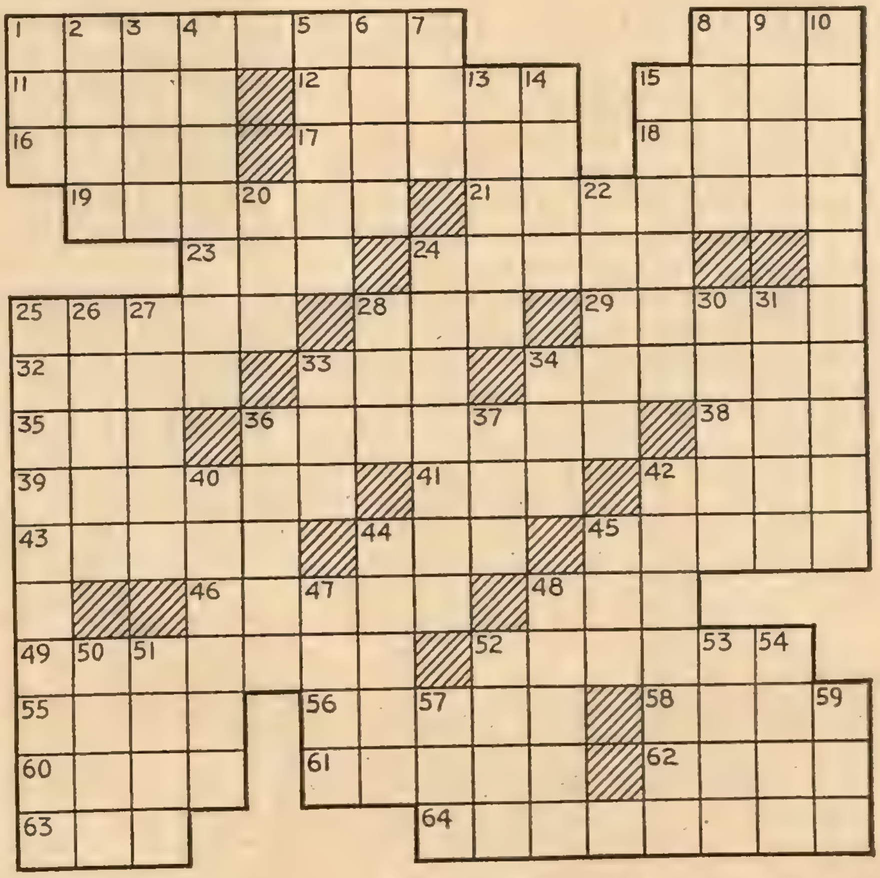
So, while Chungking buries its dead and builds more dugouts and listens for the air-raid alarms, the city is cheerful and optimistic. Many centuries ago a Chinese traveler braved the dangerous and treacherous rapids of the Upper Yangtze and finally reached this rocky promontory safely and tasted the wonderfully sweet oranges and other fine food of the neighborhood. He gave a sigh of contentment and said, "*Chung king,*" which is the Chinese phrase for "I am happy again." And so the place was named.

It is not today a very appropriate name, for the town is the principal objective of a powerful and ruthless enemy. At every turn there are evidences of war. The rattle of machine guns and the roar of military airplanes echo through the hills. There are many new and unmarked graves. But the Chinese people are confident that they are slowly but surely winning this fight to preserve their independence, and that the name of Chungking will be a symbol for all China, which will be happy again.

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



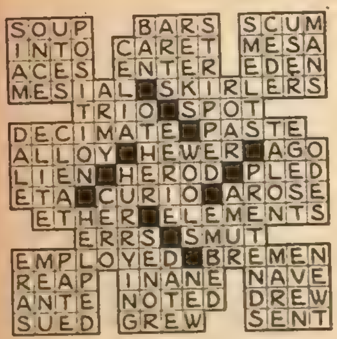
HORIZONTAL

1 Double-talk disease
8 It's a gift, ladies!
11 Famous last word
12 Resounding flops of the '20s
15 He and Ica, they look alika
16 Open the speech sluices and loose a torrent of slush
17 At the bottom
18 Waist holders (masc.)
19 Googled the eyeballs
21 Leather chairs for Dobbin's sitting room
23 College lass's goal
24 Simply rotten
25 Backward member of Snow White's Brain Trust
28 Warmest tree
29 Opera factory
32 Work, but not necessarily for money
33 What young Swedish boys grow into
34 Lap up Gone with the Wind again
35 University of Empty Noodles (abbr.)
36 Rattling gewgaws! (fem.)
38 Rode, daown east
39 Kind of suite
41 What girls who look good enough to eat do
42 Why doesn't some senator hire this?
43 They're low down, always getting knotted up or separating
44 Theoretical condition of most Americans in '25
45 Old moss-and-mortgage collector
46 Vulcan's frau
48 Lemuel in shorts
49 A Mussolini covet
52 Haddock with high blood pressure
55 Leash Hitler leads Mussolini around on
56 They've been biting wonderfully all summer around Cape Cod
58 The last of the old hats
60 Without s. a.
61 Zeus' frau (pl.)
62 Huge cavity
63 Kockeyed Reader's Ecstasy (abbr.)
64 Home of the Horsehide Sappiness Boys

VERTICAL

1 The well known receptacle
2 Large furry birds that infest crosswords
3 Couch the carcass
4 Swallows the smoke
5 Ran out
6 Where most Sunday drivers spend Sunday
7 Heifer women
8 The mop holder of tomorrow
9 It's the very best you can get, folks
10 Violin with pituitary glands (two words)
13 Nickel nurse
14 Scram, mousepuss!
15 Nuttier in flavor
20 Well known variety of violet
22 Low-down joints
24 Medieval forks
25 Stuff you say kind of which however doesn't insist on sense never mind nohow—or am I clear? (two words)
26 Glorified singsong
27 Ancient war
28 Glen with mush
30 Picked them up and laid them down again
31 Hibernian congresses
33 Bad beginning if you're trying to get adjusted
34 Dip
36 DiMaggio pillows
37 Debouch pellet, pullet!
40 Fashion
42 Swing fans enjoyed this this summer
44 Revolutionary lawyer
45 He Ott to hit .425 this year
47 It's always close
48 Wild West manila pretzel—there's a catch to this!
50 Kind of icide you perform if you bump off your wife
51 Unusually large female dog
52 Shining example of how to struggle along on $5,000 a week
53 Kind of surgery that gets you down in the mouth
54 Gobs and gobs
57 This barb's lost its stinger
59 Not much sense

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



SOUP BARS SCUM
INTO CARET MESA
ACES ENTER EDEN
MESIAL SKIRLERS
TRIO SPOT
DECIMATE PASTE
ALLOY HEWER AGO
LIEN HEROD PLED
ETA CURIO AROSE
ETHER ELEMENTS
ERRS SMUT
EMPLOYED BREMEN
REAP INANE NAVE
ANTE NOTED DREW
SUED GREW SENT

Last week's answer

PANORAMA OF HIGH COURAGE

Spencer Tracy and Sir Cedric Hardwicke divide honors in a picture taken from Africa's history

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ★ STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE

THE PLAYERS: Spencer Tracy, Nancy Kelly, Richard Greene, Walter Brennan, Charles Coburn, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Henry Hull, Henry Travers, Miles Mander, David Torrence, Paul Stanton, Holmes Herbert, Montague Shaw, Brandon Hurst, Hassan Said, Paul Harvey, Russell Hicks, Frank Dae, Joseph Crehan, Robert Middlemass, Frank Jaquet, Clarence Derwent. Screen play by Philip Dunne and Julien Josephson, based on research and story outline by Hal Long and Sam Hellman. Directed by Henry King. Produced by Twentieth-Century-Fox. Running time, 101 minutes.

FOR months Henry Morton Stanley, the first of the great newspaper correspondents, had struggled onward into Africa in quest of the long missing David Livingstone. He had been commissioned by James Gordon Bennett, owner of the New York Herald, to find Livingstone, then lost to the world for four years. Heat, savages, fever, wild animals, desertions, even mutiny, blocked his way. Finally, on November 10, 1871, racked by jungle fever, he came upon Livingstone on the banks of Lake Tanganyika. It is typical that he hesitated at the head of his safari, took off his hat and said formally:

" Dr. Livingstone, I presume? "

This film spectacle lavishly traces Stanley's intense, undeviating search for the Scotsman who was torn between being a missionary and a discoverer. It shows, too, Stanley's efforts, upon his return, to prove his story, for Livingstone stayed on in the heart of Africa, to make new finds and new converts—and to die two years later. Stanley finally is vindicated, but the quest has transformed him. He's off again to the wilds of the Dark Continent, drawn by the lure of adventure.

Spencer Tracy lends strength and vigor to the reporter who gets his man and his story, no matter what the price. There is a curiously honest tang to his screen characterizations and his Stanley has authenticity. There is little romance. Stanley dreams of an unrequited love while he tosses in his jungle tent o' nights and the lions howl in the distance. But Sir Cedric Hardwicke nearly steals the film as the lost discoverer in his brief appearance. He makes Livingstone a fanatical figure, led by a burning zeal to find new lands, new converts, and new hymn singers.

Here is a panorama of high courage, and history vividly retold.

VITAL STATISTICS: Only five years ago Spencer Tracy was eased out of the Fox studios' back gate. True, Twentieth Century and Darryl F. Zanuck weren't there then. But Tracy never had been able to emerge from Fox's B product and he was dropped. Next he got a chance at Metro, but nobody thought he would hold on. Then he did the priest in San Francisco and was on his way up. Now Spencer has two Oscars, the coveted awards of the Motion Picture Academy. One for Captains Courageous, the other for Boys Town. In only one item did

Livingstone and Stanley. Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Spencer Tracy in the film version of the famous story.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S The LION'S ROAR

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The greatest star of the screen!

"The Women" is played entirely by women. But it's all about men—just as was Clare Boothe's play which ran 666 performances at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre, New York.

* * * *

We see women at home, women in beauty parlors, women in salons, women on Park Avenue, women in Reno, women at work, women at play, women on the loose, women on the make, women in the kitchen, women in the boudoir—women, women everywhere!

And what women! Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell, Mary Boland, Paulette Goddard, Florence Nash, Joan Fontaine, Phyllis Povah, Lucille Watson, Virginia Weidler, Muriel Hutchinson . . . to mention but a lot.

* * * *

George Cukor who directed "Little Women" has the situation in hand. He admits that this "Women" isn't little.

* * * *

Hunt Stromberg, your favorite producer, has given his all to "The Women".

* * * *

The adaptable Jane Murfin adapted Miss Boothe's most successful drama. And Oliver Marsh focused the camera at the Adrian-gowned pearls of pulchritude, framed against Cedric Gibbon's scenes.

Fellow Men, you have it coming to you. And "The Women" can dish it out.

* * * *

You ask why is this Lion roaring? It isn't the air. It isn't the drinks. It isn't the music. It isn't the dancing.

* * * *

It's "The Women". —Leo

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

Tracy refuse to follow history. Stanley carried a portable bathtub all over Africa; Tracy said it would make him look like a softie. . . . The African background shots were filmed by an expedition headed by Otto Brower and Osa Johnson, widow of Martin Johnson. This covered Stanley's route from Nairobi to Ujiji, shot 90,000 feet of celluloid, which was cut to 4,000 feet in the final film. The safari traveled in twenty-seven motor trucks, had to build roads and bridges, took two months to traverse the 1,300 miles over which Stanley had suffered and struggled for ten months. Twenty-seven actors and technicians and 300 natives were along. The whole film was budgeted at two million. . . . Nancy Kelly became eighteen on March 25 in the midst of the filming. Tracy and Director King tossed a swell little party for her, and the studio cannibals all helped.

★ ★ ★ WHAT A LIFE

THE PLAYERS: Jackie Cooper, Betty Field, John Howard, Janice Logan, Lionel Stander, Vaughn Glaser, James Corner, Hedda Hopper, Dorothy Stickney, Lucien Littlefield, Kathleen Lockhart, Sidney Miller, Robert Smith, Betty McLaughlin, Janet Waldo, Douglas Fahy, Leonard Sues, Eddie Brian. Screen play by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder based on a stage comedy by Clifford Goldsmith. Directed by Theodore Reed. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 70 minutes.

HERE is another of those "sleepers," a surprisingly good little picture with no advance heralding. Based on Clifford Goldsmith's Broadway stage comedy of last season, it presents an amusing and human story of adolescence.

It all starts when Barbara Pearson gets her dental braces removed and acquires a new hair-do for the annual school dance. But Henry Aldrich, son of a Princeton grad who never forgets his Phi Beta Kappa key, isn't going to be permitted to go unless he passes his history exams with a good rating. So Henry cheats a bit from the lad sitting close by—and his problems start. He even is suspected of stealing the brass instruments of the school band and hocking them. It wouldn't be fair to tell you how he absolves himself from a mass of exceedingly damaging evidence, but he makes the dance with the braceless Barbara.

Our credit goes to the fresh story, the delightful playing of Jackie Cooper and Betty Field as the two young people touched by the magic of a new emotion, to Theodore Reed's shrewd direction.

VITAL STATISTICS: Paramount is thinking of starring Jackie Cooper in Booth Tarkington's Seventeen. And only two years ago he was considered at the awkward age, too in-between for films. So Metro released him. But Monogram put him in Boy of the Streets and Jackie proved everybody wrong. . . . Lionel Stander was aboard the S. S. Quiriga, bound for a lazy trip from New York to Panama, when Paramount decided it wanted him to play the hard-boiled dick sent to unravel the theft of the school band instruments. Three days of wireless and Stander left the Quiriga at Panama, boarded a fast boat for California, arrived a week later. Stander landed in films the hard way. For a long time he did bits on Fred Allen's radio show, moved west with it. Landed on the screen. Now he's in the money. . . . The Los Angeles High School provided the backgrounds and 400 of its 1,200 seniors were used for bits. They got $8.25 a day.

★ ★ **Mr. Wong in Chinatown** (Monogram). Boris Karloff as the erudite Chinese sleuth with the Chamberlain umbrella who solves the murder of the Princess Mei Ling in Frisco's Chinatown. This holds your interest, what with sinister doings, a sleeve gun, and a bad, bad dwarf. Director Bill Nigh makes the most of his footage. (64 minutes.)

★ ★ **Colorado Sunset** (Republic). Gene Autry and his guitar, with Smiley Burnette helping, turn from steers to cows, free the countryside of a murderous gang of milk pirates terrorizing the farmers. (60 minutes.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Goodbye Mr. Chips, Only Angels Have Wings, Union Pacific, Juarez, Stagecoach, That Certain Age.

★★★½—Young Mr. Lincoln, Wuthering Heights, The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, Three Smart Girls Graw Up, Midnight, Dark Victory, The Little Princess, The Oklahoma Kid.

★★★—Each Dawn I Die, Winter Carnival, Beau Geste, They Shall Have Music, On Borrowed Time, Bachelor Mother, Five Came Back, Daughters Courageous, Man About Town, Jamaica Inn, Four Feathers, Blind Alley, Invitation to Happiness, Rose of Washington Square, It's a Wonderful World, Confessions of a Nazi Spy, For Love or Money, Back Door to Heaven, East Side of Heaven, The Hardys Ride High, The Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The Hound of the Baskervilles, Man of Conquest, Dodge City, The Flying Irishman, Let Freedom Ring, Yes My Darling Daughter.

"Look, Pop! It's a Homer!"

Not last week's game; not something that happened yesterday; not even a minute ago. But *right now!* Seeing things—miles away—at the very instant they happen! That's the new thrill that television now makes possible.

BUT television is destined to do more than this for us. The foundation is laid for a whole new industry—careers for artists; jobs for hundreds of engineers and thousands of skilled workmen making television transmitters and receivers; jobs for thousands more selling and servicing this new product and providing the raw materials required. These are important possibilities of television.

For more than 60 years, General Electric scientists, engineers, and workmen have been finding new ways for electricity to serve the public—in factory, farm, and home. The new products and services made possible by their work have helped to produce the steady rise in the living standards of the American people.

And *right now,* as television emerges from the laboratory to take its place among the accomplished marvels of this age of electricity, these G-E pioneers are once again creating, not only "More Goods for More People at Less Cost," but also MORE AND BETTER JOBS AT HIGHER WAGES.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

90-170D1

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

FOR one of the various blessings of being able to travel light nowadays, we owe a debt of gratitude to Stella Lee, who inspired the first manufacture of glove-silk underwear. On the road fifty years ago for a silk-glove house, she rebelled against the bother of packing and laundering bulky old-fashioned undies, so she asked her firm to make some for her out of their glove silk, whereupon a now universal comfort was born.

Talking recently with Jessica West, stylist for the Kayser Company, I gleaned a number of geographic facts that may surprise you. . . . Warm as Egyptian weather usually is, Egypt's up-to-date daughters wear skin-tight panties of wool to keep out the chill of the ancient stone-paved houses when it rains. . . . Smallest sizes in silk stockings are shipped to Mexico and South America. . . . Women of Europe's royal families purchase silk underwear by mail order from the United States, as do the ladies on two of earth's tiniest colonial islands, Mauritius and Réunion. . . . Canada follows the Hollywood lead in hosiery colors. Women of our Western and Middle Western states accept new stocking shades much quicker than do the women of our conservative East. . . . Any girl employed by the Kayser people must be willing to show her knees, since all stocking novelties are tried out on members of the staff. . . . Glove-silk undies are tailored to fit the perfect female form of a dummy nicknamed Patricia. One named Lizzie had the job for years, but had to be supplanted because she couldn't trim herself to match our modern streamlined shapes.

☆ The spy business, now so flourishing, produces true stories that are stranger than fiction. I won't tell you where this real-life romance of espionage is taking place, but here are the essentials: During the World War a beautiful " Swiss " governess, caring for the younger kids of a munition millionaire, was discovered to be a spy. She disappeared. Nothing has ever been learned of her fate. Yet one of the munition man's sons has been hunting for her since then. He was sixteen in 1917. Today he is powerful in the intelligence service of a major nation. And he's still searching for the lost governess, with whom he was secretly in love more than twenty years ago.

☆ What kind of radio entertainment do you prefer with your knitting or sewing? A program director has asked me to find out. He tells me that lady radio listeners protest about political broadcasts upsetting their needlework. Too distracting, they claim. Neither do they like to knit to opera selections, to symphony orchestras, nor to anything heavily educational. Some declare they sew best to light music; some to detective stories. What do *you* say?

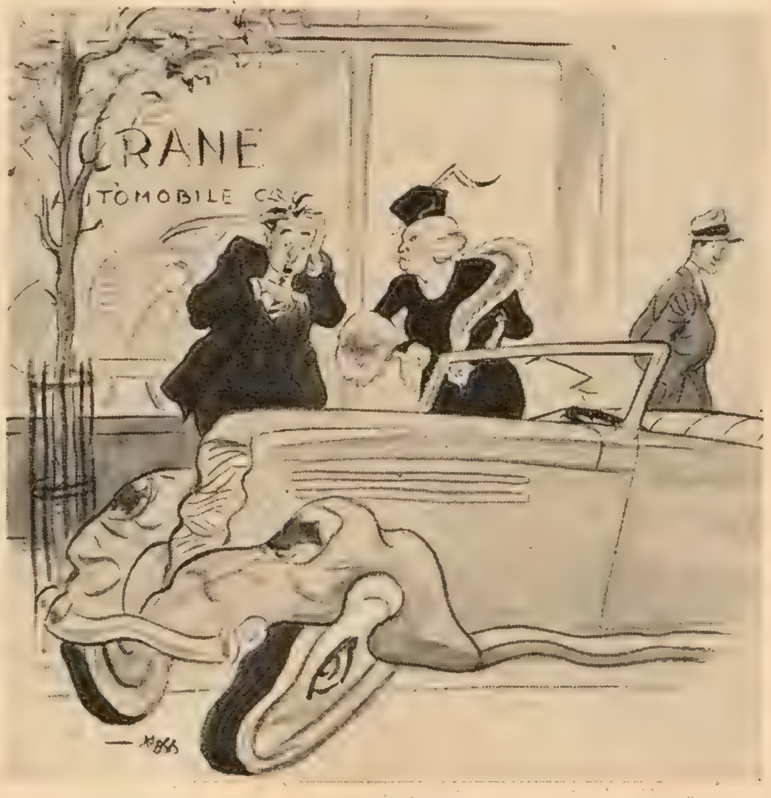
☆ From the marriage of a Canadian girl and a Kentucky man, both of whom like to cook, comes this recipe for a delicious dessert combining their two favorite sweet things —maple syrup and peaches. They call the result *Canatucky Turnovers:*

Roll rich biscuit dough to ¾-inch thickness. Slice ripe peaches thin; sugar well. Shape dough into individual turnovers or one big one, just as you please. Fill with sliced peaches. Place in buttered pan and bake 15 minutes in hot oven. Meanwhile dissolve 2 cups granulated sugar in 1 cup hot water, then add ¾ cup maple syrup and 2 tablespoons butter divided into small dabs. Pour over and around turnovers. Lower flame and continue baking very slowly for 25 minutes. Turnovers should be crusty brown in a golden glaze of caramelized syrup. Take them up with a spatula; let cool ½ hour; serve with thick cream.

☆ With the apartment-hunting season about to begin, you may be interested to learn that one of the swellest snuggeries in the world is now for rent. A friend just home from London has been telling me about it. Situated on Park Lane, it belongs to King George's cousin, Lord Louis Mountbatten. The famous flat includes twenty-three rooms, a family movie theater, a separate six-room apartment used as the children's nursery, and a kitchen stove guaranteed large enough to roast eighty chickens all at the same time. Mountbatten monograms are emblazoned on every ceiling, every door, every radiator. A private telephone line connects the flat with the private phones of such important gentry as Noel Coward and London's best dressed duchess, Marina of Kent. The rental is merely $21,000 a year.

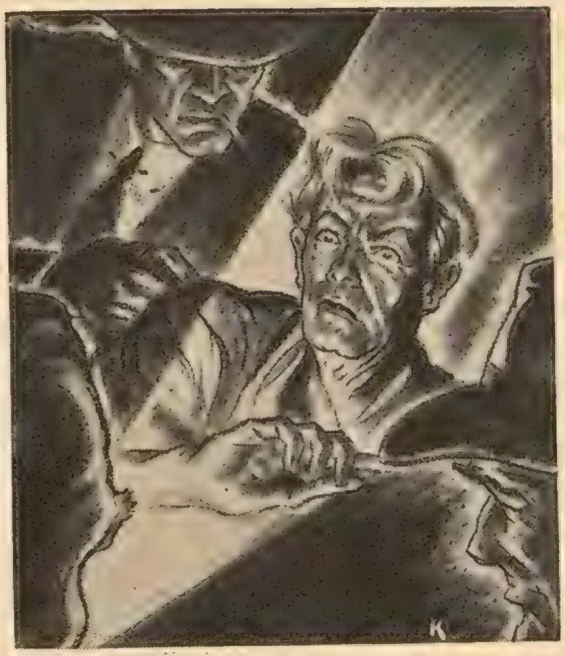
☆ Anna French Johnson's own story, The Making of a Minister's Wife, helps us appreciate some of the quieter triumphs achieved by American womanhood. Well worth reading. (Published by the D. Appleton-Century Co.)

☆ Unconventional shop talk overheard among vacationing doctors on the veranda of a summer hotel: . . . " All psychiatrists have to deal sometimes with cases where the only clean-cut cure would be a murder, which of course no psychiatrist may ethically prescribe." . . . " Gout is by no means limited to the toes of the wine-bibbing rich. Plenty of poor people get gout. It can ache very painfully along the rims of your ears." . . . Said a surgeon: " To quiet a child, I once examined and operated on her doll. After watching me, she was not afraid to undergo her own operation."



" But, madam, I only said the car practically steered itself! "

ONE SAFE AND THREE SORRY



Liberty's Short Short

BY EDDIE FORESTER

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

"COME on, you old buzzard! Roll out!"

Old Scrap Gifford couldn't understand at first. The lids over his bleary eyes slid open; his head rolled on the gunny-sack pillow until he had to squint against the beam of the flashlight glaring in his face. The gruff commands were clearer as he slowly awoke. The prod of something round and hard set his aged body moving. He swung his bare feet to the rough board floor and sat on the side of the crude bed with its frowzy blankets.

Now he was awake, and a quick survey of the room found things not at all to his liking. By the light of the moon, coming through the one window in the shack which was his junk-yard office and living quarters, Old Scrap could make out the forms of three young plug-uglies standing before him.

One of the intruders laughed. "The old crow doesn't even undress when he sleeps!"

Old Scrap resented that. "Waste of time! Just have to put 'em back on again in the mornin'! Now, by gad, what's the idee of wakin' a man up in the middle of the night?"

The short, stockily built man, apparently the leader, stepped forward. "Now listen, you old buzzard. Do just as I tell you and nothin'll happen to you. We want the dough in that safe over there—and we want it quick!"

"What makes you think I got any money?"

"We know you got dough—lots of it. That English guy that was here about five o'clock this evening—he bought all the scrap iron you had on the place, and I know how he does business. He paid you cash and it was too late for you to get to the bank with it."

So that was it, Scrap thought to himself. They'd probably been following that British agent all over the country.

Old Scrap was proud of that safe. It was the only piece of office equipment he had, and it made him feel important—like a real business man.

He was brought back to the present by one of the bandits dragging him across the floor.

"O. K., grandpa, get busy! We ain't got all night! Hurry up!"

But Scrap didn't hurry up. "Nope, men," he said very casually, to hide his fear. "Reckon I can't oblige you. That'd be helpin' you to be dishonest."

He got a stiff cuff on the ear that almost jarred his head off. "How would you like a slug right between the eyes?"

Scrap backed away, rubbing his smarting ear. "Well, now, stranger, that might be plumb onpleasant, but I reckon I wouldn't know much about it, so 'twouldn't matter much—leastwise, to an old coot like me who's lived a pretty full life already, anyhow. If you're gonna kill me 'cause I won't open that safe fer you, then you're just gonna have to go ahead and do it."

Old Scrap almost got the broad side of a gun this time, but the leader yanked his man's arm back. "Leave the old buzzard alone," he commanded. "Pop, I admire your nerve, but it still ain't gonna save your dough, because blowin' cracker boxes like yours is our specialty. How about that old truck in your back yard—does it run?"

"What you gonna do?" asked one of his men.

"Haul it out in the country and soup it. We can't blow it here. We're less than a block from the railroad freight yards and they might hear the blast." To the junk dealer he said: "Lucky for you I'm a softhearted guy, pop, or I'd bust your mangy carcass up. But beatin' or killin' old guys like you ain't in my line. I got an old man down in Texas somewhere, and for his sake I'm lettin' you off. Give me the key to your truck."

"It's in the truck," Scrap said. "I never take it out."

One man left, and a few minutes later the truck wheezed and snorted up to the door. After much straining and cursing they got the safe loaded. They tied the old man's feet and hands and left him lying on the floor.

"You'll find your truck and safe out in the country, pop. Sorry to clean you out this way, but you wouldn't know what to do with that much dough, anyway."

IT was almost two thirty in the morning when he heard the familiar spasmodic coughs of his truck as it pulled up beside the shack. His ears caught the sound of another motor, too. Then both engines ceased to throb and he heard voices outside the door.

"Hello, there! Scrap! Are you there?"

It took several minutes for the old man to get the blood circulating through his limbs after the sheriff and his deputy had cut him loose.

"Well, Scrap, this sure was your lucky night," the sheriff was saying. "Since the truck strike started, Tom and me been cruising the county roads all night, makin' sure that drivers ain't molested. Then we see your truck comin' along, and I remember that I told you not to take it out at night until you got that taillight to workin' again. I see it ain't fixed and set out to stop you and give you th' devil. Well, sir, as we pull alongside, the truck turns into the ditch an th' driver comes out shootin'. Another car with two guys in it is right behind, and it stops and they come out shootin'. It gets pretty hot for Tom and me for a minute or two, but they couldn't hit the broad side of a barn. One of 'em is in jail, another is in the county hospital under guard, and the other one gets a free funeral."

"I heard you had a lot of money, too," the deputy put in.

"Yep, reckon I did," Scrap admitted. "Had up'ards of two thousand dollars—right here in my pants pocket. You know, sheriff, I kinda wish you hadn't caught 'em until after they'd blowed the safe. I bought it offen Thad Plummer, year or two ago, fer scrap iron. But it was such a pretty thing I ain't resold it. It's been locked all the time, and I'm plumb curious to know what's in the damned thing!"

THE END

On the Air!

Fulton Oursler, Editor in Chief of Liberty, speaks every Tuesday at 9.30 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over most stations of the NBC Blue Network, coast to coast.

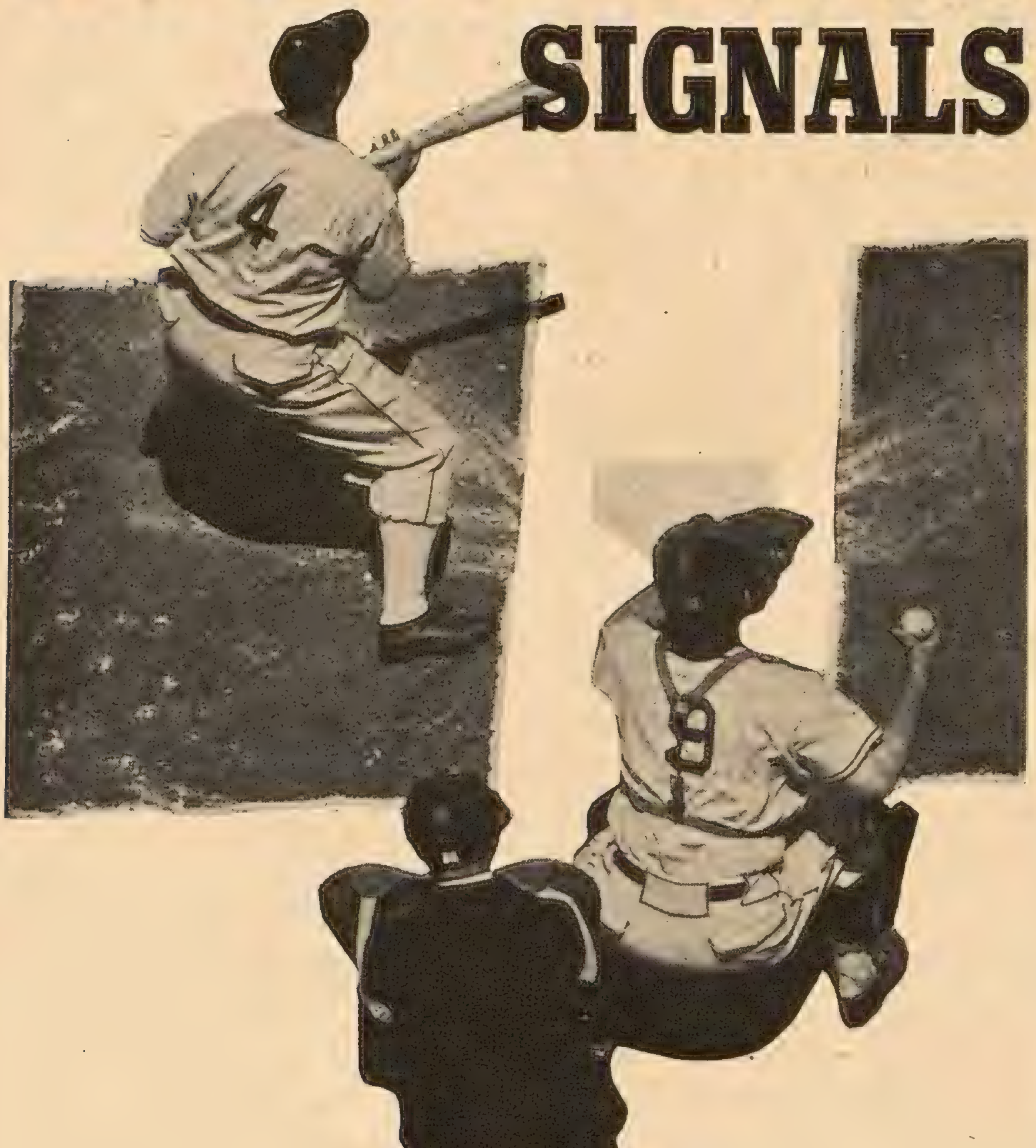
Mr. Oursler's subjects are selected with a view to their timeliness and importance in a rapidly changing world.

A broadcast for liberals with common sense! Be sure to

TUNE IN!

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

STEALING WORLD SERIES SIGNS AND SIGNALS



There are spies in baseball, very clever at foretelling plays. Here are inside tips on the art

BY JIMMY POWERS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 47 SECONDS

ESPIONAGE agents flourish everywhere. Army and navy officials, our ladies' dress and millinery manufacturers — and our baseball managers will attest to that!

When the champions of the American League and the National circuit gallop on to the field for their first clash in this World Series, you can bet all the hickory in the bat factory the rival clubs have thoroughly spied upon and noted the mannerisms, weaknesses, and strength of each man on the opposing roster.

Behind-the-scenes work of underpublicized diamond spies frequently is far more entertaining than the prosaic accumulation of runs by well known warriors on the World Series battle front.

Take that memorable scene in the New York Giant dugout one crisp autumn afternoon. Outside, a delirious Series crowd roared, as batter after batter strode to the plate and cracked out bristling base hits.

John McGraw's beady blue eyes were pinpoints of fire.

"You say Mathewson's got his stuff?" McGraw asked the player at his side.

"Yep," came the reply; "his fast ball is popping and his curve was never sharper."

McGraw studied the enemy third-base coach. His eyes swept the diamond carefully. Some one, he knew, was stealing the "signs." (Baseball players never call them signals.) Some one was tipping the batter, telling him in advance when to prepare himself for a fast ball or a curve.

McGraw continued his inspection of the diamond. His catcher was squatting low, carefully concealing his fingers which wigwagged the signs to Matty. The catcher's right knee swung around so the enemy coach on first base could not see his fingers. At the same time the catcher's big mitt shielded his wriggling digits from the third-base coach.

Finally McGraw's shrewd eyes traveled out of the playing field to the clubhouse.

"Hey," he growled, "which way is the wind blowing?"

A player on the dugout steps squinted at the row of flags snapping from their masts on the grandstand roof.

"Dead east."

"I got it, then," said McGraw. "Look at that weather vane over the clubhouse. It's pointing north. In a few seconds it will be pointing south, then back to north again. Some wise guy is sitting in the window with a telescope, reading our signs!"

The little Napoleon bellowed for "Time!" The observer was chased from his perch near the tampered weather vane. And another World Series spy plot was nipped in the bud.

CATCHERS today, of course, take greater pains to shield their signs than they did in the days of McGraw. This is because a brand-new crop of sign stealers has sprung up, men with sharp eyes and razor brains which pay off juicy dividends when a World Series pot of $250,000 is at stake.

One of the best in the business today is Coach Art Fletcher of the World Champion Yanks. Another excellent spy is Manager Del Baker of the Tigers. And probably tops in baseball's OGPU is Coach Chuck Dressen of the Dodgers. Dressen says: "In the three and a half seasons I managed Cincinnati ['34-'37] there never was a game played where I failed to steal at least one sign. One day, against the Cubs, I sat in our dugout and correctly predicted fourteen plays or pitches."

Sometimes a star will outsmart a spy.

That's why in the World Series between the Cards and Tigers, Dizzy Dean, aware of the fact that Baker was trailing him to memorize any physical mannerisms that might serve as a giveaway, purposely permitted Baker to note that he, Dean, invariably hitched up his trousers before unlimbering his fast ball. Then, when the World Series started, and Baker,

TO SHAVE FAST WITH COMFORT—
DO AS BARBERS DO...USE COLGATE LATHER

Domenick Panizzi
Proprietor,
Greyhound Terminal Barber Shop,
N. Y. C.

2 OUT OF 3 BARBERS USE COLGATE LATHER—THE FAST *FRIENDLY* SHAVE!

So, for a fast easy lather shave at home, use Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream for these 3 reasons:

1. **QUICK** because you don't have to prepare your beard before using Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.
2. **SMOOTH** because its rich, small bubble lather melts the beard soft at base, so your razor cuts clean.
3. **ECONOMICAL** You can get 200 clean, friendly shaves in every 40¢ tube of Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.

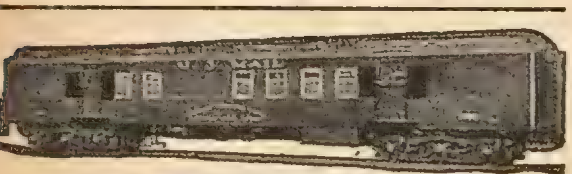
COLGATE
RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

Wake Up Your Liver Bile—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.



U. S. GOVERNMENT JOBS

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FRANKLIN INSTITUTE DEPT. R219 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

standing on third, started to flash to Greenberg, in the batter's box, what was coming—Dean crossed him. The result was Greenberg's utter confusion and eventual victory for the Cardinals.

It is a simple matter, by the way, for a third-base coach to relay the pitch to the batter. Just before the pitcher's windup the coach may yell a sentence beginning with the word "all." Such as, "All right, Joey, you can do it!" or "All the boys are going to run on this one, Butch." The word "all" is code for fast ball. Any exhortation starting with "come" ("Come on, boy!") may mean a curve.

During a World Series there are signs popping all over the park. These comprise a far greater variety than the catcher-to-pitcher flash. To name several variations: There is the "pick-off" sign. If the base runner recklessly gets a half stride too far from the little white cushion, the catcher will signal his pitcher and first baseman for a "pitchout." This is a fast ball, shoulder-high, purposely thrown to the right of the plate. The catcher lunges, receives the ball with his arms high (near the ideal throwing position), and in a fractional second has it winging down to first base.

The pitcher may decide to serve an outside curve to a right-handed batter. The probability is that such a delivery, if hit, will drop into right field. Outfielders are instructed to prepare to shift in that direction. Often this sign to the outfield is relayed by the shortstop, who holds his glove behind his back, meaning shift to the left; his bare hand, shift right.

A catcher also has another sign, with a runner on first, telling the second baseman, or the shortstop, to cover second base. If a batter knew which side of the infield was to be left unguarded, it would be an advantage for him to swing in that direction.

The team at bat also has its signs, and obviously it is a help to steal them, too.

FANS often wonder how an ordinarily good base runner manages to get thrown out at second by a good ten feet. The catcher may have stolen the batter's hit-and-run sign.

The hit-and-run play is executed with a runner on first, who receives instructions to start running with the pitcher's windup. An infielder will run to second to cover the catcher's anticipated throw, and the batter is then supposed to punch a ball through the hole left by the infielder while the runner makes third.

If a catcher knows the hit-and-run sign has been flashed he sends a sign to his pitcher calling for a pitchout. He takes the ball and whips it down to second, invariably catching the runner by yards.

All eyes during a World Series are alert for an *unconscious* signal. Many pitchers have some mannerism that tips off their delivery. In the heat of a World Series battle, with $5,000 riding on every windup, the average athlete is so busy concentrating on striking out the hitter that he often betrays himself.

Red Faber had a spitball that baffled every team but the Athletics. That's because Eddie Collins, his former White Sox teammate, noticed his giveaway. Red used to hide the ball in his glove, then lower his mouth to it. Sometimes he'd spit on it. Other times he wouldn't. Yet the A's always knew when he was serving the somewhat slower "dry ball."

Crafty Collins explained:

"It was a cinch to steal Faber's fake. We'd watch him mouth the saliva and peck at the hidden ball. If he didn't spit, it's a cinch he had to swallow saliva, and the peak of his cap would bob like an Adam's apple."

THERE are classic examples of catchers' signals being looted.

Eddie Ainsmith was an easy mark. Ed replaced Gabby Street at Washington as receiver for Walter Johnson. It was in the Big Train's declining years, but he still threw what looked to batters like an aspirin tablet, and a curve that was fair.

Ainsmith was a burly specimen of manhood and a slight show-off. By shearing his undershirts at the sleeve, he bared his brawny arms. This proved fatal. For Eddie used to put one finger down to signal a fast ball, while he'd wiggle a finger up and down for a curve.

Batters peeked backward as Johnson was being signaled. The finger wiggle caused a telltale ripple in Ainsmith's muscular forearm. That meant a meaty curve was coming. The hitter would take a toe hold, wait for the ball to break, and—wham!

Catchers must watch for other potential plunderers—the base runners. The man at second base can see every sign sent from pitcher to catcher. He then may relay the pitch to the batter by a system such as hand on hip, curve; hands at sides, fast ball; hands together, failed to detect signal.

John McGraw and Connie Mack, greatest managers of all time, both used to give signals from the bench. Jawn used his catcher as a switchboard. When McGraw had great shortstops like Bancroft and Jackson, he'd have them relay the next pitch to the outfield.

Connie Mack's famed score card once spoke a complete language. He'd indicate each pitch while spies watched. During the World Series with Joe McCarthy's Cubs, Connie gave fake signs while a rookie near the water cooler gave the legitimate code. The Lean Leader depends more on his coaches now, and his score-card wiggle-waggle is confined to shifting outfielders' positions.

Chuck Dressen, best whistler in baseball, sometimes utilizes his art thus: shrill whistle, fast ball; foghorn blow, curve.

Is sign stealing ethical? Surely! It is just as fair as "hitting them where they ain't." A good spy is worth an extra hike in pay.

THE END

FUNNY FILL-INS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

WILL AWARD $2,000 EASY MONEY

BEGIN AN ENTRY TODAY AND WIN A CASH PRIZE

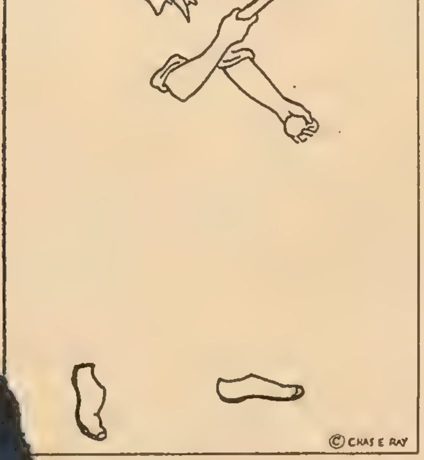
EVEN though you have not yet entered the Funny Fill-Ins game you still can do so with an excellent chance to win a substantial share of the prize money. Do not delay any longer. Get into the game while there is still time and file your claim to a share of the rewards. The money must be paid. Why not be a payee? You need no artistic talent, skill, or training. A child has the same opportunity to win as an adult. The fun you capture in your completion of the Fill-Ins is the basis of awards. That's why the name "Funny Fill-Ins" is used. No. 7 this week presents a musical theme. Perhaps the torsoless fiddler is playing the old song I Ain't Got Nobody. Anyway, you can supply the missing lines and relieve the uncertainty about what separates his head from his feet. Save the result of your effort until the end of the game, when your set of ten will be complete.

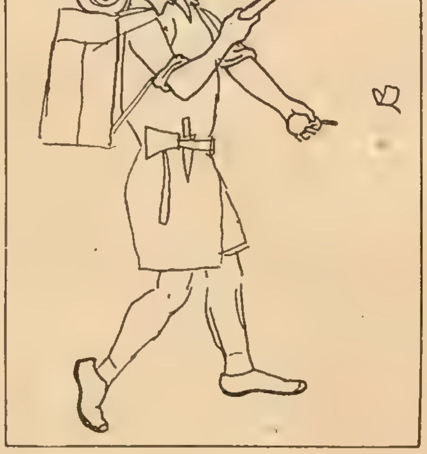
LATE-ENTRY OFFER

If you require the first six Funny Fill-Ins to bring your entry up to date, send to the address in Rule 3, enclosing ten cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. When you receive them you can draw in the lines at your leisure and your entry will be even with the field. Save all Fill-Ins until the end of the game.

TO HELP YOU START

As an example of the possibilities of this game, Liberty publishes an illustration below. Perhaps you will use this for practice before working on Funny Fill-In No. 7. Possibly you will make tracings of the Fill-In and complete them in various ways before selecting your final version. No matter how you proceed, please remember that artistic talent is not necessary at all. The fun's the thing!





yright, 1939, by Charles E. Ray

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending in the issue dated September 30, Liberty will publish a Funny Fill-In.

2. Clip out each Funny Fill-In as it appears and draw in the missing parts of the face, body, and costume, making whatever additions you choose. Make each picture as funny or amusing as you can, using your own ideas about what will give the desired effect. A soft black pencil is recommended.

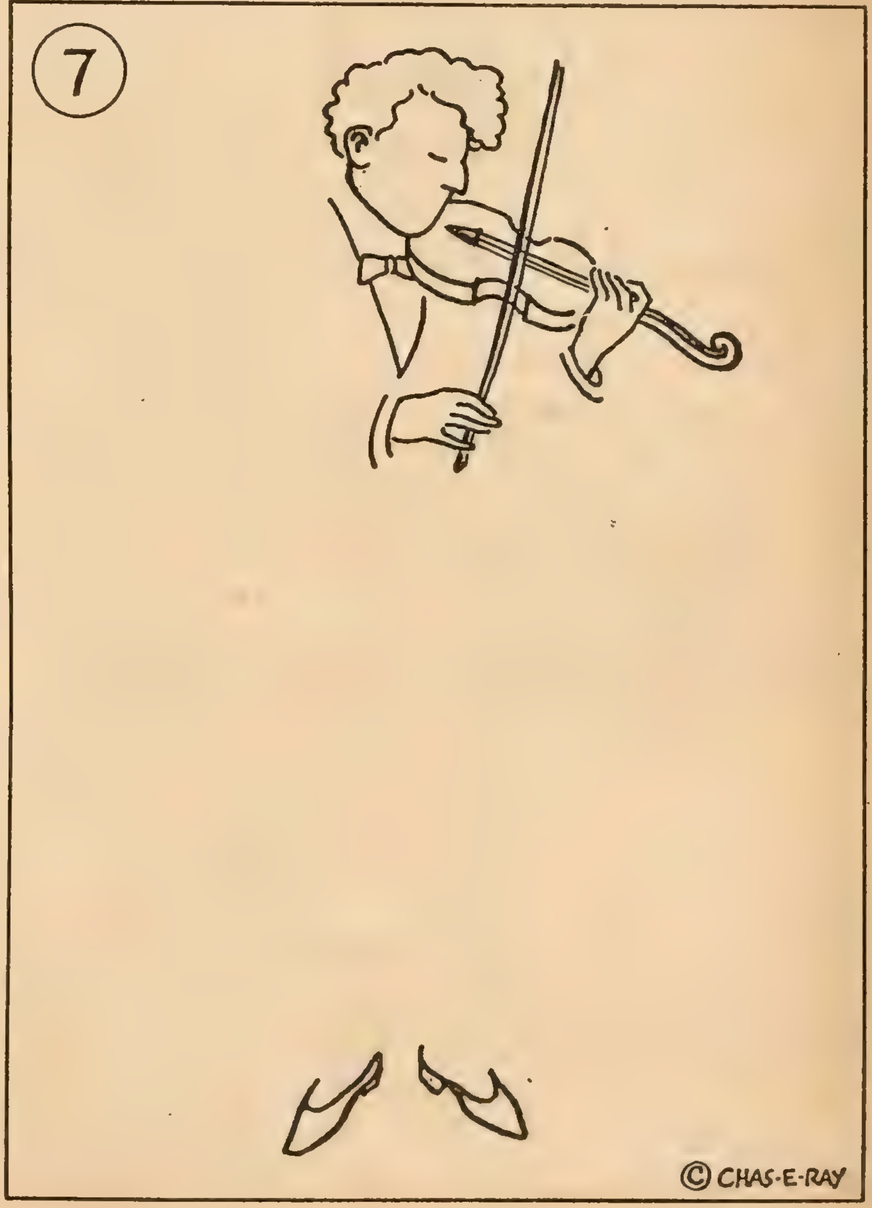
3. Send no entries until your set of ten completed Funny Fill-Ins is assembled. Then send them in as a unit. Address your entry to Funny Fill-Ins Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York. N. Y.

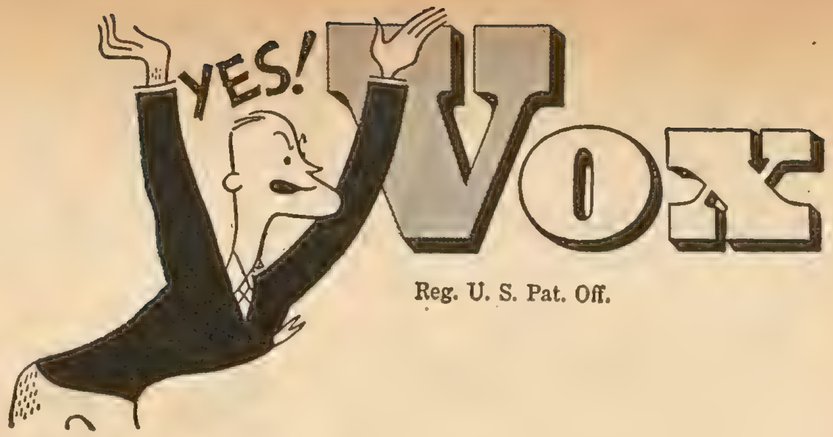
4. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

5. Entries will be judged on the basis of amusingness, originality, and neatness. On that basis the entry rating highest will be awarded a First Prize of $500. In the order of their excellence other entries will receive the following awards: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; 200 Prizes, each $5; a total of $2,000. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

6. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence relative to any entry.

7. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Wednesday, October 4, 1939, the closing date of this contest.





Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"DON'T PITY THE STEPMOTHER"

ROXBURY, MASS.—I read Pity the Poor Stepmother in July 8 Liberty, and immediately became so incensed that I had to sit down and write you. I've been a stepmother to four children for eleven years, and I have yet to regret taking the initial step. There isn't a day goes by that I do not feel proud of them; not a day when one of them does not do or say something to me which makes me feel the richest woman alive; not a day when I do not feel unworthy of their trust; not a day when I do not pray that I shall not fall down on this, my biggest and most difficult job.

So I say: Don't pity the stepmother!

The woman who is chosen to be the stepmother to the children of the man she loves is fortunate indeed. When a man chooses a woman to be not only his wife but the prospective mother of his ready-made children as well, he does so believing her to be superlative among women. No greater tribute can be paid any woman than that. She falls heir to two distinct positions at once: that of a wife, and that of a mother—and to children who have never been responsible for one agonizing pain of childbirth to produce!

To be a stepmother and a wife is no easy job. Neither is being a teacher, nurse, or office executive easy. All need preparation and training. Being a stepmother is no different than any other profession. It too needs preparation and training.

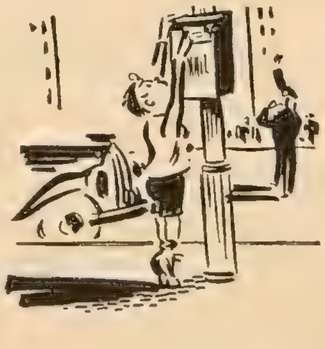
Never in the wide world would you think of walking into an office and shouting, "Here am I, chosen by the president of this concern as one of the best office executives in the country! Accept me! Like me! Treat me well!" Instead you would strive to prove your worth, trying in every way to make yourself agreeable, useful, indispensable. Being a stepmother is the same. You must prove your worth not only to your husband but to his children as well. The children naturally resent you. You are a stranger to them with very foreign ways. You are taking a beloved person's place. You must wait until they accept you. And they will accept you if you're worth accepting.

Children are not won over in a day or a week. It takes many days, months, and sometimes years before they will accept you as a tried person worthy of taking their own mother's place. Once they do accept you, your heart will swell with such a warmth as you have never before known! There's nothing like it—this love of some one else's children.

If you expect to have the undivided attention and consideration of your husband, you are doomed to disappointment. Later you will learn to appreciate the oneness which exists between father and children; for in considering his children first he proves his stability. Were you, as a new interest, able to distract him from his children indefinitely, then some one in future years might also be able to win him away from your side also. So do not chafe under this divided interest in the children and yourself. Try to remember that you are stepping into a scheme of things that has been in process for some time. Ease yourself into it gradually and as gracefully as you can.

Stepchildren will amaze you with gestures of friendliness, loyalty, thoughtfulness.

Often incidents will exasperate you. You will often have to play second fiddle to the children; you will have to forgo your pleasure for theirs; you will find your husband remembering his little daughter's birthday—and forgetting yours; you will have to live constantly with a dead woman's memory. If you can weather these things, can be tolerant, thoughtful, and in time understanding, you will become one of the finest, happiest, and most grateful women in the world—a real mother!—*Mildred F. O'Donnell.*



MR. QUINN STICKS OUT HIS CHIN

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Bernard Shaw's statement about Ireland in July 29 Liberty is timely.

What did Ireland do in the World War? The Sinn Feiners in Ireland were openly pro-German; they worked day and night for a German victory; they sent information to Germany; they laid plots to interfere with British and American navies.

With the assistance of Sinn Feiners, German agents and German spies were landed in Ireland. Their efforts weakened the American fleet and did much to prolong the war. This meant that the lives of American boys were sacrificed to the senseless Irish hatred of England.

A bit of Hitlerism in Ireland might change the tune of the English-hating Irish.—*John N. Quinn.*

GROW SMALLER SPUDS

PINEY FLATS, TENN.—Knowing that Liberty likes to get clean, constructive criticism, I might report what my neighbor thinks of your magazine. He borrows my old Libertys once a year, all he can carry. I ask him how did he like them. Just one objection, he says; they ain't big enough to wrap sweet potatoes fer winter's keepin'.—*Sam Hughes.*

JACK JOHNSON'S ENGLISH

BALTIMORE, MD.—The extreme diligence of your "Jim Nasium," creator of The Holdup that Bagged a World Championship, in July 8 Liberty, is painfully reminiscent of the reluctance of some writers (including the veterans) to substitute fact for fiction.

In the article "Jim Nasium" regales but at the same time somewhat obliterates his journalistic abilities by "quoting" Mr. Jack Johnson as being a grammatical exponent of what was at one time called "Negro dialect," or what might otherwise be termed the Negro's version of the white man's English.

The undersigned has chatted with Mr. Jack Johnson, former Negro heavyweight boxing champion of the world, on more than one occasion. In no wise nor at any time did Mr. Jack Johnson express himself in accordance with the type of English quoted by Mr. "Jim Nasium." In fact, the English grammar used by Mr. Jack Jackson, even casually, was, so far as grammatical expression and rhetorical rules are concerned, far superior to that which Mr. "Jim Nasium" uses throughout his article, which would be fairly good were it not for the decadences which he quotes as being those of Mr. Jack Johnson.

Conclusion: Mr. "Jim Nasium," in my humble opinion, is either "nuts in his noodle" or—and if so, may it be deeply regretted—his journalistic diligence needs a thorough house cleaning.—*Karl Francis Phillips (Just Another Veteran Writer).*

THE "UMPH" IN LONG NAILS

DILLON, S. C.—A recent picture of a high-salaried, much touted girl of the movies shows prominently scarlet nails, definitely ugly and long enough to tear a man's face to shreds in short order. Pretty as I admit the girl to be and charming as she perhaps is, I wonder if she could understand that such savage looking nails so boldl flaunted give normal peopl feeling of actual physical

vulsion. Why does she do it? Doesn't she know that if she had more intelligence and taste and less "umph" (if that's what the murderous-looking nails are for) she would be more attractive and infinitely better "box office?"—*Dallas McCutcheon.*

MR. MACFADDEN AND THE NYA

LAS VEGAS, N. M.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial The Greatest Tragedy of My Life (July 8 Liberty) seems closely to resemble the argument of a man who maintains that the apple is more valuable than the apple tree. I sincerely feel that his Alabama demonstration of the benefits to be derived by underprivileged boys from athletic activities is to be highly commended; but the implications of his editorial to the effect that the National Youth Administration is failing to contribute to the same ends is truly lamentable. Students who could not possibly be in school without National Youth Administration help take regular physical training courses, have constant access to tennis courts and basketball facilities as well as other athletic equipment, and participate in intramural sports even though they may not be proficient enough to enter intercollegiate competition.

The athletic program he recommended is a praiseworthy auxiliary activity, but unfortunately young people must eat as well as prepare to earn their food, and only small number can do so hrough athletic prowess.—*ward Eyring.*

FACE TO FACE WITH A WORM

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Bill Williamson (July 29 Vox Pop) may have used angleworms for over forty-five years but apparently hasn't looked at them too closely.

For over forty-five years I have been able to tell one end of an angleworm from the other by the expression on its face.

Any fisherman that ever stretched a fish will corroborate this statement, I'm sure. —*F. H. Hurley.*

WAR AND THE BIBLE

SPRINGFIELD, MO.—I am in favor of letting the people vote as to whether we should go to war, that is, all except those who hold interests in munition plants. Of course this is only a daydream, for the Bible plainly tells us that the entire world will be at war sometime; but it is our duty to do all we can to prevent it or postpone it.—*Violet Mount.*

RED, WHITE, AND BOO!

BAY ST. LOUIS, MISS.—After reading the four shocking installments of Comrade X (July 15 to August 5) I wonder why the few remaining sincere American people allow such an infamous, obnoxious state of affairs to continue. Surely if our precious liberty and religious freedom are in danger simply because our Constitution guarantees the right of all opposing trends of thought and policies to operate unmolested, it is high time we should do something about it, before our broad-minded tolerance sinks us into the mire of Russian-controlled Communism.

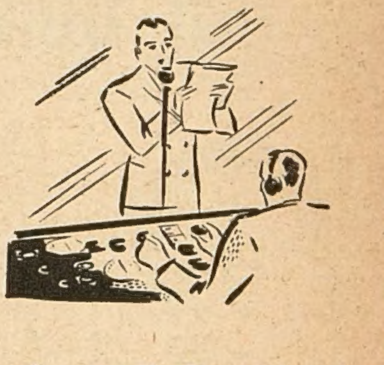
It is a mass of lies, deceit, and hypocrisy ensnaring the loyal worker and laboring man, who, I believe, would have none of it if it could at all times be exposed to them in its true colors.—*Eleanor Everett.*

INGLEWOOD, CALIF. — So Russia contemplates taking over the big old U. S. A. at one fell stroke and making us a vassal state? Such old stuff! Our big barons of finance tried to tell us such bogey tales twenty years ago.—*X-Rae.*

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—In this city as well as Denver you are considered a "screwball" when you talk of the danger of Communism directed by Stalin.

As it was in Germany, I suppose people won't wake up until Storm Troopers in the insidious shapes of Communists are in our midst. Only then will people say, "Why didn't you tell us?"—*Leon V. Almirall.*

NEW ORLEANS, LA. — So "within twenty-four hours" the Commies can "paralyze the transportation and communications systems of this country"; and they can "blow up every American fort, scuttle every battleship"; and—*mirabile dictu!* — "between nightfall and nightfall they can deliver this country to Soviet Russia." Hot dog! Sure is an age of speed, ain't it, pal? Er—by the way, what are the honest-to-Hannah Americans (there are still ten or a dozen of us between Bangor and Seattle) going to be doing while all this grabbing and quick-like-a-jack-rabbit sabotaging is happening? Picnicking in Novia Scotia? Or maybe we're being hypnotized by "insidious propaganda" into believing Stalin and his boys know all the right answers. Yeah. — *Kenneth Krum.*

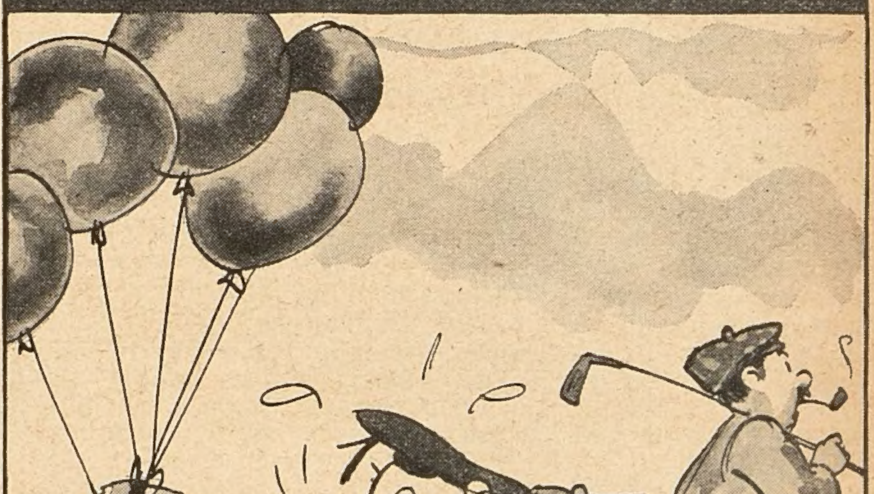


FRIDAY WINS—BY A HAIR

SPRINGDALE, PA.—In Twenty Questions of July 15 I believe ye editors erred when they named Jeeves, created by P. G. Wodehouse, as the best known manservant in the world. I'm sure if it were put to the poll Robinson Crusoe's man Friday would win as not only the best known but also the most popular.

Then, too, I have been led to believe by scientists that there is no appreciable difference in the growth of hair according to the seasons.—*Russell A. Wagle.*

"HARDTACK"



"I had to do something—this guy's clubs were wearin' me out!"

Europe's Outcasts Knock at Our Doors—What to Do?

FULTON OURSLER
© George Maillard Kesslere

WHEREVER ONE goes today, the refugee question is being discussed. One hears violent differences of opinion. Shall we let more of them in? Have we the right to keep them out? Have we the right to let them in, when unemployment of our own people remains our most serious problem? How many are being smuggled in? Is America being flooded with refugees, far beyond what she bargained for?

SOME BELIEVE THAT we should, in the name of humanity, let down all immigration bars and with open arms give welcome asylum to those in flight from their own homes. They quote the inscription that appears on the base of the Statue of Liberty, an inscription written by Emma Lazarus in her sonnet The New Colossus:

> " Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp," cries she
> With silent lips. " Give me your tired, your poor,
> Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
> The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
> Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost, to me:
> I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

BUT THERE IS ANOTHER point of view which argues that such an attitude was all very well when there was still land to be conquered beyond the frontiers. Today, these men and women argue, we cannot, in the name of humanity, ruin ourselves because others are in trouble. " Here's the way it goes," complains one citizen. " A man has a job. His brother comes over from Europe as a refugee. The American quits his job, his brother from Europe takes it, and the first one goes on relief. That's wrong! "

IS IT WRONG? The subject is one of great importance to every American citizen. How far can we go? How far should we go? How far have we gone? These questions have recently been engaging the study of some of the ablest social observers in America, men working together under various auspices but with the single idea of getting at the facts in a serious and puzzling issue. The results of these studies are brought to you in next week's Liberty by Frederick L. Collins in a balanced and impartial article called Europe's Damned at America's Doors — What Shall We Do with Refugees?

CLARK GABLE AS RHETT BUTLER is the subject of another fine article in the next table of contents, which includes the opening of a new novel, Dangerous Impulse, by Eric Hatch (remember his My Man Godfrey which ran in Liberty as Irene, the Stubborn Girl?) ; Not Your Darling, by Peter B. Kyne, and Marriage in Haste, by Oscar Graeve, two fine short stories; Dough for Downs, a football bombshell by Bob Ruark; Bombs Over Chungking, by Carl Crow; Smashing the Diamond Ring, another true detective story by U. S. Attorney John F. Dailey, Jr.; and other fine features.

IT WAS WITH DEEP sorrow that we learned of the passing of a fine friend of many years, Cecilia Cummings, wife of the former Attorney General of the United States, Homer S. Cummings. Hers was indeed a blithe spirit, a bright nature, with a keen zest for life and a fine scorn for pretense and pomposity. It was at her dinner table, on the terrace of her lovely home overlooking Rock Creek Park in Washington, that we first talked of the famous crime conference back in 1934. The other world will be a gayer place now that Cecilia is there.

CHATTER BY THE WAY: Week-ending with the Thomas E. Deweys at their country home in Dutchess County was a relaxing experience. Best memories of the visit include dedicating the new open-air hamburger stove with its broil plate of stainless steel (will hamburgers supplant hot dogs as the national titbit?), swapping yarns with Lowell Thomas and his lovely wife on the front porch of neighbors Pat and Marge Hogan; working out the perfect murder plan of Dr. Carter and listening to his story of the fisherman who sprinkled three drops of whisky on the ocean; and listening to Tom and Frances Dewey sing. . . . Word comes from John Erskine, on a mysterious assignment for us in Hollywood, that he is bringing home a portfolio of excitements for his coming Liberty series. . . . Charming visit with the debonair Dale Warren, entrepreneur of Houghton, Mifflin Co., book publishers, who tells of a remarkable new book by a Hungarian author, a man who dares to tell just what he thinks. . . . A letter from Herbert Hoover correcting a slip in English by our usually impeccable friend Will Irwin. . . . One of our foreign correspondents sends us a story that was whispered to him at a café in Rome. It seems that many Italians are secretly unhappy because they feel that the Hitler influence is dominating their own government. The story they tell is that one beautiful day, Count Ciano, son-in-law of Mussolini, is walking down the Corso Umberto carrying an open umbrella over his head. Mussolini is coming up the street and meets him.

" What is that you have there, son-in-law? " asks Mussolini.

" An umbrella, father-in-law," says Ciano.

" But why, when the sun is shining, son-in-law? " asks Mussolini.

" Because I have confidential information it is raining in Berlin, father-in-law," says son-in-law.

Our correspondent goes on to say that this story was told to a highly placed French dignitary by none other than Vittorio Emmanuele, King of Italy and Albania and Emperor of Abyssinia, but we don't believe a word of it. . . . Ray Perkins has a new name for Washington. He calls it " the City Bureauful."

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty
for Liberals with Common Sense

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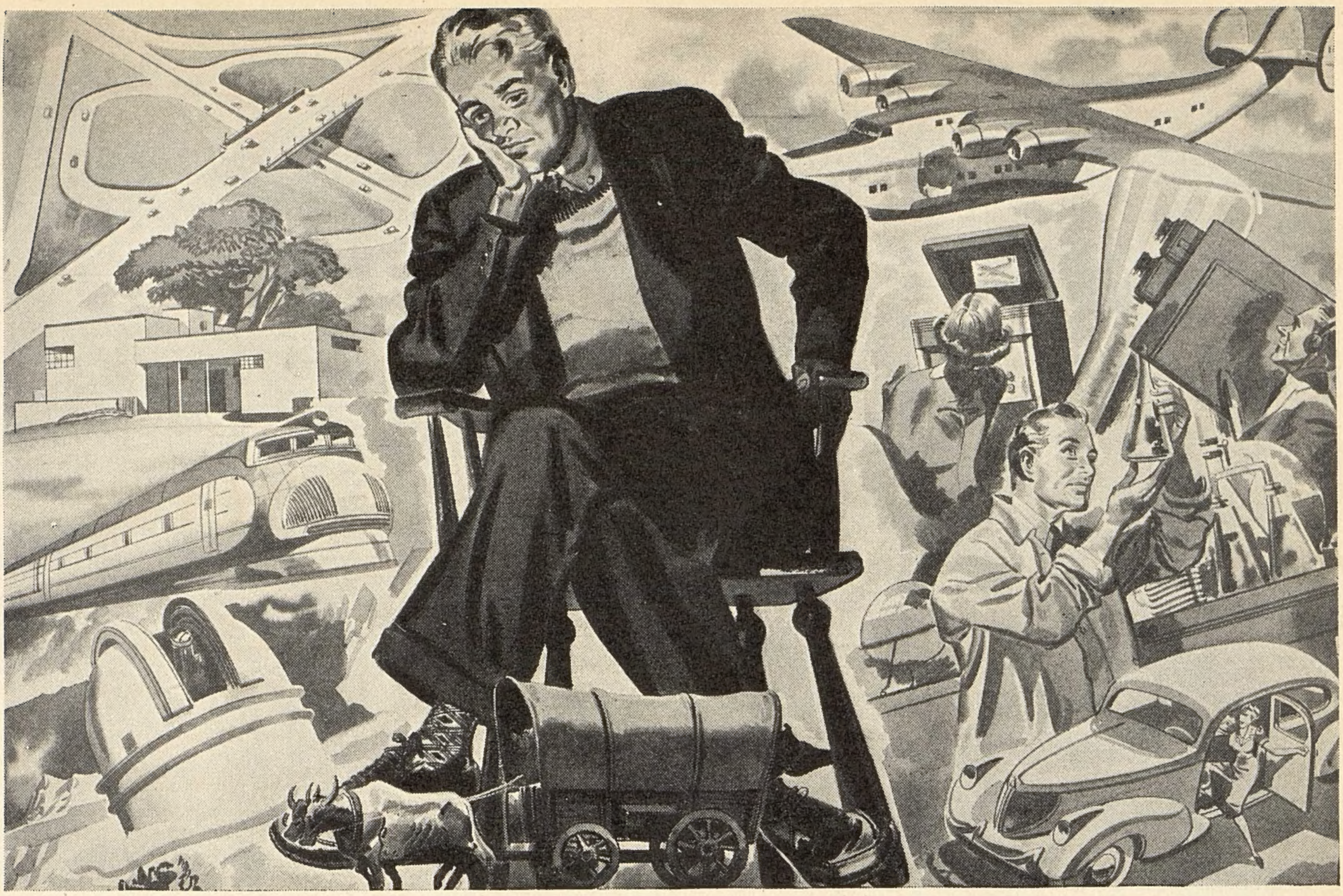
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, i name or in description, to any person, living dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY TCHETCHET



WANTED: *Pioneers without rifles*

"IT MUST'VE BEEN GREAT TO BE A PIONEER! Think of it! Absolutely free . . . Your own boss—Lots of wild game . . . Why, those boys had it easy—They were in on the ground floor!

Used to be a feller could light out for the West—take up free land—take no orders from anybody . . . But there's no future for a man these days. The frontier is gone."

* * *

NONSENSE! *says Liberty Magazine.* What this young man (and thousands with minds like his) needs to do is to turn around and face the future! The pioneer's life was no picnic. He had to *learn* how to be a pioneer in his day and that's just what we've got to do today!

For seven long years we have been listening to a song of defeat . . . **"The days of private enterprise are over". . . "We must face the fact that unemployment is with us to stay". . ."All the wealth of the country is in a few hands" . . ."Nothing can be done until we have a new social order."**

WHO SAYS SO, LIBERTY MAGAZINE WANTS TO KNOW?

Not the forward-looking men who have planned, built and successfully flown Atlantic Clippers across the Atlantic Ocean *this summer*—1939.

Not the men who planned, built and are now successfully operating 46 new, lighter weight, streamlined express trains powered with Diesel engines.

Not the men who have cracked the frontiers of weather—and have brought air-conditioning into trains, planes, factories and homes.

Not the men who have created new, colorful automobile steering wheels out of soy beans, billiard balls out of milk (casein), a whole new synthetic fiber and fabric—Nylon (better for stockings than silk)—out of ordinary coal.

Not the men who have brought along television to the point *where it works.*

No. These men have been *too busy* to waste breath, sighing about "lost frontiers." AND THEY HAVE ALL been in private industry—going ahead with their pioneering despite a government which has consistently *hampered* their work, with "regulation" and taxation, rather than helped it.

These men know—just what the pioneers knew—that success has to be worked for. The minute we accept a relief check as just as good as a pay check—then we surrender our right ever to reach the frontiers of tomorrow.

* * *

LIBERTY MAGAZINE BELIEVES THAT ONLY PRIVATE INITIATIVE can open up the frontier ahead—as it has opened all frontiers. This last frontier is one we can't lick with ax or gun; it is the frontier of the mind.

We Americans can't fight our way, this time; we've got to *think* our way out—and thinking is a matter of private initiative, personal initiative!

Millions of Americans, pioneers of the new frontier, find that Liberty Magazine stimulates and widens their thinking, arouses their minds to the problems and responsibilities of our times. More than two and a half million families believe, with Liberty, that personal initiative is the best guarantee of personal freedom.

Give me **Liberty**

A vital force in American Opinion

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"When you like a cigarette the way I like Camels — it's mighty nice to get *more puffs per pack*"

says Owen Harding, Veteran Maine Guide

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

"PUFF FOR PUFF, CAMELS PUT MORE PLEASURE IN SMOKING AND A BIG EXTRA MEASURE OF IT"

By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested — slower than *any* of them — CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK

1 CAMELS were found to contain *more tobacco by weight* than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 Camels burned *slower* than any other brand tested—25% slower than the average time of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of *5 extra smokes per pack!*

3 In the same tests, *Camels held their ash far longer* than the average time for all the other brands.

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

OWEN HARDING, who knows the woods, streams, and portages of his native Maine country like a book, also proves a good guide on cigarette quality, as he shares his favorite brand with Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Stanford, from down in New York City. "Camels are a longer-burning cigarette," Owen says, "and that means *more* smokin' for my money. It means, too, that Camels taste cooler . . . milder. Better smokin' and more of it." *Judge your cigarettes by the way they burn.* Camels are known to burn longer, delivering steadily to smokers more pleasure per puff and more puffs per pack. And all the while you get the mild, ripe goodness of choice quality—finer, more expensive tobaccos. Camels are the quality cigarette *every* smoker can afford.

Penny for penny your best cigarette buy—

Camel — the cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos